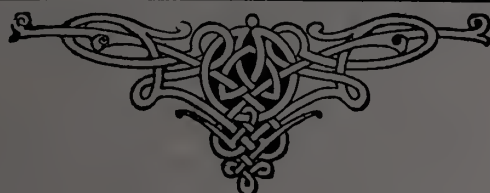


VOL. XXXVII

NO. 1

The L A T I N
S C H O O L
REGISTER



October

NINETEEN HUNDRED SEVENTEEN

Advertisements



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THE LATIN SCHOOL REGISTER

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Latin School Register

VOLUME XXXVII. No. I.

OCTOBER, 1917

ISSUED MONTHLY

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TO BE APPOINTED	CLASS III EDITOR

TERMS: Fifty cents per year; by mail, sixty cents. Single copies, ten cents. Advertising rates on application. Contributions solicited from undergraduates.

All contributions must be plainly, neatly, and correctly written and on one side only of the paper. Contributions will be accepted wholly with regard to the needs of the paper and the merits of the manuscript.

Published by the STUDENTS OF THE BOSTON LATIN SCHOOL. Warren Ave., Boston

Entered at the Boston Post Office as second-class mail matter.

GREEN GABLES

Sometimes it was very, very hard for Billy Boy to sit all alone in the narrow dressing-room for so many minutes. It must have been hard for "Moms," too. Billy was bigger now, and it required more than promises of even so many as three sticks of molasses candy to restrain the small bundle of energy and childish curiosity from faring forth to explore the magic realm of ancient "properties." Once, she had been able to tuck him warmly away in an immense clothes-basket and leave his royal highness to explore the still more magical and much safer Kingdom of Dreamland. Then "Moms" could go out and

exhibit to her audience the wonderful voice that earned for them both, knowing his tiny soul was at peace with the world, and quite out of mischief.

Yes, Billy Boy was certainly much bigger now, and more curious than ever. Of course, he always *meant* to be good to his beloved "Moms," but he was very little, and sometimes it was *very* hard. Sometimes "Moms" had to wipe from her own eyes stray tears of perplexity before applying the make-up she despised.

For "Moms" there were other troubles as well. Vaudeville house audiences are not always appreciative of former

grand opera singers, and the "Big Time" goal seemed very far away indeed. In war-time it is hard, even for stage-folk to live, and "Moms" had found her "Small Time" salary quite inadequate to give Billy Boy all the little luxuries she wanted him to have, and which she would gladly have died to give him.

Then there were her dreams. Yes, "Moms" had her dreams, too. Once there had been a dear vision of a little white house somewhere in the future, with a wide veranda and green gables. "Moms" knew there would be green gables. Perhaps there were memories of another house, long ago. Perhaps it was just what "Moms" called one of her 'foolish old whims;' but there would be green gables, to be sure. Why, what better place for "Moms" to sit in the spring-time, and make the most wonderful clothes for Billy Boy, or wait for him to come home from school!—For Billy was nearly eleven now, and although he could read and write and make such marvelous capital B's, "Moms" knew school was best.

To be sure, Billy himself knew nothing of these dreams. He was happy as a prince, and ruled like one in his kingdom of "Behind the Scenes Land." Here were queer painted castles, a myriad discarded "properties," and real suits of iron mail! Besides, Billy Boy had his subjects in every theatre along the circuit. He was the very idol of all the stage-folk, young and old, rich and poor. All the dresses, middle-aged matrons who attend to the costumes of the chorus, were "grandma" to Billy. The little boys in the story-books who seemed to have but one grandmother must have been very unhappy, he thought. Quite often Billy Boy might have been found enthroned upon some-

body's trunk or wardrobe, surrounded by a worshipful throng of girls from the chorus, and "Moms" was always besieged with requests to "borrow." They were simple folk, after all, these chorus-people, and quite human. Sometimes "Moms" laughed, when some great man, dressed in evening clothes, all expectant to find a scene of artificial gayety, and perhaps even of wickedness, entered at the small green stage-door, only to discover a bewildering whirl of activity, and sometimes poor little creatures, who had no "Moms" to tell them how, trying to make fudge over a gas jet. For Billy's "Moms" understood the stage-folk; she knew how very simply most of them must live in order to retain the vigorous condition necessary to success in their art. She knew, too, that many of them held in common with her those dreams of the little white house with green gables.

Somewhere in the vicinity of 45th Street, the conductor lifted his baton, the footlights sprang into being, and the great orchestra struck up a tuneful selection. It was a vaudeville house, and the auditorium was crowded. The first act consisted of two Hebrew comedians. Next came a troupe of musicians, and so the show progressed, with the usual bicycle act and a mediocre comedy skit. Finally, "Mme. Bancroft" was announced. The orchestra commenced a piece from Hoffman, and a woman's clear voice, refreshing after the throaty rag-time singers, was heard off stage. The audience settled back disinterestedly in their chairs, and Mme. Bancroft made her appearance. She was an enormously large woman, with pleasant features, and merry china-blue eyes which twinkled as she sang the lighter,

more rollicking airs. Her heart was in her work, and her voice, if a little tired, was still of Grand Opera calibre. But the audience did not hear. They could only see this woman's immense figure, and her too natural, informal movements, which were, alas, so free from the slightest selfconsciousness. Somebody snickered, and when Bancroft concluded her truly admirable piece, she received only a grudging applause.

Billy, waiting in the dressing-room, heard and understood. Childish in many ways, he had been surrounded all his life with Stagelore, and he had learned to know the admiration or displeasure of an audience by its applause. Actuated by a fierce desire to defend his "Moms," Billy ran to the wings and stood where he could see her under a cluster of bunch-lights still smiling, and with that queer little expression of merriment he loved so well. She was about to sing one of the popular selections as a final concession which she always made to the taste of her audiences. It was one of Billy's favorites, a song one of the comedians had taught him. He descended to the auditorium, and pushed his way to the front of one of the stage-boxes.

It was a catchy air, and Bancroft sang with a zest all her own. Then, as she was about to begin the refrain,

a strange thing happened. A fresh young voice burst from one of the stage-boxes. It was the chorus! Billy was singing it as he had never sung before. People rose and stared at the small boyish figure standing in the box. Some saw his mop of curly black hair, and looked at Bancroft's. Some compared the two pairs of china-blue eyes. And some never knew. Most of them said, "A plant!" They had seen the same thing done before. But all were wildly enthusiastic. As Billy finished, a tremendous wave of applause shook the house, and cries of "Encore! Encore!" were heard everywhere. Bewildered, Mme. Bancroft bowed and made her exit, and Billy—had disappeared.

That night a famous musician sought Mme. Bancroft's dressing-room. The former Grand Opera singer grew very pale, but the great musician said: "I have looked everywhere,—Paris, Berlin, Vienna. That night—the ship—the submarine. I thought you and Billy were lost. To-night—I heard you sing."

"Is it Big Time, Momsie?" whispered Billy.

The china-blue eyes were misted now, but "Moms" could still smile her cheery smile. "No," she said, "it's green gables, Billy Boy."

—E. G. F. '18.

ELECTRA

They yell to me that Latin's dead,
That Greek is off the stump;
I answer quickly: "For all that,
They both can make me jump!"

P. J. W. '19.

"SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE"

As the troop of horsemen rounded the turn, their manly, bronzed commander in the lead, the last golden rays of the autumn sun, glinting through the red and yellow leaves, played about his kindly but stern-set face, and accentuated his look of determination.

The lonely road, cut along the side of a steep wooded hill, curved out and around a rocky cliff, and lost itself in a series of twists and turns—"somewhere in France." The road itself, a mere strip of gray, was hardly wide enough for four horsemen abreast, and so steep and irregular, that it saw little or no use. Before the war, travellers had often made the journey to see old Saint Martin's Rock, a magnificent boulder resting high up on a mass of natural stone foundation, and towering twelve feet in height. The fact that it was perfectly balanced was the point of interest. Standing there at the head of, and overhanging the road, it commanded the turn as a huge sentinel.

Reaching the bend, the lieutenant reined in his foaming horse, and searched for a place to rest his tired men.

Below, through shattered and broken limbs of trees, he saw the deserted fields of a once prosperous farm; above, the ground sloped abruptly up—in some places, stone jutted high up from the road—and led into a forest, still magnificent, though riddled with cross-fire.

The leader, his eager troop about him, took in these things at a glance, and the strength of the position enthused him.

He was looking for a protection—his

gallant troops had just made a successful raid, had mixed things up generally with the enemy's communication corps—and pursuit might at any moment overtake them.

At a movement from him, all dismounted and led their horses up the bank and into the wood, while Lieutenant Hart and his first sergeant walked over to examine the natural fortification.

"Hello!" exclaimed the lieutenant to his first officer, patting the giant with his hand, "mighty wonder the old fellow hasn't fallen off! Look; here must be an inscription of some sort. Can you read it, Meyer?"

"Hardly. It's pretty well worn. Saint-somebody's-Rock... Weight, eleven tons... On perfect pivot..."

"Hardly. It's pretty well worn. That's all I can make out, sir."

"Queer! But, sergeant, what a defense! Covers the whole road, and a squad could give it just that touch it needs to send it down! I tell you, man, no one below would have the slightest chance!"

Hardly had the lieutenant finished speaking, when, "Hark!" he cried, "What's that?"

Faintly, at first, they heard the beat of hoofs—how many, they could not tell. Every man of the cavalry, though well hidden in his dark, clay-incrusted uniform, crouched instinctively lower as the beats became louder and nearer. Anxious, they waited. The beats, now distinct, grew louder; suddenly, around the turn, past the rocks, and down the road galloped a group of hostile cavalry!

"—Eight, nine, ten," counted Lieu-

tenant Hart calmly, "They arn't after us yet,—not enough of them," he added, turning to Meyer. "But they're dangerous; if they should discover our tracks—! If they come back again—and I think they will—well, there's the rock!"

Meyer regarded the boulder doubtfully; such work was not fighting man to man, but using nature as a means for slaughter! He realized that safety depended on it, but—

"That rock'll fix 'em!" At the lieutenant's voice, his officer started. "Our escape may depend on it if any get away. Send two sharpshooters up the road to pick off any who may escape."

"Yes, sir."

"And Meyer!"

"Yes, sir."

"I think the first squad had better do the job under your direction."

A slight shadow passed over his subordinate's face.

"All right, sir," Meyer agreed, and turned away.

Hart sat down on a fallen log and commenced to go over—a thing he had done many times before—the route he would travel in the next few hours. From here he would follow the road to the ford; and out across the fields to the wagon road, and through the woods—he knew the way. Closing the map, he mingled with his men, encouraging here, sympathizing there, and laughing at the general jokes.

"Just keep up your courage," he declared with that kindly twinkle in his eye his men loved so well, "an hour's ride will bring us some nice hot soup!" he added cheerily, smacking his lips and causing a general smile of satisfaction.

It was all right to say they'd be back soon, but he was already becoming anxious. Would that cavalry never

return? Hart began to pace up and down; he was becoming impatient. He paused and listened.

"Sh!" he warned, listening intently.

Yes; the cavalry force was returning.

"Everything is ready, sergeant?"

"Everything, sir!"

"When they reach that spot—!"

The lieutenant pointed out a place.

"I understand, sir."

"Be sure no one gets away!"

The hoofbeats were now very distinct; they were only a short distance beyond the turn. In the galloping group a horse snorted. One from the hidden troop whinnied. The little group stayed tense. Had the cavalry heard?

The squad now at the boulder balanced it evenly to test its weight; it settled back.—Balanced it again;—there the first man rounded the turn. Suddenly the gleam of triumph died out from our commander's face. What was that bundle in the leader's arms?—and mounted in front of each of his troop? The rock paused lightly, perfectly poised—

"Wait!"

The soldiers stopped pushing, astonished, and the boulder settled back into place again as Hart pointed down below. The men, at first bewildered, looked—then understood; and the rescue party, amid the chatter of happy childish voices, rode out of sight—unharméd.

Our officer turned away, a prayer of thankfulness on his lips. He could fight men; children, never! "They may find our trail," he muttered to himself, "but I'll take the risk!" Then, turning sharply, he ordered his troop to horse.

At full clip, then, the platoon started on a mad race for home. Race they did, crossed fields and jumped fences with their commander in the lead. In and out they wound, hardly were they

on a beaten track. The lieutenant had studied his map well!

At last, nearly there! They took a fence at full tilt, swam a stream, and still rode on.

Excitement, exultation, success were burning in the young trooper's heart. Success! That meant a captaincy! Glory, honor, fame! How his dear mother would welcome him when he came marching home! O, would this war never end!

Success, that elusive nymph, is the goal of man. Sometimes he reaches and catches her; more often she eludes his grasp.

Riding swiftly along, he had taken a narrow lane cut deep with high banks on either side. Ahead of him lay a crossroads running out from a similar

cut. Home was only a few minutes away! Joyously he urged his horse forward; and the crossroads were reached.

"Halt!"...He looks down the barrels of many gleaming rifles.

"Surrender!"...He grasps his sword! Rifles cover him; it is no use. Despairing, his hand drops to his side.

His hopes shattered; broken, bowed—all in an instant—our lieutenant turns slowly around in his saddle. Sadly he looks at the faces of his men—no longer his now—he will never lead them again. Success, so near, has eluded him. O had he but known! Had he only but foreseen!

Reluctantly turning about once more, with a proud, defiant air, he allows himself to be led away.

H.B.B. '18.

CALENDAR FOR OCTOBER

FIRST MONDAY MORNING—ASSEMBLY	OCTOBER 1
SECOND MONDAY MORNING—ASSEMBLY	OCTOBER 8
CLASS DECLAMATIONS.....	OCTOBER 8-12
HOLIDAY, COLUMBUS DAY.....	FRIDAY, OCTOBER 12
THIRD MONDAY MORNING—ASSEMBLY.....	OCTOBER 15
DECLAMATION COMPETITION	WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 17
FOURTH MONDAY MORNING—ASSEMBLY	OCTOBER 22
FIRST PUBLIC DECLAMATION	FRIDAY, OCTOBER 26
FIFTH MONDAY MORNING—ASSEMBLY...	OCTOBER 29





THEY WANT REAL MEN FOR THE ARMY

They want Real Men for the Army, Boy,
In body, mind and soul;
You have to be strong, if you go along,—
They won't take you on parole.
It's just that way in Life. Some day
You're going to be measured, too;
So stop and see,—Is your conscience free?
Are you on the square right thru?

Are you keeping yourself in proper shape?
Are you ready to do your share?
Have you learned to fight, when your
cause is right?
Are you missing anywhere?
Are you LIVING, Boy, or simply *alive*?
Are you making the most of *You*?
Are you ready to DARE? Have you
learned to care
For the things that are good and true?

You've got Youth galore, and riches
more
Than a prince could hope to hold;
There's Father and Mother, and Sister
and Brother,
More precious than priceless gold.
Are you making the most of these
treasures, Boy?
Are you ready to answer the call?
They want Real Men for the Army,
Boy;—
Be sure *You're not found too small!*

E. G. F. '18.



School Notes



The REGISTER extends a hearty "welcome home" to faculty and pupils, none the less cordial because we are now working under real war-time pressure. To the old student this is everywhere apparent. New regulations have been adopted, and school activity and routine begun with a purposefulness which does honor to the Purple and White.

We congratulate ourselves on having secured from Sgt. H. G. O. Chase of the Mass. Signal Corps a promise of frequent contributions to the REGISTER during the current year. Sgt. Chase was last year chosen a member of the staff from Class II., and his stories and articles of life on the Border will be remembered as being much more than readable.

At last every boy must go in for athletic training of some kind. The Senior will no longer be allowed to drop Military Drill, unless he enters some branch of athletics, and enters in earnest. This regulation will not

only swell the Military organization of the school, but is sure to do much to further the interests of "Sport for Sport's sake." We wonder why it was not made before.

Speaking of sports. Latin School bids fair to win many laurels in 1917-18. Best wishes to Coach O'Brien for a successful season.

Henry Rich '87, for many years connected with the real estate firm of C. W. Whittier & Bros., this city, died at his home, 309 Buckminster Road, Brookline.

Our school physician, Dr. W. F. Temple, Jr., is post surgeon at the Watertown Arsenal.

John Arthur Moir is at the Second Plattsburg Camp.

John W. Weber, '04, and Wallis W. Weber, '12, are First Lieutenants in the National Guard.

Latin School Register 11

Guy Emerson, '04, is Vice President of the National Bank of Commerce in New York, and serves on the Council of National Defense.

.....

On Monday, September 16, the school was honored by a visit from E. A. Minard, last year Editor-in Chief of the REGISTER, and C. D. Rooney, now a member of the National Guard.

.....

Congressman James A. Gallivan, who will be a candidate for Mayor of Boston at the coming Municipal election, won the Franklin Medal at this school in 1884.

.....

A. F. Wood and J. E. Walsh, last year members of Class III, now of the National Guard, visited the school on Monday, September 15.

.....

On September 5th occurred the sad death of Dr. P. W. T. Moxam, '93. Harvard '09.

.....

We believe many boys will welcome the reappearance in our columns of a Monthly Calender. It has been our experience that this is always a great help, especially to the "new fellow," untried in the ways of the school.

.....

We publish with pride the names of boys who took honors in the June examinations. Truly, this is a tribute royal for Latin School.

The following boys received honors in the entrance examinations for Harvard College last June. *Alma Mater* has been honored indeed, for two of her sons attained the extremely exceptional mark of 100% in certain subjects:

Richard O. Spero, Plane Geometry, 100, El. Algebra, 100, El. English, Adv. Latin, El. French, Adv. French, Physics.

L. Henry Dana, El. Algebra, 100, El. Latin, El. French, El. Grammar, Anc. History.

ABRAMS, H. El. English, Adv. Latin, Adv. French, Plane Geometry.

BENANDER, C. A. Adv. Greek, Adv. Latin, Plane Geometry, Physics.

COHEN, R. H. Adv. Latin, Plane Geometry.

DUNPHY, W. H. El. English, Adv. Greek, Adv. Latin, Plane Geometry, Physics.

GINSBERG, A. P. El. English, Adv. Latin, Plane Geometry, Physics.

GINSBERG, J. S. Plane Geometry.

GOLDINGS, I. L. El. Latin, Adv. Latin.

GOODRICH, R. I. Plane Geometry.

HEFLER, W. A. Adv. Greek, El. Latin, Adv. Latin, Plane Geometry, Physics.

KAPLAN, J. H. Adv. Greek, Plane Geometry, Physics.

LARSEN, R. E. Physics.

LEVY, H. Adv. Greek, El. Latin, Adv. Latin, Plane Geometry, Physics.

McCANN, J. F. Adv. Greek, Adv. Latin, Plane Geometry, Physics.

McINTYRE, A. H. Adv. Latin, El. French, Adv. French, Plane Geometry, Physics.

MINARD, E. A. Adv. French, Adv. Latin, Plane Geometry.

PARSONS, N. L. Plane Geometry.

PIKE, J. Adv. Latin, El. German, Adv. German, El. Algebra, Plane Geometry, Physics.

PLUMER, J. M. Adv. Greek, Adv. Latin.

SAPERSTEIN, A. Plane Geometry, Physics.

SHAIN, J. H. Adv. Latin, Physics.

SMITH, R. H. Plane Geometry.

SWEENEY, F. J. El. English, Adv. Greek, Adv. Latin, Plane Geometry, Physics.

WEETMAN, W. E. El. Latin, Adv. Latin, Plane Geometry, Physics.

DONOVAN, J. G. El. Greek, El. Latin, El. French.

FINKLESTEIN, E. M. El. Greek, El. Latin, El. French, Anc. History, El. Algebra.

FLEISCHNER, C. M. El. Latin, Anc. History, El. Algebra.

GALLAGHER, A. El. Latin, El. Algebra.

GINSBERG, B. El. Latin, El. French, El. Algebra.

GODIN, M. El. Latin, El. German, El. Algebra.

HAGOPIAN, J. G. El. Greek, Adv. French, Anc. History.

HAM, Jr., J. A. El. Greek, El. Latin.

HART, C. E. El. Algebra, Anc. History.

HILL, F. S. El. Latin, El. German, Anc. History.

HOLLAND, G. El. Greek, El. Latin.

HURWITCH, A. E. El. Greek, El. Latin, El. French, Anc. History, El. Algebra.

HURWITZ, E. A. El. Latin.

HURWITZ, El. Greek, El. Latin, El. French, Anc. History, El. Algebra.

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KAHN, A. M. El. Latin, El. German, El. Algebra.
 KANE, Jr. D. J. El. Latin, Anc. History.
 KARABELNICK, J. El. Latin, El. Algebra.
 KELEHER, W. P. El. Latin.
 KENNEDY, E. D. El. German, El. Latin, Anc. History, El. Algebra.
 KIMBALL, D. F. El. Latin.
 KRUGER, J. El. Greek, El. Latin, El. French, Anc. History, El. Algebra.
 LUSK, O. H. El. Algebra.
 MAGUIRE, F. E. El. Latin.
 MAHONEY, W. J. El. Greek, El. Algebra.
 MALONEY, J. M. El. Greek, El. Latin, El. Algebra.
 MARTIN, W. H. El. Latin, El. Algebra.
 MIRABILE, V. El. Greek, El. Latin, El. French, Anc. History, El. Algebra.
 NATHANSON, L. El. Greek, El. Latin, El. French, Anc. History, El. Algebra.
 OPPENHEIM, L. H. El. German, El. Algebra.
 ORKIN, R. G. El. Latin, El. French.
 PALMER, P. El. Latin, El. German.
 PARKER, D. S. El. Greek, El. Latin, El. Algebra.
 POND, T. T. Plane Geometry.
 POOL, C. B. El. Latin.
 ROBINOVITZ, E. El. Greek, El. Latin, El. French, Anc. History, El. Algebra.
 RUBIN, E. M. El. Latin, El. French, El. German, Anc. History, El. Algebra.
 RYAN, F. J. El. Latin.
 SAVER, H. S. El. Latin, El. French, El. German, Anc. History, El. Algebra.
 SAXTON, G. A. El. Greek, El. Latin, El. French, Anc. History, El. Algebra.
 SHERLOCK, C. T. H. El. Latin, Anc. History, El. Algebra.
 SMITH, C. E. El. German.
 SMITH, C. R. El. Greek, El. Latin, El. French.
 SOSSEN, J. El. Latin.
 SPERBER, A. D. El. Latin, El. German, Anc. History, El. Algebra.
 STEARN, D. El. Latin, El. German.
 STEINBERG, S. El. Latin, El. French, El. German.
 SUGHRUE, R. S. El. Greek, El. Latin, El. French.
 SUNDELOF, H. G. W. El. Latin.
 TRUSTMAN, B. El. Greek, El. Latin, El. French, Anc. History, El. Algebra.
 TUMAROFF, N. D. El. Greek, El. Latin, El. French, Anc. History, El. Algebra.
 WELLING, L. El. Latin, El. Algebra.
 MORRISON, C. J. Anc. History.
 ANAPOLSKY, I. El. Latin, El. German.
 ARMSTRONG, A. H. El. Greek, El. Latin.
 ASKOWITCH, S. H. El. Greek, El. Latin, Anc. History, El. Algebra.
 BENSINGER, C. N. El. Greek, El. Latin, El. French, El. Algebra.
 BROSS, H. B. El. Greek, El. Latin, El. French, El. Algebra.
 BRUEN, H. F. El. Greek, El. Algebra.
 COLE, F. D. El. Algebra.

CRONIN, F. L. El. Greek, El. Latin, El. Algebra.
 CROPP, N. L. El. Greek.
 CROSBY, G. R. Plane Geometry.
 CROSBY, T. E. El. Greek, El. Latin.
 D'AMELIO, M. El. Greek, El. Latin, Anc. History, El. Algebra.
 DAVIS, M. El. Greek, El. Latin, El. French, Anc. History, El. Algebra.

For the convenience of undergraduates who wish to secure advertising matter for the REGISTER the advertising department is preparing lists of prospective advertisers. These very helpful lists may be had by inquiring at the *Sanctum*, or from H. B. Bross, Room 13.

ROOM REPORTERS

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FOOTBALL NEWS AND NOTES

The 1917 football season was ushered in with a rush which netted a long gain, when on September 11, the second day of school, the first football meeting of the year was called to order in Room 15—"the home of big things in athletics." A large number of aspirants were present, and Coach O'Brien, in a short but "snappy" talk, outlined his plans for the coming season.

Practice was started in real earnest on Tuesday, September 12, but light work is still the routine. Hopes for a heavy team were given a great raise when much heavy material reported at the Columbus Avenue Grounds. Notable among the "heavyweights" were Saxton and Sullivan. Now that heavy men are in evidence, after having had light aggregations for the past years, Latin School may be able to boast, just as other schools, of having a "mowing machine"—which if ever started, well—the less said of our opponents, the better. May they rest in peace—on earth! The vacancy for positions on the team has aroused attention, and much to the delight of Coach O'Brien and Captain Ryan, the boys are showing great eagerness for work.

With only three veterans back, namely, Captain Ryan, Kennedy, and Cronin, a practically new eleven will be seen on the field, when the opening clash is staged. Up to the present time the back field positions are the only ones which have been decided upon with Captain Ryan at full, and Cronin at half back, while on the other side will be either Kennedy, last year's quarter-back, or Wing, former track captain,

and a man who may be rightly called the "Wingless Wonder." Frank has made his mark in track athletics and has our best wishes for a tremendous success on the football field. As this is his debut in the foot ball society of the school, watch him closely. At quarter, Merrill tops á list comprised of Quinn, Doherty and himself. The competition for the end positions is furnishing battle galore, and it is a toss-up as to who will start the first game. Notable among these men are: Ellis, Finnigan, Hurwitz, Maguire, ex-baseball captain, and Kennedy, one of our best men in the 100 yard dash. Doherty and Rubin of last year's squad are fighting it out for center on the first team, with Donovan, close behind. For the line we have Bruen, who is not too far from the strength of a real "bruin," Malley, from last year's squad, Otis, 1918 Crew Captain, Kyle, Ham, and the two heavy weights of the squad, Sullivan and Saxton. Farnham, also of last year's squad is showing up well in the back-field. Under the superb coaching of Mr. O'Brien, the string of men mentioned above, should prove one of the best aggregations that has represented the school. But—they need *you*, they need *your* support. Become a member of the B. L. S. Athletic Ass'n., and buy an "L" button, and your team will come out on the field all uniformed as one man, a team fighting every minute of the game, with the spirit and name of the Latin School at heart. Come out to the games to cheer them on, and *give* them a cheer when they need you most—when their opponent has the ball in the shadow of

their goal-posts. Cheer your opponents when a good play is carried into force by them, and remember *this* above all, You are a Student of the Latin School! Behave as One! All up for Captain Ryan and the 1917 football team!

Donald S. Parker '18 has been appointed manager, and Sherman M. Clough '19, ass't. manager of the 1917 Football Team. They have the cares of the team to carry; let us aid in lessening them.

Francis Murphy, member of the 1916 football team, and all-interscholastic center, is with the Ambulance Corps "somewhere in France."

It will be of interest to note that Leo Daley, a former Latin School athlete, has been appointed coach at the South Boston High School. Boles B. L. S. '13, prominent in sporting circles both at Latin School and at Harvard, is also mentioned for a coaching berth.

Harrison G. O. Chase, president of our rifle club, and star marksman, has been promoted to the rank of sergeant of the Mass. Signal Corps.

The school unites with us in extending our heartiest welcome to Harry Curley, who has returned after a year of recuperating from a very severe illness. Curley is now a member of Room 18.

FOOT BALL SCHEDULE 1917

SEPTEMBER	29.....	GROTON AT GROTON
OCTOBER	5.....	HYDE PARK AT HYDE PARK
"	10.....	OPEN
"	19.....	ST. MARK'S AT SOUTHBORO
"	27.....	ST. GEORGE'S AT NEWPORT
NOVEMBER	2.....	BROOKLINE AT BROOKLINE
"	9.....	DORCHESTER AT FENWAY PARK
"	16.....	MECHANIC ARTS AT FENWAY PARK
"	23.....	OPEN
"	29.....	ENGLISH HIGH AT FENWAY PARK

C. E. S. '19





SHE: My auto just broke down and I've got to get back to Boston and I haven't got a cent, and what's worse, I haven't an idea where I can get it, either.

HE: I'm glad of that. I thought maybe you had an idea you could get it from me.

.....

HE: I'm falling in love with you. I wonder would you return my love!

SHE: Certainly; I have no use for it.

.....

ADMIRING SENIOR: Ah-h! There's something nice in Spring clothes!

.....

"Hist!" whispered the villain, creeping stealthily away.

"I expected you would be," rejoined the stage manager with curling lip.

.....

"I say, lend me a dollar for a week, old man?"

"I might; who is this weak old man?"

"What are the rates at your hotel?"

"Two dollars up to twelve."

"How much up to half-past nine?"

.....

TEACHER: This makes four times I've had to punish you this week, Bobbie. What have you to say to that?"

BOBBIE: I'm glad it's Friday, Teacher."

.....

"I want a checked vest."

"How long do you want it?"

"Until it wears out, of course."

.....

EMPLOYER: Now, don't be inquisitive. I discharged my last boy for that."

NEW BOY: Yes, sir; wot was his name and wot did you pay him and wot was he inquisitive about?"

.....

"Women are not what they used to be."

"Of course not; they used to be girls."

OLD RICHFELLOW (desperately): "If you refuse me, what is there left for me to do?"

SWEET YOUNG THING: "Well, I read the other day about a rich man who made his will in favor of the woman who refused him and then went and hanged himself."

.....

"How did Harkins act when he heard he had triplets in the family."

"He could hardly believe his own census."

.....

"I had a tooth pulled out yesterday."

"What did the dentist use,—gas?"

"No, pincers."

.....

MRS. SPOUSER: "John, didn't I hear you slipping upstairs about 4 A. M.?"

MR. SPOUSER: Not on your life. That was when I slipped down after crawling halfway up."

.....

Just as a traveller was writing his name on the register of a Leavenworth hotel, a bed-bug appeared and made its way across the page. The man paused and remarked: "I've been bled by St. Joe fleas, bitten by Kansas City spiders, and interviewed by Fort Scott

graybacks, but I was never in a place where the bed-bugs looked over the hotel register to find out where your room was."

.....

HE: "Dearest, for weeks something has been trembling on my lips—"

SHE: "Why don't you shave it off?"

.....

"Your hair is dyed!"

"Tis false!"

"I know that, too."

.....

"Do you think oysters are healthy?"

"I never knew one to complain."

.....

SHE: "Are you an American citizen?"

HE: No, I live in Chelsea."

SHE: "Do you live a fast life?"

HE: I told you I live in Chelsea."

.....

SOLID: "How old would a person be who was born in 1888?"

BONE: "Was it a man or a woman?"

.....

CLERK (at Registration): Where were you born?"

MAIDEN: Nebraska."

CLERK: "What part?"

MAIDEN: "All of me, of course."

S. S. '18.



Advertisements



Telephone Beach 110

OTTO SARONY CO.

Photographers

146 TREMONT STREET, BOSTON

SPECIAL RATES TO STUDENTS

Activities at the Union



Clubs—

Art Club
The Brown Mice
Camera Club
Camping Club
Debating Club
Give and Take Club
Orchestral Club
Public Speaking Club
Park Street Club
Radio Club
Reading Club
Rifle Club
Shoe and Leather Club
Wrestling Club

GYMNASIUM with music and dancing.
Classes for Men preparing for Army
or Navy.

LIBRARY—14,000 books for home use
and reference.

READING ROOM—Newspapers—Mag-
azines—Periodicals.

FREE EMPLOYMENT DEPARTMENT
EVENING CLASSES
CIVIC DEPARTMENT
WAR SERVICE

THE BOSTON
YOUNG MEN'S
CHRISTIAN **UNION**

48 Boylston Street, Boston.

The BOUVÉ · STERLING SHOE

\$3.50 \$7.00

Snappy Shoes that WEAR

99 Washington St. 13 Water St.
122 Washington St. 14 Spring Lane
108 Summer St.

J. F. WHITNEY

REGISTERED PHARMACIST

DRUGS. SODA
CONFECTIONERY
STATIONERY, ETC.

18 CLARENDON STREET
COR. WARREN AVENUE

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Advertisements

**FOR DESSERT
TRY**

Lovell & Covel
CARAMELS

Lovell & Covel Co., Boston



At Stores Everywhere, 25c-35c-50c
GEORGE FROST CO., Makers, BOSTON

The Horace Partridge Co.

Manufacturers of

High Class Athletic Goods

Salesrooms: 75 HAWLEY STREET
BOSTON, MASS.

Outfitters to the
Leading Colleges, Academies
and Schools
throughout the country

Wholesale prices may be obtained
on all Athletic Goods by Bos-
ton Latin School students.

SECURE DISCOUNT CARD
ENTITLING YOU TO WHOLESALE
PRICES FROM
MR. FRED J. O'BRIEN

**Boston Safe Deposit
and Trust Co.**

100 Franklin Street, Boston

In Active business since 1875

ACCOUNTS SOLICITED

INTEREST PAID

ACTS AS EXECUTOR AND TRUSTEE
OF ESTATES AND HOLDS IN ITS
TRUST DEPARTMENT OVER
FORTY-ONE MILLIONS
OF DOLLARS

\$41,000,000

Capital \$1,000 000

Surplus Earnings \$3,000,000

1917

1918

A HEARTY INVITATION
IS EXTENDED TO OUR FORMER
PATRONS AND TO THE NEW BOYS.
THE USUAL HIGH STANDARDS AND
QUALITY WILL BE MAINTAINED

DEPOT FOR HIGH SCHOOL
UNIFORMS

Rosenfield & Rapkin

HIGH SCHOOL
Uniforms and Equipment

15 SCHOOL STREET 15
BOSTON, MASS. up 1 Flight

Please Mention "The Register" When Patronizing Our Advertisers

PRINTED BY ANGEL GUARDIAN PRESS, 111 DAY ST., JAMAICA PLAIN, MASS.

Notice to Reader—When you finish reading this magazine place a 1c stamp on this notice, hand same to any postal employee, and it will be placed in the hands of our soldiers or sailors at the front.

Vol. XXXVII

No. 2

LATIN SCHOOL REGISTER



November

FOOTBALL NUMBER

1 9 1 7

Advertisements

Elchickering
Studio Inc.
Photographers
21 West Street
Boston

Class Photographers

FOR B. L. S. 1917

DISTINCTIVE PORTRAITURE
PANORAMAS AND
STUDIO GROUPS

Unusual Styles for Christmas

PHONE BEACH 1879

U. HOLZER INC., 25 BROMFIELD ST. BOSTON.
MAIN 5433
BINDS AND REPAIRS ALL KINDS OF BOOKS
INLAYING
MAPS MOUNTED
PAPER SPLITTING
PHOTOS MOUNTED FLAT
PORTFOLIOS ETC. TO ORDER
FIRE-PROOF DEPT. AT HYDE PARK



The New Fall

**ARROW
COLLAR**

20¢ each 2 for 35¢ 3 for 50¢

Clothes for College Men

IN this period of commercial upset, it is rather wise to buy where *quality* is nailed to the top-mast, and where *style* is distinguished but never "out of character."

"Their *service* exceeds their *price*."

Fine Furnishings—Stetson Hats

MACULLAR PARKER COMPANY

Manufacturers and Retailers

BOSTON—400 Washington Street

BOSTON
STUDIOS

161 Tremont
St. Tel. Beach
858

164 Tremont
St. Tel. Beach
2687



NEW YORK
STUDIO

306 Fifth
Avenue

*Something for the
Departing Soldier to treasure,
a photograph
of his beloved ones*

SPECIAL RATES TO ALL STUDENTS

ASK FOR TEACHER'S RATE



**MANDOLINS GUITARS
BANJOS MANDORES**

AND KINDRED INSTRUMENTS

For those who play and who appreciate refined tone quality and scientific adjustment.

BANJOS . . \$5.00 to \$ 93.00
GUITARS . . 5.00 to 175.00
MANDOLINS 5.00 to 150.00
MANDORES . 5.00 to 50.00

Ditson Empire Guitars and Mandolins

Genuine Hawaiian Ukuleles and Steel
Guitars . . . Prices \$5.00 to \$112.00

TENOR BANJOS
BANJOS MANDOLINS

CATALOGS FREE ON REQUEST

OLIVER DITSON CO.

178-179 TREMONT ST., BOSTON

Please Mention "The Register" When Patronizing Our Advertisers

LATIN SCHOOL REGISTER

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Newest Fall Stetson



An Artistic Selection of the
Best FALL HAT STYLES

including the famous

STETSON'S

\$4, 4.50, \$5, \$6

Other Leading Makes at
\$2.50, \$3, \$3.50, \$4

Headquarters for Manhattan Shirts

PHELAN & STEPTOE

38 and 42 BOYLSTON STREET

Next to Hotel Touraine

Open Evenings

Please Mention "The Register" When Patronizing Our Advertisers

Young Men
Particular About Clothes

Should See

Hart Schaffner & Marx

Overcoats
and Suits

\$25 and \$30

Other Good Makes

\$15 \$18 \$20

*We will take especial pains
with Latin School men*

The Continental Clothing House

Washington and Boylston Streets

Latin School Register

VOLUME XXXVII. No. 2.

NOVEMBER, 1917

ISSUED MONTHLY

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JOSEPH ALPHONSUS GATELEY.....ASSISTANT BUSINESS MANAGER
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TERMS: Fifty cents per year; by mail, sixty cents. Single copies, ten cents. Advertising rates on application. Contributions solicited from undergraduates.

All contributions must be plainly, neatly, and correctly written and on one side only of the paper. Contributions will be accepted wholly with regard to the needs of the paper and the merits of the manuscript.

Published by the STUDENTS OF THE BOSTON LATIN SCHOOL. Warren Ave., Boston

Entered at the Boston Post Office as second-class mail matter.

THE REWARD OF PERSEVERANCE

"You can't play, Will," said Coach Johnson of Fielding Academy, "because you're not eligible."

William Sanders was entering his Junior year on condition. He had made the football team last fall, though he was barely eligible even then. When the football season was over he lost the little ambition that he had in his studies and fell down in them.

To make matters worse the standard of eligibility had been raised.

That evening Will considered the matter.

"I don't see of what use these rules of eligibility are," he thought, "They only seem to make trouble."

Just then Henry Griggs his room-mate entered. Will confided his troubles to to him. He gave him this advice:

"Why don't you study up and become eligible? You know the biggest games come at the end of the season. You have a chance to qualify by then, besides you're not a dope, as you've shown in your first year at this school when you got the best marks in your room. You can do it by sacrificing some of your time with the fellows. The coach will let you practise with the team if you promise him to do your best.

"I'll become eligible if I have to study my head off," Will replied.

The next day Will told the coach of

his intention and asked him if he could practise with the team.

"Will you promise to study hard—that is not merely pass, but to get as high marks as you can?" asked the coach.

"Yes, sir," replied Will, looking straight into Mr. Johnson's eyes.

"It's a bargain then," said the coach, impressed by Will's determined air.

The next few weeks, while Will was making good his word, the team played three games with inferior teams, losing only one.

The next week the game of the season was to be played with Ross Academy, which had defeated the team to whom Fielding had lost, by an overwhelming score. It was also the week when the reports were to be issued, and incidentally the time when Will had the chance to become eligible.

His faithful work did not go unrewarded, for his marks were not only passable, but even high.

"You'll have to shine out this game," said his room-mate, Henry, the morning before the game, "if you expect to get that captaincy."

"I'll do my best," replied Will in his usual determined way, "no fellow can do more than that."

The game had begun. The field was crowded with friends of both schools. Will played end.

For the first quarter neither side could get near its opponents' goal.

In the second quarter Fielding Academy kicked off. The ball went to the Ross Academy guard, who fumbled it, and then bounded to that team's end, who by clever dodging succeeded in getting it on Fielding Academy's thirty-five yard line, where he was tackled by Will. After losing eight yards in the second down by the fullback's slipping, they tried a drop kick.

The quarter back received the ball and kicked it. It soared right over the goal. The spectators cheered. Even the friends of Fielding Academy joined in, for it was one of the neatest drop-kicks ever seen on that field. Ross Academy was now ahead, the score being three to nothing.

For the remaining part of the second quarter and the third quarter, neither side could score.

The last quarter began with Fielding Academy kicking off. After a number of downs Ross Academy lost the ball on her opponent's forty-yard line.

"Seventeen, nineteen, twenty-four," called the quarter-back. They were about to try a forward pass. Now was Will's chance, for he was to get the ball. He caught it when the opposing end was almost on him. By a quick move he dodged him, nearly running into the Ross Academy guard, who made a grab at him, but by a clever turn he tore himself away before that player had fairly laid hands on him. On he rushed with almost the whole Ross Academy team on his heels. Over the line he went just about a half of a minute before the quarter was over. He was cheered for fully five minutes. Fielding Academy had won the score being six to three.

In the course of the next few weeks Fielding Academy played two games, which they won due mainly through Will's clever playing.

A few days after the team had played its last game, Will was elected captain.

The evening of his election, while he was in his room, he considered his record as scholar. He found that he had really done very well.

"Now I can have some fun," he thought. He then remembered of his promise to the coach, and what the folks at home would think if he would be

promoted with honors. He also considered the fun he could have staying out with the other fellows instead of studying.

He decided to try his best and keep his word of honor, ever though he might have to sacrifice much of his time for study instead of pleasure.

At the end of the year, when the Headmaster read off the names of those who received prizes, his perseverance was rewarded, for he received not only a prize, but also many honors in his college examinations. Above all, his conscience was satisfied, for he felt *he had given himself a square deal.*

H. H. S. '21.



HALLOWE'EN

Silver paths of moonlight o'er the pump-
kin-sprinkled fields;
Pierrots in the starlight masquerade.
Gentle Mermaids pleasure take, in gon-
dolas upon the lake,
Their eyes as hard as jade!

Jack-o'lanterns glowing red:—
An orange Fairy Land,
Where geometric eyes and nose
Burst out to startle him who goes
Abroad to serenade.

Witches ride their broom-sticks on the
wall festooned with crape,
Orange strips entwine the chandeliers,
Each plate conceals a myst'ry flat,—a
goblin or a Thomas-cat,—
Our souvenirs!

E. G. F. '18.



ONE OF THE BRAVEST

The third alarm rang in from Box 8242. The floor-man at the quarters of Engine Co. 59 hastily chalked it down, rang the big gong, and pulled the lever that released the horses. In a few seconds, bells clanging and whistle blowing, the apparatus was on its way to the fire.

It was a bitterly cold, silent night, with the temperature around zero and a high wind, biting cold and raw. Jim Nelson, a young fireman just finishing his term of probation, clung desperately to his place on the hosewagon as the gale rocked the heavy vehicle. It was his first really big fire, and he shivered as the engine and hose-wagon plowed on through the almost deserted streets. "It'll take more'n three with this wind," James muttered to him.

Just then they rounded a corner, and there, two or three blocks away, an office building and a big department store were in flames. Quite a crowd of theatre-goers had assembled, but they scattered in all directions as the heavy engine clanged its way among them. In response to the shouted order of a white-helmeted deputy chief, Engine 59 proceeded to a nearby hydrant and connected two lines.

A quick order from Captain Mac-Namara, and the lieutenant and three men picked up one line and dragged it towards the fire. Russell, the driver of the engine, was throwing blankets over his horses when the captain ordered him to take Jim's place. Jim saw the wisdom of this; Russell was an experienced firefighter, and he was a raw, untried man on probation, but it did not tend to make him feel any better.

Just then Dick, a white horse with a

black temper, commenced to kick and plunge, and Jim had to give all his attention to subduing him.

The fire made a fearful but magnificent scene. The water from the streams of the hose froze and made dazzling pinnacles of ice. The two buildings looked like roaring furnaces of crystal, Jets of flame and dense clouds of thick black smoke poured from them, and firemen, scattered all about, looked like living figures of ice. Despite their efforts the flames, driven by the high wind, caught a neighboring office building, and the deputy-chief in command skipped a fourth alarm, and ordered a fifth sounded.

A man in civilian garb managed to slip by the watchful police and ran towards the building, where the flames were rapidly enveloping the fifth story, which was also the top. No one seemed to see him, and, calling a policeman to hold the horses, Jim ran after him into the building. The man dashed up the broad marble stairs, past two or three unseeing groups of firemen with hose-lines, and up to the fifth floor, where he hastily unlocked an office door and dashed in. Jim ran in and grabbed him just as he was working frantically on the combination of a gigantic safe in one corner.

"Here' you!" he exclaimed, "what do you mean by entering this building like this? Quick, we've got no time no waste in getting out. In fifteen minutes we may not be able to."

"Good God, man!" exclaimed the other, turning a white, blanched face towards him. "There is the formula for America's new explosive in here, and enough of it to blow up everything within 500 feet."

Jim felt himself growing pale as a dense puff of smoke entered the room and he thought of the deadly explosive in the safe.

"It's 42 times as powerful as dynamite," gasped the other as he worked, "and if the temperature gets too high, it will explode."

The room was getting hotter and hotter; a dense cloud of smoke filled it; the rumbling of the flames was plainly audible; Jim heaved a sigh of relief as the big door swung open, but there remained a thin, sheet-iron door with a stout lock.

"The stuff is in the third pigeonhole from the left," gasped the other. "It—The devil! I've lost my keys!"

There was a rending crashing sound and part of the roof caved in. A heavy beam hit the chemist a glancing blow on the head, and he fell unconscious to the floor. Jim grasped the heavy piece of iron and lunged at the lock. Twice—three—four times he banged, and at last the lock broke. Quickly he drew out an iron box about eight inches long and four wide and deep, and slipped it into his pocket. He glanced around the room, hazily saw, through the thick smoke, that the way to the door was clear, picked up the unconscious man and staggered for it.

He groped down the stairway, bending under his heavy burden. He felt along the wall through the suffocating smoke—

Suddenly the truth burst upon him! He had lost his way! If he did not get outside, not only his own life and that of the stranger would be lost, but also others if the fire got to the explosive.

The box in his pocket suddenly seemed to weigh a ton, and the man twice as much. He took a step forward, stumbled, and almost fell headlong. But the obstacle made him utter a cry of joy, for it was a long line of hose. Getting a fresh grip on his burden, he followed the hose through the blinding, suffocating smoke and was soon outside. He staggered to a chief, stammered his story out incoherently, and fell in a swoon with his burden.

Strong, tender, willing hands gently lifted him and his friend into an ambulance, while the chief took charge of the box.

. . .

When he awoke some hours later, he was in the hospital. A newspaper lay on a table and he read the account of the fire which lauded him as a hero. He was soon out, and a week later was summoned to the captain.

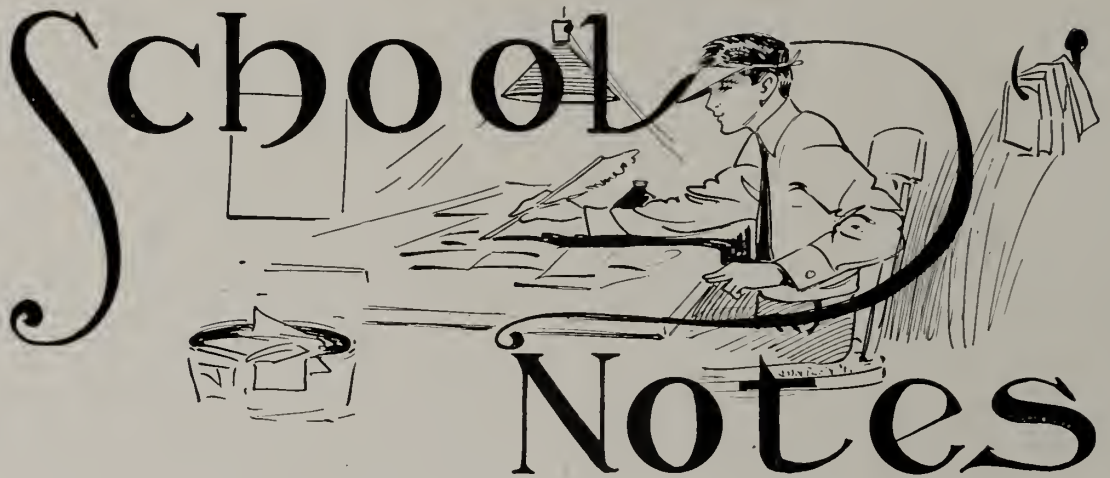
"Nelson," Captain MacNamara said, "my report and the drill-masters' have agreed, and you are appointed a regular member of the department."

Jim saluted and walked away, proud and happy. It was all part of his day's work as "One of the Bravest."

F. R. S. '20.



School Notes



At last they've done it, fellows. Why, you really can't guess what? Well, the thing Latin School Boys have hoped for, and worked for, and prayed for, almost, for months and years.—Oh, of course you know now. You see, we've sort of given ourselves away, without meaning to, at all. Anyway, they've bought the most wonderful site of land out on Louis Pasteur Avenue, right opposite the old High School of Commerce Building,—and it's for us, fellows, for our very own,—Latin School's, for keeps. To be sure, we're sorry our big brothers in the upper classes can't enjoy it quite so much as we can, because they have to go away in June, or possibly the June after that, and it takes such a long time to build a home big enough for the Latin School Family! However, we guess it will be a mighty proud day when we climb into the van and say, "Big New House!" to our moving-man. Still, it would be hard, wouldn't it, to find a better, more comfortable, "homier" home than our dear old Warren Avenue Building? Except perhaps in one respect. That is, we haven't any private

stamping-grounds, with "Latin School" printed in big purple letters over the white gate-posts, and "Latin School" waving and fluttering in the wind on both sides of the flag, way up on the tall white pole. "Stamping-grounds." That sounds sort of ranch-like, doesn't it? —Kind of suggests endless prairies of waving alfalfa, and wild herds of frenzied bison exulting in a thundering stampede over the plains. Well, that's just what we mean.—A place where Latin School Boys can go and play and run, and stampede, if they like;—where you can play hand-ball, and enjoy a tussle with Bob without fear of cracking your shins on the bricks. Shall we get such a back-yard with our new house? It's for you to say, fellows.

* * * * *

It is hoped that all Latin School graduates engaged in any branch of the National Service will communicate with the secretary at the Latin School, giving their name, class, and the arm of the Service to which they are attached.

With this issue a new department makes its bow to *Register* readers. The "OVER THERE" column, besides containing many bits of war-time sentiment, will keep you informed about our Latin School brothers at the front, and about what they are doing "over there." For the use of many letters and other valuable material, and for numberless suggestions, in this direction, we are indebted to the Headmaster, Mr. Pennypacker, to Mr. Jones, and to Mr. Henderson.

* * * * *

On Friday, October 5, the school was highly honored by a visit from Dr. Groce, formerly Head of the English Department.

* * * * *

Samuel Temple, '11, is a member of the Aviation School for Officers, at Technology.

* * * * *

Louis Tesser, '13, is at Camp Ayer.

* * * * *

F. R. Dolan, James Dwyer, and Richard Temple, '15, are engaged in the Field Ambulance Service.

* * * * *

Gardner D. Howie, '04, is an officer in the Aviation Corps at Newport News.

Owing to certain unavoidable happenings the list of Harvard examination honors, published in the October *Register*, was not entirely accurate. We are very grateful for information which enables us to augment the list as follows:

McCLELLAN, R. N. El. Latin, El. German.

SETCHELL, S. S. El. French.

QUINT, J. G. El. Latin, El. German, El. French.

SHULMAN, H. I. El. French.

KLAYMAN, H. El. Greek.

PHINNEY, J. T. El. Algebra, El. German, El. French, Am. History.

* * * * *

No mention of Class Election Returns is made in this number, as final results will not have been determined until after the *Register* has gone to press.

* * * * *

On Monday, October 15, the School was addressed by Mrs. Edwin D. Mead, who spoke interestingly on "Human Problems after the War," and bore home to us the fact that a "brotherhood of man" cannot be secured by the Green-Table Diplomats alone, and that we must seriously consider the problem of true arbitration.

CALENDAR FOR NOVEMBER

FIRST MONDAY MORNING ASSEMBLY.....	NOVEMBER 5
CLASS DECLAMATIONS.....	NOVEMBER 5-9
SECOND MONDAY MORNING ASSEMBLY.....	NOVEMBER 12
DECLAMATION COMPETITION	NOVEMBER 14
THIRD MONDAY MORNING ASSEMBLY.....	NOVEMBER 19
SECOND PUBLIC DECLAMATION	NOVEMBER 23
SCHOOL CLASSES FOR THANKSGIVING RECESS	
12 M	NOVEMBER 28
ANNUAL SCHOOL FOOTBALL GAME WITH	
ENGLISH HIGH SCHOOL	NOVEMBER 29



OVER THERE



Here is a letter written to Mr. Pennypacker by Albert Morton Bierstodt, B. L. S. '00. Printed by permission of the Headmaster:

U. S. A. Base Hospital No. 5,
A. P. O., S-18, B. E. F., France.

August 5, 1917.

Dear Mr. Pennypacker,

You asked me to write you when I got over; so here goes with my adventures.

Although I had fully made up my mind and completed all arrangements to go with the American Ambulance, I changed my mind at the last moment, and took a place in United States Base Hospital No. 5. This first took me to a fort in Boston Harbor, where our men were trained over three weeks. The old Latin School Drill here stood me in good stead, and enabled me to learn the various movements with great ease. Finally, after endless speculation when we should start, the time suddenly arrived, and we were whisked off secretly to New York. There we boarded a steamer and after waiting a day sailed, toward evening. When I went to bed, the reflection of a powerful lighthouse in the sky was all that was left of America.

We had to go third class, which, as you may guess, didn't mean luxury, but the sea was calm, and after the first two days I enjoyed myself. The unpleasant monotony of an ocean voyage was agreeably broken by medical lectures by various army doctors.

Finally, one evening, a notice was posted ordering us to carry life-belts with us all the time henceforth, and soon afterwards a destroyer appeared, to convoy us. At one time she went off to a considerable distance and fired four shots at a submarine which we could not see. At the third shot, they say, the periscope disappeared.

As a result of careful guarding, we made an English port safely. We were at once put in a cosy English train and started across the charming country. Everywhere we were greeted with enthusiastic waving, for people could see the Khaki at the windows and several little American flags fluttering, and guessed that more of their new allies were arriving.

At the English port to which we were carried we were speedily embarked on a vessel, and after a day's waiting were shot across to France in the night. I stood on deck as we approached the lights of this new country, and heard the sharp but musical sounds of the language from a boat nearby. Finally, a woman's voice rang out clearly, "America—America—America—I love you!"

We were quartered in a British camp for a time and had a good opportunity to meet many Tommies. We felt in the swim most decidedly, for every day regiments left for the front. Only a short time before, I had seen the other side of the war in the form of a long row of stretchers carried slowly and care-

fully, containing figures swathed in bandages, and listlessly limp.

I have now finally reached my destination, though the censorship prevents my telling you where it is. At present my duty is being sentinel at night. I should much prefer being a hospital orderly and tending the wounded; it seems more direct.

Yours sincerely,

Albert Morton Bierstadt.

* * * * *

You have just read a narrative containing more of the lighter and softer side of life "over there." Now read this post-card, also received by Mr. Penny-packer, which emphasizes in its very brevity the horrors of war. At the top of the pasteboard oblong appears this notice in French:

Partie Réserve à la Correspondence. Then,

Was with Paul Osborne on car our first night at front when he was killed and my other chum wounded. Am in Sec. 28, the first Ambulance Sec. to go into trenches. Have been taken over by French Infantry, and been in trenches for 40 days straight. Only 17 of us left.

Bill Orr.

* * * * *

The following Latin School boys have been commissioned at Plattsburg:

Wallis W. Webber, 2d lieutenant, Infantry Sec., O. R. C.

Gardner Murphy, 2d lieutenant, Infantry Sec., O. R. C.

Sumner S. Gordon, 2d lieutenant, Cavalry Sec. O. R. C.

Austin C. Alden, 2d lieutenant, Infantry Sec. Q. C., N. A.

Henry A. Brickley, 1st. lieutenant, Infantry Sec., O. R. C.

Malcolm P. Bail, 1st lieutenant, Infantry Sec., O. R. C.

John W. Saladine, 1st lieutenant, Infantry Sec., O. R. C.

Albert W. Vinal, 1st lieutenant, Infantry Sec., O. R. C.

Lauriston Ward, 1st. lieutenant, Infantry Sec., N. A.

Homer M. Huggan, 2d lieutenant, Infantry Sec., O. R. C.

Robert J. Kirkwood, 2d lieutenant, Infantry Sec., O. R. C.

* * * * *

The following have passed examinations for the Second Plattsburg Camp:

Ames, J. T., Fay, A. F., Foss, L. F., Gersumby, M. H. C., Hutchins, F. D., Moir, J. A., Pengra, C. O.

* * * * *

A post-card which Mr. Henderson received from Arthur H. Washburn, '11, contained on its reverse side a picture of the Notre Dame *Chimères*. The correspondence ran as follows:

Paris, September 25, 1917.

Je me souviens que vous nous avez montré des photographies de ces chimères, il y a quelques années. Je viens d'entrer dans le service du Y. M. C. A. ici. J'espère que tout va bien chez vous. Veuillez agréer mes sincères salutations et me rappeler au bon souvenir des autres professeurs.

Arthur H. Washburn.

* * * * *

The *Register* will gratefully receive any matter suitable for publications in this department, and will answer promptly all questions in regard to our boys at the front. Place your communications in box marked "REGISTER" outside Teachers' Room door.





Groton 0

B. L. S. 0.

On Saturday, September 29, our team opened its season at Groton, where a scoreless tie was played with Groton School. The game was clean and hard-fought throughout, and taking into consideration the fact that this was the opening contest for both schools, the teams are to be congratulated upon the effective playing which was exhibited. Our men were especially effective on the offense in their own territory, but Groton tightened whenever her goal-line was threatened. Groton almost scored in the third quarter, when a forward-pass over the goal-line was dropped while our team, in the last quarter was within striking distance of the goal-line. In this period each Latin School back took the ball in succession, and first downs were made repeatedly, only to have Groton tighten and hold us for downs. For Groton, Morse, Crocker and West did the best work. For Latin School, Wing, Ryan, and Cronin excelled.

The summary:

BOSTON LATIN SCHOOL.

Maguire, Ellis,

Bruen,

Otis,

l. e.

l. t.

l. g.

Rubin, Doherty,

Cronin, Ham,

Kyle,

John Kennedy, Cronin,

Merrill,

Wing,

James Kennedy,

Ryan.

c.

r. g.

r. t.

r. e.

q. b.

l. h. b.

r. h. b.

f. b.

GROTON

West Bradford,

McLaughlin, Kunhardt,

Terry,

Howe,

Morgan, Keech,

Townsend,

J. Crocker, Coolidge,

Foster,

Morse,

Mason, Van Rensselaer, Knox,

Key.

r. e.

r. t.

r. g.

c.

l. g.

l. t.

l. e.

q. b.

l. h. b.

r. h. b.

f. b.

Score—Boston Latin, 0; Groton, 0.

Referee—M. Sedgwick.

Umpire—Lynes.

Head Linesman—Peabody.

Time—Two eight and two ten-minute periods.

* * * * *

B. L. S. 12;

Hyde Park 0.

On Friday, October 5, in a drizzling rain, Latin School won its first game of the season by sending down to defeat

the Hyde Park aggregation, by the score of 12-0. Although greatly weakened by the loss of five regulars, the team displayed that remarkable form and fight, which has made the purple and white famous. Hyde Park kicked off, and on receiving the ball Latin started a steady march down the field. In less time than it takes to write, we had, through a series of consistent line plunges, arrived within a few yards of the goal posts. On the next play, Captain Ryan went through center for the first score of the game, and incidentally, the first one of the season. In the second period, McSweeney, by clever line-bucking succeeded in planting the pigskin behind the uprights for the second and last score of the game. It was during this quarter, also, that Frank Wing, our half-back, was injured, and forced to retire from the game. This was a great loss to our back field, as Wing had been showing an enormous amount of speed through throughout the contest. The first half was a complete B. L. S. affair, as our opponents had succeeded in gaining possession of the ball only twice. During the second half Hyde Park offered much stiffer opposition than hitherto, and as the game continued, interest increased. In the third quarter, Cronin attempted a drop-kick, but a poor pass and wretched support of the line at that time, made it impossible. Forward passes were tried by both sides in the concluding period, but this sort of attack was useless, as the ball was very slippery and hard to hold. The small score may be attributed to the use of many substitutes, and also to the weather, which slowed up the field considerably, besides making fumbles possible at any moment. For Hyde Park Hewes played well, while Cronin, McSweeney, Rubin, and Ryan excelled for Latin School.

The Summary:

BOSTON LATIN SCHOOL

Cronin,	l. e.
Dullea, Palmer,	l. t.
Malley, Farnham,	l. g.
Rubin, Doherty, Donovan,	c.
Bruen, Palmer,	r. g.
Otis, Sibley,	r. t.
Ellis, Walsh, Pont,	r. e.
Quinn, Rice,	q. b.
McSweeney, Hurwitz, Maloney,	l. h. b.
Wing, McDonald, Harkins,	r. h. b.
Ryan.	f. b.

HYDE PARK

Mc Affee,	r. e.
Hogberg,	r. t.
Schwamb, Mahoney,	r. g.
Rockwood,	c.
Dainton,	l. g.
MacLain, Frieberg,	l. t.
Young, Whittaker, Higgins	l. c.
O'Donnell, Taylor,	q. b.
Hewes,	r. h. b.
Colburn,	l. h. b.
Schmalz.	f. b.

Score—B. L. S., 12; Hyde Park, 0.

Touchdowns—McSweeney, Ryan.

Referee—Edmonstone.

Umpire—McDonald.

Head Linesman—Rooney.

Time—Four and six-minute periods.

THE COLUMBUS DAY GAME.

On Friday morning, Oct. 12th, Boston College High and Boston Latin engaged in a closely contested battle on Alumni Field, with neither team scoring. From start to finish it was an exciting game, many a thrill being provided during the forty minutes of scoreless playing. This much, however, can be said—Latin outrushed her opponents, outplayed them and very unfortunately indeed, out-fumbled Boston College High School. Looking back at the rushing of both teams,

we see that Boston College gained first down only twice during the entire contest by rushing the ball, while our backfield, especially Frank Ryan, made many consistent gains. Credit, however, must be given to the Maroon and Gold eleven for taking advantage of our errors so cleverly as to make the going very hard for us during the first half. In the second half, the purple and white warriors rallied and showed a great amount of "pep," which was noticeably lacking during the first and second periods. Steady gains were made by our backs, but Boston College High tightened when its goal-line was in danger. Twice field goals were tried, once by Captain Elbery of Boston College High, and by Cronin of Latin School in, the last quarter, with two minutes left to play. Of the two, the latter was the better try, Cronin's drop missing the bar by a scant half-foot. For Boston College High, Healy and Captain Elbery both starred, while Captain Ryan, Hurwitz, Ellis excelled for Boston Latin.

1st. Quarter.

Captain Ryan won the toss, and Boston College kicked off to the former, who was downed on his own 15-yard line. After several unsuccessful charges at the Boston College line, Cronin punted to Boston College's 25-yd. line. The first break of the game came when our opponents, finding our line impregnable, were also forced to punt, and, woeful to relate, Boston College recovered the ball, after it had been fumbled by our man. Boston College High hammered through for first down. Here, again the Maroon and Gold quarterback ordered a punt, after having charged our line three times, without a gain. After an exchange of punts, Boston College gained

7 yds. on an end run. A forward pass added 15 yds to their credit, making the end of the first period.

2nd Quarter.

A Boston College end run was spoiled by the ever alert Ellis, who was in the midst of nearly every play up to this time. An exchange of punts ensued, Cronin getting the longest one of the game. Here Boston College was penalized for being offside, and was forced to kick. On the next play, Wing was injured, and Hurwitz took his place at halfback. Cronin tried a forward, which Captain Elbery of Boston College intercepted, running 30 yds before being downed. The purple and white line tightened and Elbery punted to Ryan. The second penalty was inflicted on the Maroon and Gold for offside play. On the next play, Ryan went through for 5 yds. The half ended with Boston Latin possessor of the ball in midfield.

3rd Quarter.

Boston College kicked off again, and Hurwitz was stopped on his own 15-yd. line. Latin fumbled on the next play, making a Boston College score seem likely. On the two following plays, our opponents were penalized 20 yds for holding, and things looked a good deal brighter for us. The James Street team lost much of their former energy, but the punishment was surely due them. Boston College kicked to Quinn, and the opposing end stopped him, no sooner than he had touched the ball. Ryan made ten yards and first down for us, but since the Boston College line held, Cronin punted. It was now Latin's ball on her own 20-yd. line. Hurwitz and Ryan made 15 yds. on the following plays, and here the period ended.

4th Quarter.

Ryan made 3 yds through tackle, and again Hurwitz went through for a large gain. McSweeney made 4 yds. and Ryan earned first down for us by a successful line plunges. The Latin backs were each going through in order, for steady gains, but on the next few plays Boston College tightened, and Cronin kicked to Boston College's 10-yd. line. On receiving the pigskin, our opponents in turn punted. It was Latin's last chance for a score, as only about five minutes of play remained. Hurwitz again rose to the occasion, and made first down. A short forward—Ryan to Ellis—gained about 4 yds., and Ryan then went through Boston College's line for another first down. Quinn ordered a drop-kick, after three fruitless attempts at charging the line. Cronin made a great try for the field goal, and missed by a hair. The final whistle blew with Boston College in possession of the ball on their own 10-yd. line.

The summary—

BOSTON LATIN SCHOOL

Cronin,	l. e.
Kyle,	l. t.
Dullea, Bruen,	l. g.
Rubin,	c.
Doherty, Malley,	r. g.
Otis,	r. t.
Ellis,	r. e.
Quinn,	q. b.
McSweeney,	r. h. b.
Hurwitz, Wing,	l. h. b.
(Capt) Ryan.	f. b.

BOSTON COLLEGE HIGH

Shanahan,	l. e.
Lanegan,	l. t.
Eberly,	l. g.
Healey,	c.
Elbery, O'Brien,	r. g.
Collins,	r. t.
Power,	r. e.

Elbery, (Capt.),	q. b.
Meredith,	r. h. b.
Kelleher,	l. h. b.
McDevitt.	f. b.

Score—Boston College High School,0;
Boston Latin School,0.

Time—Four 10-minute periods.

* * *

TRACK PROSPECTS

With the opening of the track season scarcely six weeks off, prospects are unusually bright for a formidable team. Captain Earl Dudley, winner of the 1000-yard run at the regimental games last year, is awaiting eagerly the notice to don his uniform for practice. He is in splendid condition for the coming campaign, and much is expected of him. The veterans who are expected to report are Captain Dudley, John Kennedy, James Kennedy, Merrill, Hurwitz, Quinn, Wing, Webster, Weiner, Maguire, Ryan, Healey, Malley, Cronin, Rubin, Rice, and Beveroge. The big goal for the seniors to gain will be a "crack" relay team. Three men of last year's quartet are James Kennedy, Wing, and Dudley. There is a vacancy for the fourth man, and it is open to everybody. Why not you? As for Intermediates, not many of note have returned to school, but good material is expected to report, when the call is given. The great conundrum for Coach O'Brien to solve will be the situation in the Junior Division, caused by a ruling by the Athletic Committee preventing boys from the Fifth and Sixth classes from competing in meets, because of the new rule which forbids a boy being a member of a school team for more than four years. Therefore it is for smaller boys from the Fourth and Third classes to show some school spirit. The schedule for the current season will be announced in the next number of the *Register*.

THE RIFLE CLUB.

The Boston Latin School Rifle Team is well under way for a championship season, due greatly to the appearance of a goodly number of veterans from last year's aggregation; namely: Captain Feeley, Anderson, Codman, Fay, Godin, Bon, Stearn, and Steinberg. The club is greatly weakened by the loss of Chase, their president, one of the high score men, and Mr. Robinson, their instructor, through entrance into the service of our country. Captain Feeley, however, expects to round into shape a team that will be a credit to the school, and with the men mentioned above standing behind their leader to a man, no less is expected. This is a sport which continues the year round, and members of the club are furnished with rifles and

ammunition FREE, by the city. For this, we are indebted to Colonel Benyon, who has done considerable to encourage the sport in every way possible. The colonel is very enthusiastic over the outlook, and is hopeful that every boy will avail himself of this opportunity. The membership fee is twenty-five cents a year, a sum within the reach of every boy in the school. For further particulars, see E. G. Fay, Sec'y, of Room 12.

* * *

Francis Cronin, former Boston Latin athlete, who won his letter in four sports, has entered Fordham College. Cronin should certainly help Fordham in athletics. While at our school, he was a member of the track, football, baseball, and hockey teams, being captain-elect of the last two named.

C. E. S. '18.





HEARD IN PHYSICS.

INSTRUCTOR: These two sheets that I am giving out are both left-hand pages.

S—: 'S all right. I am a lefty anyway.

* * *

ENGLISH IS NOTHING TO HIM.

K—(translating Latin)—“Raging Penthesilea, the *warriess-maiden*, leads the Amazons.”

* * *

TO SHOW HOW IMPARTIAL WE ARE.

IN THE SANCTUM: I say, is this waste paper?

YOUNG HOPEFUL: Oh, no. None of us has written on it yet.

* * *

SUPERSTITIOUS ONE: Do you consider it a sign of death in the family when a dog howls in your back yard at night?

COLONEL: No, sah! Never considered a dog as a membah of my family.

“Do you know I’m a great artist? I drew a hen so natural that when I threw it in the basket it laid there.”

* * *

SHE: O father, Mr. Nutleigh just had the impudence to ask for a kiss.

FATHER: The idea! What cheek!

SHE (blushing): He wasn’t particular which.

* * *

GUEST (suspiciously eyeing the flattened pillows and the crumpled sheets): See here, landlord, this bed has been slept in.

LANDLORD (triumphantly): That’s what it’s for!

* * *

VERGIL: I’ve just been reading some statistics of birth and death. Extraordinary thing! Every time I breathe, a man dies!

HISOENED: Great Scott! Why don’t you chew cloves?



MISS KITTY: Before you were married, Mrs. Blunt, did your husband bring you any flowers?

MRS. BLUNT: I didn't have any husband before I was married, dear.

"Let me see your muzzle."

"Here's some, sir. I just sold one like this to a woman."

"But the kind I want is for a dog."

* * *

* * *

"I've been smoking an awful lot of cigars lately."

"Well, if the last one you gave me is a sample I don't doubt your word, old man."

"What's the difference between a lemon and a head of cabbage?"

"I don't know."

"Huh! You'd be a nice one to send after lemons, wouldn't you?"



Wanted, in a delicatessen store, a young man to bite holes in Swiss cheese.

* * *

"Well, what ails you now?" asked the cranky old doctor of the charming patient. "Oh, doctor," whined the invalid, "I have such an awful pain in my left side every time I raise my hand to my head."

"Humph!" grunted the doctor. "Then don't raise your hand to your head. Two dollars, please."

* * *

HE: How long can a person live without brains?

SHE: Well, I don't know exactly. About how old are you anyway?

* * *

"I want you to see my new piano, the next time you call."

"When do you expect to get it?"

"Oh, in about six months."

* * *

HOTEL CLERK: I found that "Not to be used except in case of fire" placard those college boys stole, out in the corridor.

MANAGER: Where was it?

HOTEL CLERK: Over the coal-bin.

* * *

"That waiter is either a dunce or a humorist."

"What's the trouble?"

"I ordered extract of beef and he brought me a glass of milk."

MISTRESS: Mary, look at the dust on that chair.

MARY: H'm! I guess nobody ain't sat in it for quite a while.

* * *

Here's to one and only one,

And may that one be she,

Who loves but one and only one,

And may that one be me!

* * *

"Enjoy your vacation?"

"Very much. I had a delightful two weeks planning where I could spend a fortnight."

* * *

"I suppose you want rubber tires?" said the carriage man to old fellow who was inspecting several vehicles with a view to buying one.

"No, sir," said the old man: "my folks ain't that kind. When they're ridin', they want to know it!"

* * *

"If twenty men reap a field in eight hours," ran a question on an examination paper, "how long will it take fifteen men to reap the same field?"

The student thought long and carefully, and finally wrote as follows:

"The field having already been reaped by the twenty men, it could not be reaped by the fifteen."

S. S. '18.



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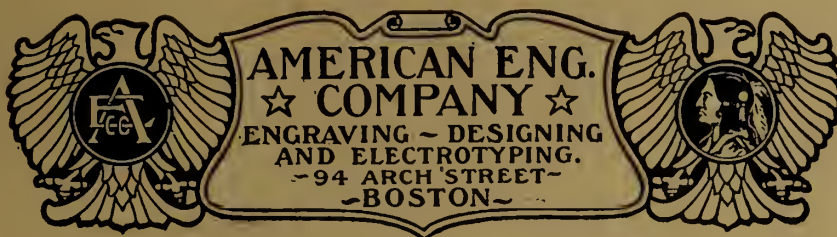
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1917

1918

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IS EXTENDED TO OUR FORMER
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THE USUAL HIGH STANDARDS AND
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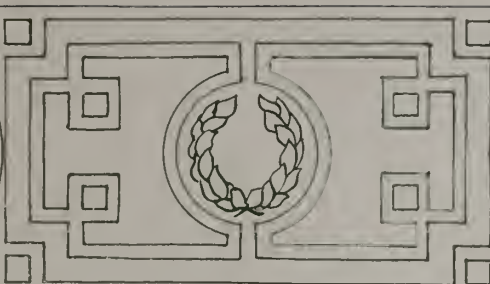
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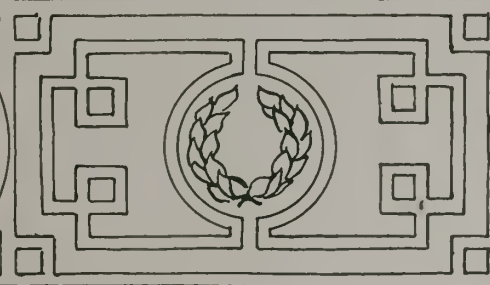
THE REGISTER

Christmas
Number

DECEMBER, 1917

VOL. XXXVII

No. 3



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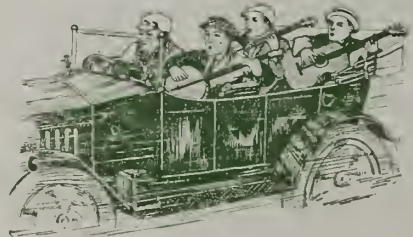
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LATIN SCHOOL REGISTER

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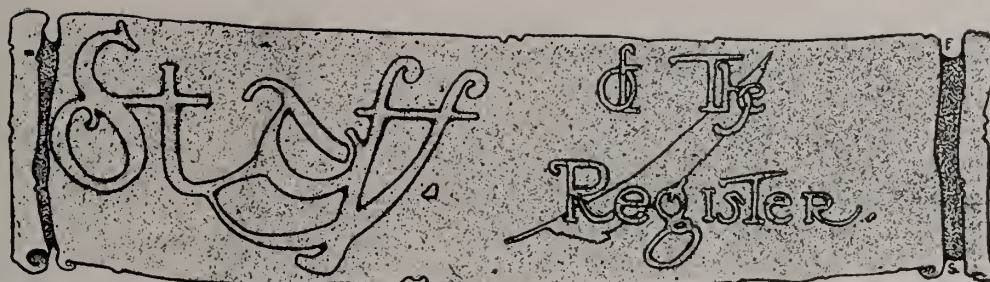
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VOLUME XXXVII. No. 3.

DECEMBER, 1917

ISSUED MONTHLY

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All contributions must be plainly, neatly, and correctly written and on one side only of the paper. Contributions will be accepted wholly with regard to the needs of the paper and the merits of the manuscript.

Published by the STUDENTS OF THE BOSTON LATIN SCHOOL. Warren Ave., Boston

Entered at the Boston Post Office as second-class mail matter.

THE 9:15

LIKE a belated meteor making up for lost time the Overland Limited rushed through the Second Gap at a speed of sixty miles an hour. It was already dark, and the fiery eye of the Limited blazed a path of red through the Giant Cut, and then disappeared over the first down grade, with only a defiant blast of the whistle to mark its passage in the night.

"Sixteen minutes late, and going some," muttered Cray, the Junior night shift man at Second Gap.

"All of that," answered Regan, the Chief, looking up from his key. "Listen, Joe, what's that?"

As he spoke, a distant roar, as of a mighty avalanche, proceeded from the

direction of the Cut, and the little frame building seemed to tremble slightly, with the vibration.

"Sounds like a big slide somewhere," said the younger man, knocking the ashes out of his pipe. "Listen."

Again the two strained their ears, and peered out into the dark through the window. The blackness of the Cut was impenetrable, and this time there was no muffled roar. All was silent again, and Cray yawned sleepily.

"It's over at Greenfield," he said. "I hear the mining folks are having trouble with a new vein. The clay shifts often." Cray refilled his pipe, and took up his paper again.

The older man was apprehensive. "Call Davison," he said, "and see if every thing is O. K. —Safety first!"

Obediently Cray reached for his key, loosed the switch, and "DA, DA, DA," he rapped out over the wire. This was the call of Davison, the next station, and would bring instant response. And immediately the little brass arm of the sounder began to click out its message. —W-A-S-H. . . . Regan leaped from his chair, and bent over the instrument, repeating the words aloud: "Washout. . . at. . . Greenfield. . . Junction," he said. "My God! And the nine-fifteen already at the Cut!" Stunned, he sank into his chair. Then he sat up, and watched Cray in fascination. The junior operator in feverish haste donned a mackinaw, opened the door, and plunged hatless into the night.

"Poor loon!" muttered Regan. "And the nine-fifteen half way down the Cut. Poor loon!"

Already Cray had gained the railroad embankment, and was running full speed in the direction of Greenfield. The switch was four miles away, and suddenly he realized the futility of his attempt. Then he saw an empty freight which was backed upon the siding at the top of the down grade. An idea flashed across his brain, but he shuddered at the picture.—Still, it was Christmas Eve, and the nine-fifteen would be loaded with a gay throng coming in to spend the holidays. He thought of the many women and children, and of the awful disaster which was inevitable unless something were done at once. Yes, something must be done. But what? Already the nine-fifteen was speeding on its way to destruction, and the switch four miles away! If only he might reach it in time! Otherwise—he saw the trains piling up there in the Cut, and the suffering. Again he shuddered, but this time he sprang quickly upon the freight, and released the brakes. Fortunately,

the grade was steep, and the heavy car began to move, gathering speed under its own momentum.

* * *

The watchman at Greenfield was startled by the apparition of a lone freight car which tore by the station at a terrific speed. He rubbed his eyes and stared at the fleeting figure of a man who stood on top of the car, swaying back and forth as it rocked over the rails.

Breathless, Cray clung to the iron brake-wheel, and stared out before him into the darkness. Somewhere out there lay the switch, and he must reach it,—he *must*! It must be near, too, for he had passed the station at Greenfield, and he knew the switch lay just beyond.

The grade was gone now, and the speed of the car began to slacken. Even so, it would be a frightful jump. He would be lucky to escape with his life; but after all, what was one life compared to the hundreds of lives which were speeding on to certain death,—unless . . . Cray seized the brake-wheel with a firmer grasp, and leaned far out over the flying roadbed. Mentally he pictured the soft mound of turf and cinders which lay before the switch. Then—he jumped.

Half unconscious, Cray crawled to the switch and threw it, and heard the nine-fifteen roar over his head, and speed harmlessly down the siding. He thought of the freight car, derailed by this time at the washout, and—slept.

* * *

When Joseph Cray regained consciousness in the Greenfield station, a middle-aged little woman was bending over him, anxiously awaiting the first signs of waking.

"Why, mother," he managed to say, "how did you get here?"

"I was coming to pay you a surprise visit on Christmas Eve, Joe," she answered, caressing him. "I was on the nine-fifteen."

E. G. F. '18.

THE CRITIC WILL CALL IT GOOD

Did you hide your face from the light of
day,
When o'er burdened with cares that made
you blue?
Or, tackle the trouble that came your
way,
In a manner that brought true credit to
you?

When you seemed beaten flat to the
earth, how was that?
Did you lift your head with a smile on
your face?
It's nothing against you to fall down flat,
It's to stay there——— that's dis-
grace!

When the fateful day of judgment
comes, then—
If you've struggled on the best you could,
If you've played your part in the world
of men,
Why, the Critic will call it good.

C. E. H. '18.

A SCRAP OF PAPER

THE inhabitants of New York, especially the section known as the East Side, were on the verge of revolt. The price of food had been rising continually for the past three months, and during the past week, the rise had been so great, that people of the laboring class were in a critical state. With before-the-war wages existing, it could be easily seen that the hardships for the bread-winner to contend against were many and unbearable. In addition to the unheard of

rise in prices, a great scarcity of food was now in evidence. The crops had been exceptionally good that summer and the exportation very little, but still these were the conditions. Why?

In a sumptuously furnished office on the fifth floor of the Kapen Building, situated in the banking district of New York City, sat three men, puffing unmercifully at long Havana cigars, while circles of smoke curled up over their shiny bald heads. With their large flabby hands patting overgrown stom-

achs, these triple-chinned individuals, sat in an indifferent manner, trifling with the destinies of over three million people. Around a large mahogany table, they were, Michael F. Murphy, Tammany boss, and food controller, James M. Hurley, chairman of the Public Safety (?) Committee, and Jeremiah J. Connolly, attorney-general of the State of New York. This was their twelfth meeting of the year. They had succeeded in bringing about the high water mark in the price of foodstuffs, and were equally successful in concealing from the public, a sufficient amount of goods, to make a scarcity of food possible; and these culprits strove to plot against the innocent public.

At the meeting in question, Murphy outlined his plans for the coming drive, and sought the hearty cooperation of Hurley and Connolly to aid him in bringing about one of the greatest food scarcities that had ever entered the minds of an individual. Plans were agreed upon, whereby all the incoming food was to be given over to Connolly, who was acknowledged to be the head of the Food Trust of the country, whereby prices were to be still further raised, and wages kept at the same level. To what selfish means they did plot, God only knew! Connolly suggested that all plans agreed upon should be recorded in writing, and that the signatures of the three men be affixed. If the contents of this note were made public, lynching was not improbable for them, indeed probable. With trembling hands, the culprits signed their infamous names. The deed was to be done!

The paper lay on the table for a few minutes, while Murphy peered over the contents carefully. A telephone ring called him away, and the paper lay untouched. It happened, that a gust of

wind blew into the room, and carried with it out of the window the valued manuscript. It was fully two minutes before the article in question was found to be missing, and as the men gazed out of the window, they saw it scale the skyscrapers, sail through branches, and alight on the ground at a spot about a quarter of a mile distant from the building in which they were housed. Rising to the situation, Murphy dashed out of the office, and to the bewilderment of all, scampered down the stairs and out of the building, while his colleagues sat dumbfounded, gazing dimly and sadly into the future—a life of misery “behind the bars.”

The city election was drawing near, and Murphy, who was the Tammany candidate, was a decided favorite over Alton, his Republican opponent. Lieutenants from each camp were scouring the town for scraps of news to be used on the stump. John Meehan, from the ranks of Hon. Charles B. Alton, chanced to be walking along Chadsey Street, in a casual manner, when his eyes lit upon a large sheet of paper lying in the gutter. Always on the lookout for information, he stooped and picked up the note. He scanned the contents and a smile chanced upon his countenance, as he discovered the name Michael F. Murphy signed at the bottom. Folding the paper carefully, he placed it in his pocket, and speeded toward the Alton Headquarters. Here was his chance to gain a position of prominence with the Alton administration. What joy this note brought to Mr. Alton, is indescribable.

Meanwhile Murphy is seen groping his way up the stairs to his office, where he joined his friends in mourning over the loss, and expressing the thoughts that before morning they would rest

safely behind the scenes in a padded cell. A week passed, and still no rumor was heard by the men in regard to the paper which had disappeared, and their hearts were becoming lighter as they cherished the hope that the infamous paper "never landed." The mayoralty campaign was becoming closer and closer, and with the election one week away Murphy was a 3 to 2 favorite over Alton.

On the following Saturday night or the next evening, Alton, at one of the best attended rallies of the campaign made known the contents of the note, the signers of it, and how he came to have it in his possession. Shouts of "Lynch them!" arose from the audience, and before order could be restored, a body of citizens, 200 in number, rushed to the respective residences of Murphy, Hurley,

and Connolly, and stoned the houses, and broke the windows. The men in question were "out of town till Monday." The following day the newspapers wrote a full account of the discovery, and boomed the candidacy of Alton.

* * *

Election day is over, and Alton is seated in the Mayor's office, with John Meehan at his side. Quite another scene is brought to our eyes in regard to Hurley, Murphy, and Connolly. These were dealt with strictly, and sentenced to 20 years each of hard labor at Sing Sing. Thus Murphy and Co., spent their lives, while Alton and John Meehan strived to satisfy the wants of the public. When Murphy was released from prison, it was through the efforts of Mayor John K. Meehan of New York.

C. E. S. '18.

THE DIXIE FLIER

HE'S gone way down to Georgia-land;
The khaki-brown and big Brass Band
Were piled aboard the train today
With shining sword and brave array,
And as the Flier steamed away,
Bob smiled at me and waved his hand;
But something swelled inside my
heart,
And seemed to say:

"Oh, Bobby Lou, where are you going?
Can't you take me off with you
On the midnight-train for Dixie,
Bob—'cause I like fighting, too."

Then someone squeezed my fingers tight;
Her hazel eyes were misty-bright
And sort of hungry-like and—"Oh,
Please, Mother, 'scuse me, don't you
know
I'll never leave you here and go
Until they need me there to fight."
Then something warm rose in my heart,
And whispered low:

"Oh, Bobby Lou, I'll guard her safely,
While you're marching to Berlin:
With a mother's love from Dixie,
Our boys are sure to win!"

E. G. F. '18.





ONCE again the *Register* extends Christmas Greetings to teachers and pupils throughout the school. We were about to wish you all a "Merry Christmas and Happy New Year," but somehow, the words "merry" and "happy" seemed to stick in our throat, and then we thought for the hundredth time, of the brave fellows who cannot partake of the Christmas Goose with us, but must receive their Christmas Cheer under the stars in a strange country. No, we cannot be merry, perhaps, but we can be far more. We can be good, and loyal, and kind, and helpful. That is the Christmas spirit which will send our boys "Over the Top to Victory," and secure "peace on earth, good will toward men."

* * *

John B. Fitzgerald, last year a Master in this school, called on Monday, November 12. Mr. Fitzgerald, in whose honor one of the stars was placed in our Service Flag, has promised to visit the school on his next furlough, and talk to us about his work in the air. His record is one every Latin School boy may be proud of, for Mr. Fitzgerald was

sixteen times debarred from service in the U. S. Army, because of physical defects, and was accepted in Canada only upon second application. He is now engaged in the British Flying Squadron in Canada, and at the present writing has made twenty-one flights.

* * *

There will be no reunion of the Boston Latin School Association until after the War.

* * *

W. N. Elgin and D. C. White, '16, of the Harvard R. A. T. C., visited the school on Friday, November 9.

* * *

Louis B. Walker, '15, has been doing some effective work on the common in behalf of the Liberty Loan. He has been an official photographer in France.

* * *

Frank G. Montague, '13, is a chief petty officer in the U. S. Navy, and has been placed in charge of the erection of buildings for the great Aviation Camp and Hydro-Aeroplane Base at Pleasant Bay, near Chatham, Mass.

Edward T. Donahue, '17, who was cashiered at Ayer, and will attend Boston University this winter, called on Thursday, November 8.

* * *

Frank Ewing is a 2d lieutenant in the 104th Regiment now serving in France.

* * *

William F. Kirkwood, '14, after serving several months as an officer in the American Ambulance Corps, has joined the Foreign Legion Flying Corps, and expects to be at the front again in a few weeks.

* * *

Henry C. Dean, '12, has been appointed ensign in the U. S. Naval Reserve after graduating from the M. I. T. School for Ensigns.

* * *

We regret our seeming tardiness in announcement of the Class Election Returns. By this time everybody is familiar with the results, and it only remains for us to extend our congratu-

lations to President Frank J. Ryan, Secretary Charles E. Hart, and the members of the Class Committee, who are as follows: F. Wing, E. M. Finkelstein, D. J. McSweeney, J. J. Herlihy, and B. Hurwitz.

* * *

The *Register* welcomes to its *Staff* two new members: L. J. Daley of Class II, and F. W. Saunders of Class III.

* * *

On Friday, November 16, the school was singularly honored by a visit from the famous Triumvirate,—none other than our dear, old friends, Mr. Richardson, Mr. Chadwick, and Dr. Groce. Indeed, the Roman Triumvirate of old, Cæsar, Pompey, and Crassus,—could hardly have aroused more interest within our walls, for each of these gentlemen is over eighty years young, and proud of it. They were once contemporary instructors at the old school on Bedford Street, and their combined periods of service in the Latin School cover a remarkable span of years.



CALENDAR FOR DECEMBER

FIRST MONDAY MORNING ASSEMBLY.....	DECEMBER 3
SECOND MONDAY MORNING ASSEMBLY.....	DECEMBER 10
CLASS DECLAMATIONS.....	WEEK ENDING DECEMBER 14
THIRD MONDAY MORNING ASSEMBLY.....	DECEMBER 17
DECLAMATION COMPETITION	WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 19
CHRISTMAS VACATION.....	
SATURDAY, DECEMBER 22-TUESDAY, JANUARY 1, INCLUSIVE	



Christmas comes to us this year with a new and deeper significance than ever before, not excepting that first Christmas four years ago, when Yuletide cheer was darkened by the shadow of War. In how many homes is the empty chair a silent tragedy, a dumb witness to the loved one who is struggling—oh, so many miles away—to preserve democracy and honor among Nations, that there may be other and happier Christmases in the future! God bless our boys, and send them onward to Berlin and Victory!

* * *

For the following letter, from Sgt. Harrison G. O. Chase, a member of the *Register Staff* now serving in France, we are indebted to B. O. Chase, of Class IV.

Somewhere in France,
October 10, 1917.

From

Sgt. H. G. O. Chase,
101st Fld. Bu. Sig. Crps.
A. E. F., Via New York.

Dear Mother:

Here we are again. Although I am only about three thousand miles from you, it seems like three million. And it might just as well be three million, except that a letter will reach you a little quicker.

I have wanted to see France for a long time, but now that I am here, although we are treated finely, home looks very good to me. Our grub and quarters are fine, but what wouldn't I give for a nice American chop-suey, and a bed with *sheets!*

France is a quaint little country. Although the people here have endeavored to keep up with the pace, they are far behind America.

Their dinky little locomotives puff and tug away, and I have been told that there is one here that can go at the rate of almost twelve miles an hour! Think of it!

French money, thanks to Monsieur Henderson of the Public Latin School, causes me no trouble at all. What seems funny, though, is that nearly every denomination of their money is in paper. I thought I was being kidded when I was handed an enormous sheet of paper, and was told that it represented ten cents.

The two cent pieces are nearly as big as cart wheels, and you think that you have about a million dollars when you only have about fifteen cents.

My knowledge of French has helped me a pile. There are a good many words I don't understand, but in the long run I get along very well.

France is covered with gardens and the people are very prosperous, although the times seem to be hard.

The spirit of Jeanne d'Arc is running through the land, and the plight of Alsace-Lorraine is an inspiration and incentive to every red-blooded Frenchman. Every American should have profound respect for the staunchness of France! France comes before everything else in the heart of a Frenchman.

Harrison G. O. Chase.

* * *

Oct. 16, 1917.

My dear Friend:

As you will see, I am now safely on the other side of the Atlantic. I am at present in a Resting Camp in England previous to being sent to France. I have had a chance to get an idea of the English, and I assure you, the impression they gave me was very favorable indeed. England may have been slow to get started in this war, but take it from me, they're in it now in earnest. Almost everyone is engaged in doing something, either directly or indirectly aiding the cause. There are very few men of military age about. Women and girls serve as conductors on the street cars.

Wherever you go here, you must realize that the country is at war. The streets are dark; the stores are but half open, and in a restaurant you are allowed only so much food, and very little sugar. But there is no grumbling to be heard; everyone does his share willingly, and all are willing to work toward victory.

Let me assure you, my friend, that when the pacifists claim a soldier will not go back after he has seen the front, it is all bosh. And above all, be sure that every soldier here knows exactly what he

is fighting for, and is possessed with a spirit and determination as great as that of the soldiers of '76.

Ralph H. Tasser,
101 U. S. Eng. Co. E.
A. E. F.

(Published by the courtesy of Arthur William Marget, '16.)

* * *

The following letter was written by Arthur Sidney Laird, :

Somewhere in France

Dear Daddy:

It is about a week since I last wrote you, but it seems an awful lot longer.

Perhaps if you compare dates, or look up old newspapers you will see what was going on.

I received your letter of the 27th, and box of the 20th, with some papers and a magazine.

I have had my fill of experiences, narrow escapes, etc., but there is no use in telling the narrow escapes. All I can say is that it is wonderful how anybody survived where I was.

Barrage! Good-night. Fritz started three separate barrages all in one night, and it was wonderful the way our artillery retaliated. Scarcely had his barrage opened when ours was in full blast. What flares he has! Regular fireworks, green, orange and bright white. While the barrages were on, it was a very real inferno in the front line. His flares lit right in our trench. Both barrages played over us, and with machine guns in full blast it was an awful real hades. I just have a hazy memory of it after the first few minutes.

In one of the dug outs Heinie had evidently evacuated in a hurry.

There was a newspaper laid out, two hard-boiled eggs, a mess-tin full of "Mulligan." His bread of which there

seemed to be plenty, was very unappetizing, but probably nourishing. I sampled some of his canned meat, but I couldn't go it at all.

There was lots of his equipment, rifles, bayonets, ammunition flares, water-bottles, mess-tins, in fact everything imaginable. Some of the boys brought out souvenirs such as mess-tins, etc., but I had enough. I took the newspaper and some buttons off a tunic. I also picked up a demi-decilitre measure in the ruins of an estaminet. I will send them all home soon.

Percy came through alright too. The worst job I had was to carry two water cans, gasoline tins, out in broad daylight. At one place we had to cross a deep railway cutting, and the ground was very slippery. At any rate I fell and the cans went rattling down. I dangled on and got under cover up the other side, and luckily no snipers were on the job.

I will write again soon, so good-bye for the present.

Affectionately.,
Sid.



THE THANKSGIVING DAY GAME

Thanksgiving Day dawned bright and clear and except for the snow-covered gridiron, was ideal for football. The field, however, was in fairly good condition. Long before the appointed time for the start of the game the stands commenced to fill, slowly but surely, with followers of both schools. Promptly at 10 a. m., as a band of red-jerseyed young warriors, headed by Captain Frank Ryan trotted across the field, Fenway Park resounded with a mighty B. L. S. yell from 2000 royal rooters. A few minutes later, the English High squad, led by Captain Bridges appeared, and were cheered to the echo by the crowd. The rival teams went through a short signal practice, while Cronin turned in some

beautiful punts. Captain Bridges of English High won the toss, and elected to defend the west goal.

Promptly at 10.07, the Blue and Blue and the Purple and White aggregations lined up for their 25th annual contest. Cronin kicked off to Isenberg, and the game was on!

Ist QUARTER

Isenberg ran the ball back to his 20-yard line. On the first two plays, English was penalized 10 yards for being offside. Bridges gained first downs on two fake plays, which our men failed to stop. Time was here taken out, Bridges receiving a slight injury. He remained in the fray, however. Latin was penal-



FRANCIS F. RYAN

Courtesy of the Boston Traveler

ized 5 yards, and much to the delight of the Boston Latin followers, Bridges was smothered on the next play. McDonald made 3 yards, and Ellis nailed Macchia on an end round play. An exchange of punts ensued, Myrick causing his team a penalty of 15 yards on a following play, for holding, and again English punted, this time to Wing. Captain Ryan gained 3 yards, and Cronin punted. Bridges was thrown for a loss on an at-

tempted end run. Isenberg and McDonald also found our line impregnable, but unluckily, Latin was again offside, and thereby saved English food for worry. Ellis turned in a beautiful tackle on an end run by Isenberg, and Isenberg kicked to Merrill. Ryan got away for a 20 yard gain, and after two plays, Cronin punted over the goal line. It was High School's ball on her 20-yard line. Howe shone in the next three plays,

throwing two for a loss. The quarter ended with English the holder of the ball in mid-field.

2nd QUARTER

Bridges pushed through our line for 6 yards on two attempts, and English was penalized for offside play. Bridges made it 1st down. The English High quarterback threw a long forward to Macchia, who crossed our line, but was called back, since Meirick was offside. Here the first break of the game came, and sure enough it went against Latin for a fumble by our man was recovered by Aronson on our 15-yard line. Bridges made 4 yards, and McDonald followed with 5, planting the pigskin on our 6-yard line. The latter on a crossbuck, tore through and tallied. Score, English High School 6; Boston Latin School 0. English kicked off to Kyle. Ryan made 1st down on three line plays. The second break of the game went against us, with our boys on their way for a sure score, Merrill fumbled the ball after being tackled, Aronson recovering for English. English succeeded in bringing the ball to midfield, and attempted two forwards, the first one being incomplete, and the second meeting its master in the person of Frank Wing, who intercepted it. At this point fortunately for the Blue and Blue team, the half ended.

Between the halves the bands kept the rooters busy singing songs, while in the locker room. Coach O'Brien in a heart to heart talk with the boys expressed his confidence as to the outcome. In the second half it was "to do or die" for Latin School.

3rd PERIOD

Cronin kicked off to Isenberg. Bridges punted to Wing finding our line too strong. An exchange of kicks ensued, Cronin outkicking Bridges. Latin gained considerable ground in this period, keeping English on the defensive. English

tried a long forward which Ryan intercepted, running 60 yards before being downed, but was called back by the referee on some technicality. Once again fortune frowned on our team, and it was certainly a pity to see our boys still on the short end, although outplaying their rivals. A punt—Bridges to Wing ended the third quarter.

4th QUARTER

By steady line plugging, the ball was brought by Latin's backs to within 20 yards of the English goal line. With fourth down, and about 5 yards to go, and a forward pass was called for, Ellis, unguarded, stood on the English goal line waiting to "eat up" the pass, while Cronin, for some unknown reason hurled the ovoid in the midst of a crowd of rival players. This play probably cost us the game. Farnham was here substituted for Bruen. On the following play Latin again fumbled, while English recovered. This seemed to take the "pep" out of our boys, and the English backfield soon added another touchdown by steady gains, aided by a Latin penalty. Latin received the kickoff, and Bridges kicked to Frank Wing, on our 10-yard line. Frank tucked the pigskin under his arm, and by wonderful sidestepping, dodging, and sprinting, succeeded in running through the whole English team 80 yards for a touchdown. There was one minute left to play, and it was impossible for us to duplicate Wing's feat, although it only took him four seconds. It was a fine sight to see Bart Macchia doing the "Heinie Zimmerman" stunt, chasing Wing over the line. The game soon ended, with the score English High School 13; Boston Latin School 6.

We have no alibis to offer, and it is with pleasure that we doff our hats to English High School's 1917 team, a team which proved itself the better team, by taking advantage of Latin's errors.

Leaving the score aside, Cronin's punts, Ryan's line plunging, Ellis's tackling, and Merrill's fine all round playing stood out, while Frank Wing ended his career on the gridiron in a blaze of glory. Bridges, Isenberg, and Macchia shone for English, while to Coach O'Brien belongs the lion's share of praise for putting out one of the finest aggregations that Latin School can boast of.

The line-up.

English High—Aronson, le; Kirley lt; Kroog, lg; Levenson, c; Chambers, rg; Spencer, rt; Macchia, re, Meirick, qb; Isenberg, lhb; McDonald, rhb; Bridges, fb.

Boston Latin—Ellis, re; Kyle, rt; Bruen, Farnham, rg; Rubin, c; Ham, lg; Otis, Dullea, Bon, lt; Cronin, le; Merrill, qb; Wing, rhb; Malley, McSweeney, Hurwitz, lhb; Ryan, fb.

Score—English High School 13; Boston Latin School 0.

Touchdowns — McDonald, Isenberg, Wing. *Goal from touchdown*—Bridges. *Umpire*—Redding. *Referee* — Smith. *Linesman*—Volk. *Time*— 12-minute periods. C. E. S. 18.

* * *

The Purple and White team and Coach O'Brien have been troubled considerably now and then by the loss of some of the best men of the squad through ineligibility. This has been the demon of the aggregation, and it has taken much work and time to develop a team worthy of representing us against our dearest foe, English High School. The showing throughout the season tells the story—a tale which we may not be ashamed to relate. The team has shown itself to be a wonderful defensive machine, while on the offense, we can say no more than Ryan and Wing. These names speak for themselves. Wing, the speed merchant, and Ryan the line plunger. Malley has been extremely useful in gaining the short distances, and as a defensive back

his worth is none too little. At center, we find Rubin, a man who is in there fighting all the time, and glancing along the line, we see Otis, Bruen, Kyle, and Cronin, the "huskies" of the squad, and the stonewall defense of the team. At the end positions we find Ellis, one of the fleetest men on the team, and Kennedy, Walsh, and Merrill, three men ready to start at any moment. At quarterback we find John Quinn, a lad who is fast and a capable general, and a boy who can be relied upon in a crisis. As substitutes we have Dullea, an extremely useful man in the line, along with Farnham,. As alternate backs, McSweeney, Hurwitz, Rice, Harkins, and Maloney are men who are rated not very much below the first string men. Last, but not least, we find at the helm of the team, Coach Fred J. O'Brien, whose untiring efforts should bring him the best of results.

ST. MARK'S 3, BOSTON LATIN 0.

On Friday, October 19, Latin School suffered its first defeat of the season at the hands of the strong St. Mark's team at Southboro. As in the previous games, our team started off with a rush, running the kick-off back to midfield, but from start to finish the breaks went against us. The backfield had a decidedly off-day, while the work of the line was an outstanding feature. A goal from the field by Allen of St. Mark's from the 22-yd line gave the latter aggregation the jump on us, and small as the score may have seemed, we were unable to win against our worthy opponents. The bright lights in the St. Mark's School's attack were F. Bradlee and Chapin, while Kyle, Otis, Quinn, and Bruen excelled for us. Bruen put up one of the best games of the season at tackle.

The summary:

St. Mark's Game.

St. Mark's School—Taylor, le: F. Bradlee, lt: Sears, lg: M. Bradlee, c:

Grew, rg; Holder, rt; Allen, re; Chapin, qb; Carye, Sanford, lhb; Jackson, rhb; Swinsgo, fb.

Boston Latin—Kennedy, re; Bruen, rt; Kyle, rg; Rubin, Cronin, c; Otis, lg; Cronin, Dullea, lt; Ellis, le; Quinn, qb; Hurwitz, rhb; Malley, lhb; Ryan, fb.

Score—St. Mark's 3, Boston Latin 0.

Goal from field—Allen.

Referee—Hallahan. *Linesman*—Pen-
leton. *Time*—8-minute periods.

* * *

ST. GEORGE'S 7 BOSTON LATIN 0.

On Saturday, October 27, the Latin School eleven journeyed to Newport, R. I., where it was dealt its first real setback of the season, by the St. George's School. It was the first time that Boston Latin's goal line was crossed, and up to this time St. George's was the only team which exhibited the proper "stuff" to make a touchdown possible. However, we may say this, that, St. George's was unable to rush the ball over, since the touchdown turned in by Smith of St. George's was the culmination of a 60-yd. run through our inner and outer defense. The score occurred during the last five seconds of play in the second half, and was the only point where our team went to pieces.

Both teams put up a splendid game and were often within scoring distance, but never being able to cross the line until Smith made his long run. In the last few minutes of the concluding period, we put the ball on the 15-yd line for first down by means of two pretty forward passes, but St. George's held like a stone wall.

Captain Ryan and his squad extend their heartiest thanks to the faculty of the St. George's School for the rousing reception they received at Newport. Can our boys ever forget it?

The summary:

St. George's—Allen, Alger, re; Smith, lt; Bush, lg; Clark, c; Reynolds, Kane,

rg; Pratt, rt; Denckla, re; Peckham, qb; Weed, lhb; Stall, Woodward, rhb; Desibour, fb.

Boston Latin—Walsh, Dullea, re; Kyle, rt; Bruen, lg; Rubin, Farnham, c; Otis, lg; Cronin, lt; Kennedy, le; Quinn, qb; Wing, rhb; Melley, lhb; Ryan, fb.

Score—St. George's School 7. *Touchdown*—Smith. *Goal from touchdown*—Allen. *Referee*—Dunn. *Umpire*—Redding. *Time*—10-minute periods.

* * *

Brookline High 0 Boston Latin 0.

In one of the hardest contested games of the scholastic season, Brookline High and Boston Latin fought to a draw at Tech field, on Friday, November 2. Both teams were evenly matched in every department of the game, and the spectators were kept on their toes throughout the struggle. Latin School had several chances to score, but lacked the necessary punch to "push it over." In the fourth period an easy chance for a field goal was smothered by the Brookline line, while, in the same period Wing circled Brookline's left end for a 50-yd gain, making the feature play of the game. So strenuously fought was the contest, that Captain Putnam of the opposing side was forced to retire in the second period because of a wrenched knee, and our own leader, Frank Ryan, stuck to his post gamely, though suffering greatly from the loss of a tooth and a bruised lip. This gameness was a treat to the crowd and a credit to Ryan.

For Brookline High, Duane and Tucker excelled, while Malley, Wing, and Ryan shone for Latin School. Dullea deserves especial mention for the calibre of playing he showed as substitute.

The Summary:

Brookline High—Ball, Snow, le; Bowker, lt; McMahon, lg; Horn, c; Tucker, rg; Joyce, rt; Ridley, re; Duane, qb;

Faulkner, lhb; (Capt) Putnam, Plaisted, rhb; Threshie, fb.

Boston Latin—Ellis, re; Kyle, rt; Bruen, rg; Rubin, c; Otis, Dullea, lg; Cronin, lt; Merrill, Walsh, le; Quinn, qb; Malley, rhb; Wing, lhb; (Capt) Ryan, fb.

Score—Brookline High 0, Boston Latin 0.

Umpire—W. G. Grimes. *Referee*—A. J. Woodlock. *Linesman*—A. J. Rooney. *Time*—10-minute periods.

* * *

Dorchester High 0 Boston Latin 6

Before one of the biggest crowds of the season, the Boston Latin eleven, or more correctly, Frank Wing and Captain Ryan, defeated Dorchester High to the tune of 6-0, on Friday, November 9. It was the first city-championship game that Latin had played, and although emerging as the victor, our boys were given a great and unexpected jolt by their less-famed opponents. Our line in general, played a poor, ragged game, while "fight" was an article in great demand. Several chances for a score were passed, and at one point, with the ball on the 5-yard line, and first down, our boys were held for downs on the 1-yard line. Ryan-less for 3 periods, our team was not the one of old, and to instill a little "pep" into the outfit, Coach O'Brien sent him into the struggle.

At the beginning of the fourth period, Ryan went through for a touchdown, which was made possible by his line plunging and by the wonderful work of Wing. Throughout the game, the latter player exhibited the "stuff" that has made him famous—SPEED, turning in among his achievements four end runs which averaged over 50 yards. This boy bids fair to be the find of the year, and all-interscholastic halfback should be his reward, if his present form continues.

The fine work of the Dorchester team was the real surprise of the game, and while our opponents never really threatened our goal-line, they furnished a good deal of stiff opposition. Looking back at the struggle, as a whole, after the ball had seesawed back and forth on the field during the four periods of play, it was a unanimous conclusion, that Latin had the better of the argument. In addition to the men mentioned above, Merrill put up a fine game at end, intercepting two forward passes, smearing several others. Gormley and Lyons played well for Dorchester.

The Line-up:

Dorchester High—Gormley, re; Warren, rt; McLoughlin, Smith, rg; Hall, McLoughlin, c; McLoughlin, Swan, Hersey, lg; Paten, Trachtenberg, lt; Shea, le; Hill, Walsh, qb; Lyons, rhb; Driscoll, Lederman, lhb; Henderson, fb.

Boston Latin—Walsh, le; Cronin, lt; Kyle, Dullea, lg; Rubin, c; Bruen, Farnham, rg; Otis, rt; Merrill, re; Quinn, qb; Wing, lhb; McSweeney, Hurwitz, rhb; Malley, Ryan, fb.

Score—Boston Latin 6, Dorchester High 0.

Touchdown—Ryan. *Umpire*—Rooney. *Referee*—Proctor. *Linesman*—Redding. *Time*—10-minute periods.

* * *

THE RIFLE CLUB.

The Rifle Club held a meeting in Room 12 on Monday, November 5, where plans were outlined. Nomination and election of officers took place, to fill vacancies caused by the absence of several of its officers. At the election, the following men were chosen:

E. G. Fay—President. S. Steinberg—Secretary. M. Godin—Treasurer. E. W. Feeley—Captain.

Practice has been started in real earnest, and the members are safely on their way to a championship season.

C. E. S. '18.

ROSTER OF THE BOSTON LATIN SCHOOL REGIMENT

Quartermaster, Captain William J. Mahoney. *Drum Major*, Earl S. Dudley, Jr.

FIRST BATTALION

COMPANY A

Captain, Harold B. Bross.
Lieutenant, James B. Merrill.
Lieutenant, Richard J. O'Day.
First Sergeant, Henry A. McCurdy.

COMPANY B

Captain, Edward W. Feeley.
Lieutenant, Stanley F. Hall.
Lieutenant, John A. O'Donnell.
First Sergeant, George W. Wilson, Jr.

COMPANY C

Captain, Daniel J. McSweeney.
Lieutenant, Edward G. Madden.
Lieutenant, Gerard P. O'Leary.
First Sergeant, Edward J. Davis.

COMPANY D

Captain, John G. Donovan.
Lieutenant, Lester H. Dana.
Lieutenant, Michael D'Amelio.
First Sergeant, Osgood J. Currier.

COMPANY E

Captain, Nathan D. Tumaroff.
Lieutenant, Benjamin Trustman.
Lieutenant, Charles R. Smith.
First Sergeant, James W. Redmond.

COMPANY F

Captain, Carl N. Bensinger.
Lieutenant, George L. McKim.
Lieutenant, William F. Rice, Jr.
First Sergeant, Paul F. Tarpley, Jr.

SECOND BATTALION

COMPANY G

Captain, Donald S. Parker.
Lieutenant, Henry W. Stephan.
Lieutenant, Stanley S. Setchell.
First Sergeant, William J. Kyle.

COMPANY H

Captain, Vito Mirabile.
Lieutenant, Charles S. Hart.

Lieutenant, George P. Anderson.
First Sergeant, Norman F. Stuart.

COMPANY I

Captain, James E. Murley.
Lieutenant, James M. Maloney.
Lieutenant, Earl V. Chandler.
First Sergeant, Josiah T. Phinney.

COMPANY K

Captain, Thomas K. Crosby.
Lieutenant, Clifford B. Pool.
Lieutenant, Charles M. Fleischner.
First Sergeant, Alfonzo J. J. Gagliolo.

COMPANY L

Captain, David Stearn.
Lieutenant, Charles E. Smith.
Lieutenant, Howard E. Crook.
First Sergeant, Leo W. Ryan.

COMPANY M

Captain, George A. Saxton.
Lieutenant, Francis J. Ryan.
Lieutenant, John E. Kennedy.
First Sergeant, Cornelius T. H. Sherlock,

COMPANY N

Captain, George R. Crosby.
Lieutenant, Herbert S. Saver.
Lieutenant, Edgar T. Farnham.
First Sergeant, Abraham D. Sperber.

COMPANY O

Captain, Leslie A. Skinner.
Lieutenant, Sigmond I. Neugroschl.
Lieutenant, Arthur M. Kahn.
First Sergeant, George P. Welch.

COMPANY P

Captain, Joseph Kruger.
Lieutenant, Philip G. Tague.
Lieutenant, Edward W. Moor.
First Sergeant, John W. Quinn.

COMPANY Q

Captain, John J. Herlihy.
Lieutenant, Richard C. Lichtenstein.
Lieutenant, Julius Karabelnick.
First Sergeant, George Holland.



R.C.'19

"Dearest, do you think you could be happy with a man like me?"

"Well, perhaps—if he weren't too much like you."

* * *

The editor was quite incensed.

"Are you the chump that wrote up that recruiting ball?" he asked the quaking reporter. "Oh, you are? Well, look here: 'Among the prettiest girls in the room was Colonel Oldnut.' Nice rubbish that is. The colonel's a man, isn't he?"

"He may be," said the reporter, brazenly, "but that's just where he was."

* * *

Visitor (at private hospital)—"Can I see Lieutenant Jones, please?"

Matron—"We do not allow ordinary visitors. May I ask if you are a relative?"

Visitor (boldly)—"Oh yes, I'm his sister."

Matron—"Dear me! I'm very glad to meet you. I'm his mother."

* * *

Policeman—"If you want to smoke here you'll either have to put out your cigar or go somewhere else."

"Have you read 'Freckles,' Mr. Johnson?" she ventured.

"No, ma'am," he stammered, blushing, "mine are the brown kind."

* * *

Irate father (to his wild son)—"Your extravagance, sir, must be checked!"

Son (smiling his gratitude and satisfaction)—"Thank you, Father. Sit right down and write the check now."

* * *

William—"You look sweet enough to eat!"

Evelyn—"I do eat. Where shall we go?"

* * *

"When I arose to speak," related the statesman, "someone threw a base, cowardly egg at me."

"And what kind of an egg might that be?" asked an attentive listener.

"A base cowardly egg," explained the statesman, "is one that hits you and then runs."

* * *

She—"How do you like that refrain she's singing?"

Ne—"Fine! The more she refrains, the more I like it!"

Ma—"Vain man! Did you never observe that designers take a woman's head to adorn many of your coins?"

Pa—"No; but I have observed that designers take many of my coins to adorn a woman's head."

* * *

Lover (passionately)—"Sir, I love the very ground your daughter walks on!"

Millionaire father (grimly) — "No doubt you do: it's worth two hundred dollars a front-foot."

* * *

Senator—"What do you think of Catiline's honesty?"

Cicero—"Well, I'll tell you. I said to him the other evening: 'Let's take a walk.' He said: 'All right. Whose shall we take?'"

* * *

"What is it, Mary?"

"It's a fish, ma'am, and it's marked C. O. D."

"Then make the man take it straight back. I ordered trout."

* * *

A hunter was out gunning for ducks with a friend who, although he aimed his gun several times, did not fire it. Finally noticing this, the hunter said, "Why didn't you shoot that time? One whole flock was right in front of you."

"I know," said his friend, "but every time I aimed my gun at a duck another one came right between us."

* * *

There was a new maid in the house, and the lady of the house was in some doubt as to her intelligence. So she asked at dusk:

"Have you turned on the gas in the parlor, as I told you?"

"Oh, yes, madam. Every tube. Can't you smell it?"

They had been quarreling, and though he was willing to take the blame all on himself, she was still inclined to be sarcastic. Finally he said:

"Bessie, I want to take the person I love best in all the world to the picture show. Do you know who it is?"

"Why, of course," she replied. "You're going alone—selfish brute!"

* * *

"Sadie, did you notice that when I asked your Ma to go to the picture show with us, she gave me a funny look?"

"No, she didn't give it to you. Sam—you always had it."

* * *

Teacher, to B, IV boy: "B—, what is the difference between a compound and a complex sentence?"

B—(who, *mirable dictu*, has been peacefully dreaming of History) "Oh, a compound is written on clay and a complex is written on brick."

* * *

She: "Do you always stutter like that?"

He: "N-n-n-o; only when I t-t-talk."

Ex.

* * *

RULES FOR WOUNDED SOLDIERS.

(1.) Think of your last College Board exam.

(2.) Allow your flesh to creep.

(3.) Follow it off the field.—*Ex.*

* * *

The members of the graduating class of 1918 wish to announce to the rest of the school that they are not only the seniors of the school, but also that they are all *first-class* men.

* * *

Contributions in this column from A. S., J. K., J. S., J. F., V. J., S. S. J., and I. H. D.

PAUL THE MYSTERIOUS

I had invited Paul to spend a month with me at the cottage. He was tall, rather slender for a boy, and he had that dark, swarthy complexion that goes with all the Romance peoples—curly hair, and deep, dreamy eyes. As you may already have imagined, Paul was a musician—had studied at Vienna, and all that sort of thing—and he loved his fiddle as a living thing. He might well have done so; for he could make the strings sing or wail, laugh, or cry, at will.

He and I have been friends as long as I can remember, and he has always played. A funny thing about Paul is that whenever he isn't playing, he is invariably reading; next to his art comes literature. Of course he has read many of the classics, but he is especially fond of adventure. It thrills him and gives him inspiration.

One evening as usual he took out his violin and played. His pieces were unusually full of expression,—I don't know when I've enjoyed music more. When he had finished, instead of getting out a book and reading until late, as he generally did, he suddenly turned to me and said,

"Well, Jimmy, I'm pretty tired. Guess I'll turn in."

I was surprised; but then I thought it had been a strenuous day—this pleasure hunting.

"Suit yourself," said I, "only I thought you were going to read a little, but you want to be in shape for tomorrow, you know. Good-night!"

Paul went upstairs, but I felt I just couldn't miss such a night out, so turned off the lights and went and lay down under the big maple to watch the heavens.

It was a perfect night! All the stars were out, and I found all the constellations my limited knowledge of astronomy allowed. Once a star went shooting across the sky, and I lay there enthralled by the wonder of it.

Then I heard a noise. It sounded like a step, but I couldn't be sure. There it was again! We aren't used to burglars up in that part of the country, because for the most part we haven't enough worth stealing. The steps were nearer now and were slowly coming out onto the porch. I drew farther back into the darkness—not because I was afraid—but better to see who it was without the danger of his seeing me. The figure was in view now—and what a sight! It was Paul! He had on a high silk hat, a hunting-coat—and pajamas! There were some slippers on his feet, I think, and he carried a shovel over his shoulder! As he hit the gravel path, he began to walk faster.

"I see it all now," I said to myself. "He went to bed early to play some trick on me." But as to where any trick might be in progress, I failed to see, except that it was my silk hat he was wearing! So I sprang up and followed him quietly.

He went down the road a short distance, and then cut across the field almost to the apple trees. There he stopped. It was all open there, and it was so light that in order not to be seen, I crept along the bushes by the fence until very close to him, though I was perfectly hidden. He stood where he had stopped for nearly a minute, seemingly a little confused as to direction. Suddenly he turned to the right and walked off toward the middle of the field. Each

step was taken carefully and he seemed to be counting. He had almost reached the middle of the field when he turned again and walked at an angle of forty-five degrees for several paces and then put down his shovel. Next he very violently threw down my hat to the ground,—I wondered if he knew I was there—and set about digging.

"Digging?" I puzzled. "What can he mean by that?"

Lying there in a cramped position, I watched him. I had dug for pirates' treasure until I was willing to swear there never was such a thing. It was nonsense to suppose that they buried it anyway, but—perhaps Paul had found a map? I sat up and watched him more closely. He dug and dug until he had a good-sized hole; then, as he muttered to himself, I saw him step down into it. It was nearly waist-deep—and I could see that he was having some difficulty to lift out something. At last he drew out what looked a little larger than a foot-ball and gleamed yellow in the moon-light.

I didn't disturb him because I knew he was so tired, but went into my room and honestly tried to sleep. That was almost impossible. I fashioned all sorts of things we (I thought "we") could do with all the money; but at last toward morning I fell asleep from utter exhaustion.

The next thing I knew, a mountain fell on top of me, and I sat up to find Paul standing beside the bed laughing at me with the guilty pillow in his hand, and the sun streaming in through the window. Before I could speak, he pulled me out of bed and into his room—and I with the treasure in mind was not unwilling to go.

"There!" he pointed, laughing, "who put that clay-covered boulder on my rug?"

I was thunder-struck.

"Here I go to bed on a peaceful night," he went on, "and find that thing on the rug and my old hunting-jacket over it when I awake! What does it mean? What's the joke, anyway?"

He had to shake me before I answered.

"Why, that's your treasure!" I explained. "It was left by the pirates and you dug—"

"Treasure!" he exclaimed. "Since when, Jim, have you thought yellow clay is gold?"

"It was last night," I asserted, "when you went digging—"

"But I was asleep!"

"Oh! that's it!" I cried. "You were asleep!"

"Yes, I know that," said Paul impatiently, "but what had that got to do with the boulder?"

"It's the solution!" I laughed, thumping him on the back. "You were asleep!"

It was his turn to be mystified.

"You don't mean to say that *I* dug that thing up last night, do you?"

"Yes," I replied, "you went after Captain Kidd's treasure, all right—and you found it!" At that I picked up the "it" and threw it out the window.

"Well," said Paul thoughtfully, beginning to comprehend, but still somewhat mystified, "that's one on me! But say, Jim,"—he looked at me sternly though I thought I could trace a twinkle in his eye—"say, what did you give me for supper last night, anyway?"

H. H. B. '18.

She: "I'm positive."
 He: "Never say, 'I'm positive.'
 Only fools say that."
 She: "Are you sure of that, sir?"
 He: "I'm positive."

Drill Master: "I don't suppose you
 students have much chance to read
 fiction."

Bright Student: "Oh, yes, sir, you
 know we read Cæsar."

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THE LATIN SCHOOL Register



VOLUME XXXVII

NUMBER 4

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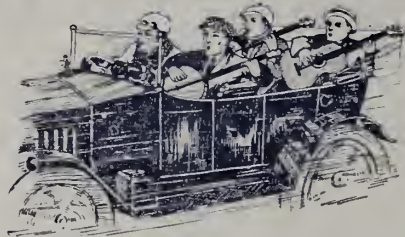
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LATIN SCHOOL REGISTER

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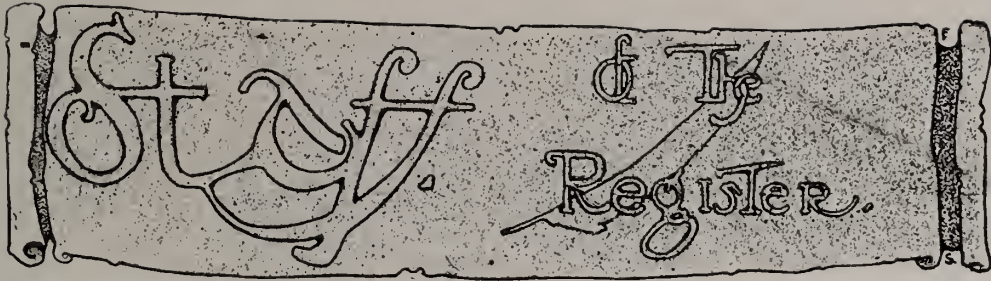
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VOLUME XXXVII. No. 4.

JANUARY, 1918

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All contributions must be plainly, neatly, and correctly written and on one side only of the paper. Contributions will be accepted wholly with regard to the needs of the paper and the merits of the manuscript.

Published by the STUDENTS OF THE BOSTON LATIN SCHOOL. Warren Ave., Boston

Entered at the Boston Post Office as second-class mail matter.

CHUMS

HE strode briskly on through the park, his rubberless shoes crunching sharply in the snowy crispness of the walk. In his powerful jaws he held an unlighted cigar. The mild Havana flavor, even when coupled with the counterfeit vapor of his smoking breath, seemed not to give full satisfaction, for he stopped beside a potted park tree, and struck a match on its frozen bark. The tiny flame glowed pleasantly beneath his cupped fingers, and for a moment gave him a sense of warmth which he did not resent. His cigar lighted, the man continued his way through the park, evidently more or less engrossed in his thoughts, except when he paused

to admire a frozen fountain, or the clusters of needle-pointed icicles hanging from the leafless trees. One fountain in particular was extremely beautiful. Its crystalline shower resembled a living spray which had been caught midway in its fall and transformed into a spire of sparkling diamonds. Spellbound, the man gazed at this wonderful thing of nature, his attitude a mixture of boyish admiration and artistic appreciation. Then he turned, and struck off in the direction of the park gate, again busy with his thoughts which could not have been wholly pleasant, for once or twice he kicked savagely at the small chunks of ice which blocked his path. Nor

could they have been entirely constructive, for he strode ruthlessly, almost designedly, upon a tiny toy sled which lay at the edge of the icy walk, and demolished it utterly. Immediately his ear was startled by a single exclamation, "Oh!" —Simply "Oh!" That was all. But into that expressive and unexpressive word was crowded a world of childish pain and disappointment. The man turned, and realizing what he had done, reached mechanically into his pocket. The little boy, however, whose sled had been so mercilessly crushed under the heel of the conquering Hun, fled precipitately behind a fir tree, nor did the prospect of remuneration seem to appeal to him. He gazed wistfully from his dilapidated sled to the huge barbarian who stood looking at him curiously, a bright half-dollar in his hand. Then he burst into tears.

The Barbarian bit his lip in provocation. His hand was rapidly turning blue from the cold, and he thrust it back into the chamois-lined warmth of his ulster pocket. Then, seeming to realize that something other than even a very bright half-dollar was required, the man advanced toward the fir tree. The boy was about to flee in terror, when the man again stood still, like someone stalking a wild squirrel, and squirrel-like, the boy turned and stared at his pursuer with curiosity.

"Hello, Little Major!" said the Barbarian, this time advancing until he was able to shield his new friend from the cold by extending half of his ample ulster about him in a friendly manner. "I'm sorry I stepped on your dreadnought. Can't I make good the damage?"

The boy was still frightened, but the big warmth of the ulster was too comfortable to resist. "Well," he said,

fighting hard to keep the plaintive note out of his voice, "why did you spoil my sled like that?"

The great man with strong, smooth-shaven features and square, determined jaw was about to reply, when he hesitated. Why after all, had he so thoughtlessly destroyed this child's plaything? Why was he criticised in the roaring business world across the river for his methods, ever so destructive, if only they might gain his ends? Why, indeed, had he gone out like this for a lone walk in the park, a place he had never before visited, and unaccompanied except by his thoughts, unless it were to seek the answer? He wondered if he had not found it. He looked down and saw the boy staring up at him inquisitively, and for some unaccountable reason, the heart of him was terrified lest those animal eyes should read his thoughts.

"See, Little Major," the ex-Barbarian heard himself say, "It's yours—for a new sled." He slipped the bright half-dollar into the boy's hand. "And", he added, as a sort of afterthought, "let's —be friends!"

But the last word was strangely, unnaturally hollow. Friends! He seemed to remember that he had no *real* friends. Well, he had one now! This slender boy whose plaything he had broken would be his friend. Almost fiercely, "Let's you and I be chums, Papa Joffre," he ventured. —The boy's coat was of French army blue.—"Oui? Non?"

The boy's wonder-wide eyes, also blue, seemed not to understand. Then he looked at his silver half-dollar. "You were good, to give me this," he said.

* * *

He strode briskly through the park, his rubberless shoes crunching sharply

in the snowy crispness of the walk. In his powerful jaws he held an unlighted cigar. The mild Havana flavor, even when coupled with the counterfeit vapor of his smoking breath, seemed not to give full satisfaction, for he stopped beside a potted park tree, and struck a match on its frozen bark. The tiny flame glowed pleasantly beneath his

cupped fingers, and for a moment gave him a sense of warmth which he did not resent. His cigar lighted, the man was about to continue his way through the park, when he saw a tiny blue-painted sled which lay in his path. Its owner was nowhere to be seen. The sled was new, and the man pushed it carefully aside, without scratching it. . . .

E. G. F. '18

"D. B. C."

HE couldn't have been any more than seventeen when he was assigned, along with a batch of recruits, to our company. True, he was tall, well-built, and was much more developed than the average youth of his age; but, after all, he was only a boy in mind, and that's what counts over there. Why had he ever decided to join? I don't know; I suppose it was the same old story, a desire to accumulate fame, glory, renown, admiration, and so on. I expected at any moment to find out that he had left home without the consent of his parents; I didn't see him talk to a soul even after our transport had set off. He just sat there in the corner behind a heap of boxes, gazing a trifle sadly at the cheering, waving crowd on the pier, thinking of everything and nothing, but not as down-hearted as I'd feel if I had to leave without anyone to wish me *bon voyage*. In the confusion of departure, I naturally forgot all about him, and didn't have much time to

think of him until we had landed on the other side.

The reception we got brightened him considerably, and for the first time he seemed to be enjoying himself. I came into closer contact with him when we went into training, and soon found out that he was a willing worker. He was somewhat reserved, and didn't mingle with the other fellows quite as freely as he might have if he had wished. On the whole, however, he was quite popular with the boys, and none of them begrudged him the corporality he received just before we went to the trenches.

When news arrived that we were to go on the firing line at once, even we veterans experienced a few thrills totally different from the ordinary, and as for the boys themselves, they would have been packing yet if some one hadn't ordered them along. It certainly did give us a queer feeling to be right in the middle of it all! A shell that almost took a few of us with it sobered us in

quick order, and we realized that we weren't going to have a picnic.

The Germans had learned of our arrival in the trenches, and lost no time in letting us know all about it. They attempted to rush us once, but we showed them we were right "on the job," and the fighting thereafter was confined to shell-fire and sniping.

On our fifth night in the trenches, about two in the morning, the Germans made a surprise attack, cutting off a section of the trench, shooting or taking prisoners the occupants of it. Our boys put up a hard fight, but the odds were against them, and they were disposed of before we could send aid. That was as much detail as I got out of the attack, and I didn't know what had become of the young corporal, until we saw him again.

He was sitting quietly in the trench when the Germans descended on them. The particular German that had picked him to take care of wasted no time in useless ceremony; he simply caught him up under the arms, dragged him over the crest of the trench, and hustled him along to the German line.

The boy was still dazed when he was brought, as the highest in rank, to the captain's compartment, a small, boarded room, lighted by a single lamp.

The captain turned to him at once. He stared at the prisoner, laughed sardonically, and began speaking in a harsh, guttural voice.

"What's your name?" he asked. The captain spoke English abominably, and seemed to take an unholy joy in the fact.

For a moment there was no reply. Then, as the question was repeated, the boy replied in a strained voice, "Robert Rollins." After a solid hour of profitless

quizzing, he became unendurably nervous and excited, scarcely knowing what he said. He really did not grasp the situation fully. He found it almost impossible to put his mind to the questions of the captain, and he sincerely hoped that he would give no answers that might injure his own comrades.

"How many Americans are there at the front at present?" asked the German after a pause.

Rollins grew desperate. He was weary, dazed, and felt that he was in no condition to submit to a questioning. Nevertheless his answer came confidently:

"Seven million, four hundred eighty thousand, six hundred thirty-one."

The German started, then grew purple with rage. His eyes flashed, and it was with difficulty that he controlled himself. Rollins forced himself to calmness, though his head was throbbing, while he prepared an answer for the next question.

"What is the condition of the American troops in France, and do they feel discouraged?"

A deadly pause ensued; then Rollins, his fists clenched tight to keep him from screaming under the strain, began rapidly:

"Yea, verily, and though the moonlight fell on the turf it was not injured, because the turf was soft; and if Sloan's Liniment does not relieve my pain, then will I lose my faith in the Lord, for, as rats do not like water, and mice have a natural antipathy for alcohol, and, since I have always used Bay Rum for my hair thus will it wax bad, bad, more bad, badder—"

The German was not an English scholar; but he recognized Rollins' discourse for what it was. He gave vent

to a bull-like roar of anger; the tension broke, and Rollins, for the moment deprived of his reason, screeched in unison; something snapped in his brain; his foot snapped also, but in a different manner entirely. His heel found a resting place in the captain's stomach, and immediately after the captain found a resting place on the earthen floor. Rollins snatched the captain's automatic from its holster, and added its staccato barking to the general uproar, already augmented by his fellow prisoners, who were detained outside the shack where the interview had taken place, had no idea what the trouble was, but decided to help toward the confusion, in any case. Rollins stopped for a moment to regard them, then shouted:

"Come on, boys, let's make a break for our trenches!" The little band swarmed over the top.

Well, they reached our trenches. They consider themselves fortunate to get away as easily as they did, and if the Germans hadn't started to retreat out of fear that we were making a counter-raid, thanks to the din Rollins succeeded in arousing, none of them might have seen our trenches for a long time. Rollins was rather badly hit; several wounds, and a delirium brought only the nervous strain and shock, were his.

* * *

They sent him home a couple of months later. I don't know where he is now, but either he has had the foolish ideas taken out of his head, or the experience has given him the longing for the trenches. If the latter is the case, he'll be back; but I rather hope he has had enough for a time, because—well, he was too young to start, in the first place!

S. S. '18



CALENDAR FOR JANUARY

FIRST MONDAY MORNING ASSEMBLY.....	JANUARY 7
THIRD PUBLIC DECLAMATION	FRIDAY, JANUARY 11
SECOND MONDAY MORNING ASSEMBLY.....	JANUARY 14
THIRD MONDAY MORNING ASSEMBLY	JANUARY 21
FOURTH MONDAY MORNING ASSEMBLY	JANUARY 28

The School tenders its most heartfelt sympathy to Mr. and Mrs. Faxon in their recent grievous affliction in the loss of their young son, Linwood F., aged three and one-half years, on the morning of December 25.

School Notes



WITH this number the *Register* "rings out the Old, and rings in the New" for 1918. May it be a year crowded with good things, and the satisfaction of work well-done, both for teachers and pupils,—a year marked by Victory, both here and "Over There." After all, as we have repeated so many times before, it is the winner at the tape who receives the laurel wreath. If you have been discouraged, and have fallen behind in the race, now is the time to sprint ahead—to show your mettle! Then you are sure to finish ahead of your four-lettered adversary, W—O—R—K,—and there will be daylight in between!

* * *

Thomas Harrison Cummings, '00, has been appointed librarian of the Cambridge Public Library. He is a lecturer and writer of note, and is serving at present as a lieutenant in the State Guard.

* * *

Practice is now absolutely *gratis* to members of the Latin School Rifle Club,

whether they are beginners or have earned places on the team. Captain Feeley reports fine progress, although there is a serious dearth of last-year veterans. Become a member today, learn to handle a rifle, and help win the war!

* * *

The School will be pleased to learn that the Mandolin Club has been revived, and is now on its way to give us a lot of pleasure upon various occasions during the year. The Club is under the leadership of E. O. Otis, and will enjoy the supervision of Mr. Henderson. —Enough said, except that every fellow who can pick out the scale on a mandolin or banjo should turn out and support the Club.

* * *

Speaking of music, the Orchestra is now under way, also, with the direction of Mr. Henderson, and meets every Tuesday at 2:40 p. m. Brass and 'cello players are in great demand.

Notice of the Football Dance will be found elsewhere in our columns.

* * *

A general catalogue of all Latin School teachers and graduates from 1816 to 1917 inclusive is now ready for the printer. The catalogue is edited by Mr. T. Franklin Currier, B. L. S. '90.

* * *

Daniel W. Lane, '90, was elected to the City Council on the election of December 18, 1917.

* * *

Lieutenant Commander R. T. Kieran, '04, is in command of a vessel in the U. S. Naval Service.

* * *

The response to Liberty Loan subscriptions in this school has been gratifying. It is expected that Latin School's debt to our country will have been completely paid by the middle of January.

* * *

The new star in our Service Flag is in honor of Mr. W. H. J. Kennedy, '07, for several years a teacher here, who went December 15, to U. S. Service in the Quartermaster's Corps. He will report immediately at Jacksonville, Florida. His successor is Mr. Daniel L. Daley, '12.

* * *

Four Certificates were awarded at the Monday Morning Assembly on Decem-

ber 17, to Fred Weiner, Sherman F. Clouger, George J. Kearns, and William F. Minihan. More certificates will be awarded at an early date.

* * *

Mr. Max Levine, of our teaching staff, has been several times refused admission to the Military Service of his country, because of an ocular defect.

* * *

The School was honored on December 00, by a visit from Wm. F. Kirkwood, '00, who has been for the last six months an aviator in the French Foreign Legion. He was gladly engaged by the French as a Scout Observer, on account of his wide experience, when the delay following his application for the American Corps proved too tedious, and he had enlisted in the British Royal Flying Corps.

* * *

Richard Temple, '04, brother of our Medical Inspector, Mr. W. F. Temple, Jr., '04, after serving some months in the American Field Service in France, has gone to the Italian Front in charge of a unit of 100 Red Cross auto trucks.

* * *

Frank C. Vogel, '17, was a visitor at the school on Wednesday, December 19. He is in training at the M. I. T. School.

"My plate is damp," complained the traveler who was dining at a London hotel.

"Hush," whispered his wife, "that's your soup. They serve small portions in war time."

A Voice: "Mary! what are you doing out there?"

Mary: "I'm looking at the moon, mother!"

Voice: "Well! Tell the moon to go home, and come in off that porch! I'ts half-past eleven!"





JOSEPH WEBBER CHADWICK

JOHN WEBBER CHADWICK

An Appreciation

Joseph Webber Chadwick passed, on December 21, 1917, from a life of eager, active, incessant service into the peace of eternity. For the space of forty years —ten generations of school life—he had been a most devoted servant of this public school, during the greater part of the time as head of its Latin department.

Mr. Chadwick was a disciple of old-fashioned thoroughness in scholarship, and a firm believer in the dignity of his calling. He held the boys to promptness and accuracy, and he exacted as much or more from himself. When he entered the School in 1866 Dr. Gardner was the head-master. There were but seven other teachers, two sub-masters and five ushers. There were in that year, the first year after the close of the Civil War, three hundred fifteen pupils. At the close of Mr. Chadwick's service in 1906, there were, besides the headmaster, twelve masters, eight junior-masters, and six-hundred fifty-one pupils.

The dominating trait in Mr. Chadwick's life was a love of work, a boundless, unquenched energy that caused him to seek opportunities for service both in his school and in the world at large. He took great pride in the Latin School—in its traditions and in its standards, and he felt that his task as a teacher was consecrated labor. He sought constantly to render real service to his pupils, not only in school but in life, and followed their careers with an eager, sympathetic interest. He had, above all, a most generous kindly interest in younger men, both within and without his profession. He retained to his life's end—at the ripe age of eighty-one—a merry, youthful heart, and he leaves behind him a happy memory.

HENRY PENNYPACKER.



HERE is a splendid letter received by the Editor from Sergeant Harrison G. O. Chase, last year a member of the *Register Staff*, and President of the Latin School Rifle Club.

"Somewhere in France,"

October 5, 1917.

Sgt. H. G. O. Chase,
101st. Fld. Bu., Sig. Crps.
A. E. F.

Via New York.

Dear Friend:

Here we are at last, with a lot of rigmarole at the top of the letter, a lot to write about, and yet not allowed to tell it.

I followed your request for a story, and wrote some stuff on the boat going over. But as it went back on the ill-fated Antilles, the boat we came over on, it will never reach you. Davy Jones is reading it now, and more than likely he will place it reverently in his well-known locker, where a great many dead things go. I am sure of one thing, though, and that is, that no matter how "dry" the story may have been, it certainly could not be called so now!

Its demise was undoubtedly for the best, for even if it had gotten into the

pages of the *Register*, my friends would have deserted me forever.

I hope that the censor will be kind, and let what I am about to say pass "unscratched." I see no reason why it shouldn't, for the Kaiser knows all about the "big city" of France. Has he not invited his friends to pass the last few Christmases with him there? He and his friends may do so yet, but I can say with a good deal of surety that when he does, he will be the greatest attraction in a parade that would be the envy of P. T. Barnum. But he will not ride at the head of the column; he will be somewhere else, and he will have a wonderful body-guard of soldiers—*French* soldiers.

I saw a fine editorial in one of the New York papers yesterday, entitled "Crumbing Prussia." It referred to the decline in ability of Prussia's leaders, from Bismarck down. And, referring to the present lieutenant of the Kaiser, the editorial said that while Caligula had made his horse a Consul, the Kaiser was content with a jack-ass.

I have been to the "big city," and, educated by Mr. Henderson as to what should be seen, I have not missed a thing. I have seen "Les Tuileries," with all its wonders; the Seine with its weird

stories; the Nine Bridges with their history; "La Place de la Concorde," with the forlorn black of the Strassburg Statue changed to flowers, a prediction of victory. And among the flags that now adorn the statue, there are two that stand side by side—the colors of America and those of France!

Never in my life was I so thrilled as when I walked among these monuments of which I had heard so much. I thanked Mr. Henderson time and again for the information he had given me. But, Mr. Henderson, may I make a suggestion? Give the fellows as much *conversational* French as their heads will hold. At first I was unable to make myself understood, but as I talked more and more I could do so with less and less difficulty. I feel sure that French conversation will be of the utmost help to the fellows.

And now for our work. I wish I could tell you about it, for it is very in-

teresting. But men of the genus "censor" have been selected to see that the Kaiser does not learn any more. So I must forego the pleasure of telling you what our work is. I may say one thing, and that is that every time I settle down to something in the line of pleasure, it always interrupts. It does so now, and I must leave you.

HARRISON G. O. CHASE.

* * *

Harold G. Stuart, '17, last year prominent in school athletics and military circles, and a member of the *Register Staff*, is now serving as a boatswain's mate on the U. S. S. *Aroostook*.

* * *

Letters suitable for publication in this column are solicited from our readers. The same will be returned safely and as soon as possible.

"JOY"-RIDING

I SUPPOSE he thought he was doing me a kindness when he invited me to go riding with him in his "new" car. I was of a very trusting nature and, as it was a warm day, I accepted gladly. He led the way to his car and cranked it up. After five minutes of perspiring effort (it was a *very* warm day) he was able to start the engine. Such a wheezy, rattling, noise I never heard before. We started finally and went along at the rate of ten miles per hour per minute. (Refer to Mr. R. about this.) I asked him if he could go any faster. "Sure," he replied "wait until I give her some 'gas'." This is the first time I have ever driven without the

presence of someone more experienced than myself. I have bought this car only recently, second-hand."

"Second-hand," I thought to myself, "the first owner must have been very fond of it to have kept it so long, for it looked to me to be of the style of 1915.

To show me that he could go faster he pulled at one of the levers on the steering-wheel and shoved it down as far as it would go. The car jumped into the air about half a foot, shook itself violently, and speeded ahead like a frightened rabbit. The engine sounded as if fifty hammers were pounding on fifty anvils at irregular intervals, then suddenly

it would cough like a locomotive, and then it would return to the trip-hammer accompaniment.

My friend, who had been as startled and astonished as I was, put his feet on a couple of pedals on the floor of the car, (like those they have on pianos, you know,) pushed back on the lever on the wheel, and pulled with all his force on a big handle-like arrangement at the left-hand side of the car. We stopped as suddenly as we had started. My friend (I had begun by this time to doubt whether he was my friend,) was jammed up against the steering-wheel and I found myself on the floor of the car with my feet on top of the wind-shield.

To give due credit to the car, it seemed to in just as good (?) condition as when we started except that when he started the engine again, it sounded more like seventy-five hammers working than fifty, and that it had in addition two distinct rattlings which blended together in one harmonious discord, if you can conceive of such a thing.

"I wonder what is the matter?" said my friend. "Let's lift up the hood and see." He lifted up the hood of the car and observed the electric-fan arrangement spinning around. "Some class, eh!" he said. "I know now what's the matter," and after rummaging around in his tool-box he took therefrom a monkey wrench. He carefully counted all the nuts on the engine that he could see, then took half of them and loosened them. The other half he tightened. Then he put oil around them, loosened the ones which he had tightened and retightened those which he had loosened.

After this we proceeded quite smoothly until we came to a very busy crossing. After waiting for a long stream of teams and autos to go by, the traffic officer motioned for us to come along. Any-

thing which the car would do could not surprise me now, so when we stalled in the middle of the street, I was not very greatly surprised. Both my friend and I tried to start it again, but no use. We were surrounded by a large and sympathetic (?) crowd. An irate teamster who was in a hurry to deliver his team-load of goods, came up and what he didn't say was not worth saying. He even went so far as to kick the radiator and to the utter astonishment of everyone the engine started as some alarm-clocks start when you shake them. The crowd broke into a cheer and the teamster strutted back to his team, his chest swelling with pride but with a puzzled look in his eyes. We sneaked off like two culprits apprehended in some guilty conduct. We got back somehow to the garage and as we neared it, I said, "Well, there's only one thing you didn't do, and that is to go back-wards."

"Wait until I back into my place in the garage," he replied with a fiendish light in his eyes.

"Not for me, thank you," I said, "I will get out right here and watch you back in from a safe place."

I watched him back into his place in the public garage where he kept his car, and aside from almost knocking a post over and scraping the paint off another car he got in nicely, *mirabile dictu*, (I forget whether there ought to be a long mark on *dictu* or not, but what has that got to do with this story?) I rejoined him as he came out of the garage, and said, "That's a fine car, but you do not take enough care of it. You abuse it."

"Nonsense," he replied, "you don't know the qualities of that car. You don't know how much hard wear and tear it will stand. And, you know, that's the test of a *good* car."

G. H. '18.



GRIDIRON days are over, and the stage is set for the entrance of the 1918 Track Season. The auditorium, or rather the arena, is packed with devotees of hockey, and the royal Pigskin is forgotten. However remote thoughts of football are from our minds, it may be well to review the selection of all-interscholastic teams. It was a really difficult task to pick these teams, and the players who were ultimately honored by the "dopesters" were men who had clearly demonstrated their superiority in some one field. Each player selected has been a clean, hard, fighter throughout the season. We are pleased to state that Latin School has been singularly honored in the selection of all-interscholastic aggregations for the 1917 football season.

On Saturday, December 1, Mr. J. Paul Canty of the Boston Record offered his all-interscholastic teams to the public. In his article he paid a striking tribute to Captain Frank Ryan of the 1917 team, and honored him and the Boston Latin School, by selecting him for the right tackle position on the first team. Ryan was one of last year's leading tackles, and it was only as a captain's sacrifice, that he played in the backfield. James

Cronin was chosen left tackle on the second team, while Frank Wing received honorable mention for his spectacular playing.

Wing enjoyed a singular honor when he was the only Boston schoolboy chosen on the Boston Globe's first team by Mr. A. J. Woodlock. Cronin was given a berth on the second team.

The Purple and White was once again paid tribute to, and this time by Mr. A. J. Rooney of the Boston Traveler. William Kyle, who played a high grade game all season was rewarded by Mr. Rooney, with a tackle position on the first team. Herbert Ellis was chosen to hold down an end berth on team No. 2, while Ryan received recognition in the backfield of the same team. Others who were landed by football experts were Bruen, Ham, Malley, Merrill, Otis, Quinn, and Rubin.

From the above, we can draw our conclusions, as to strength of our team, and the showing of our boys was surely a fine one. As I have said before, football is over, but our recollections of one of the cleanest, best trained, and most honored teams, in the history of the School—the 1917 football team—can never fade from memory.

The following members of the Latin School football squad received the insignia of the school:

Captain Francis J. Ryan
 Captain-elect James E. Merrill
 Lemuel J. Bon
 Harry F. Bruen
 James G. Cronin
 Francis R. Doherty
 Edward C. Dullea
 Herbert Ellis
 Edgar T. Farnham
 James A. Ham, Jr.
 Barrett Hurwitz
 William J. Kyle
 Daniel J. McSweeney
 Augustine D. Malley
 Edward O. Otis, Jr.
 John W. Quinn
 Edward M. Rubin
 Franklin Wing
 Manager Donald S. Parker.

* * *

At a meeting of the "L" men of the 1917 football team, James E. Merrill, Jr., was unanimously elected to lead the 1918 team. Merrill played a sterling game as both quarterback and end.

* * *

The Lotus Bungalow was a scene of one of the best conducted dances of the season, when, on Monday evening, December 17, a private dancing party was given in honor of the 1917 football team. The dance was a success both socially and financially, and credit is due to Earl S. Dudley, Jr., and Francis J. Ryan, for the fine management of the social. This marked the end of the career of the 1917 team.

* * *

Practice is on in real earnest, and the athletes are gradually rounding into shape. Captain Earl Dudley is confident that he will lead a winning team throughout the season. Hopes for a great senior

team rose to a high pitch, when, at the first senior track meeting for the season, over fifty men reported. Latin School has lacked a point-winning senior team for years, and with this condition greatly improved, we may yet hope to win all our track meets of the current year, including the Regimental Meet. Many veterans of note are working out in the drill hall daily, under the watchful eye of Coach O'Brien, but there is yet need for new material, and it is up to YOU to help put Latin School in athletics where it has been in scholastic standing for over 280 years. Show some SCHOOL SPIRIT! Come out for the team!

* * *

Manager Charles E. Hart of the Track Team announces the following schedule:

Jan. 26—Interclass Meet at Drill Hall.

Feb. 1—Boston College High at East Armory.

Feb. 8—Mechanic Arts High at East Armory.

Week ending Feb. 16—Dorchester High—Pending.

Feb. 16—Interscholastic Meet.

Feb. 23—B. A. A. Schoolboy Meet at Mechanics Building.

March 1—High School of Commerce at East Armory.

March 15—English High at East Armory.

March 23—Regimental Meet at East Armory.

* * *

Augustine D. Malley, star football player and all around athlete, was unanimously chosen Captain of the 1918 Baseball Team, at a meeting of the "L" men, on Friday, December 14. Malley played in the outfield last season, but expects to be shifted to the inner garden, where he feels more "at home." The captain-elect is a sure fielder, batter of more than mediocre renown, and one who can be relied upon to "deliver" in a pinch.

Frederick E. Maguire was unanimously elected Captain of this season's hockey team on Thursday, December 13, at a meeting of last year's letter men. Maguire is ranked among the best skaters and hockey players in interscholastic circles today, and is bound to make good as leader.

Manager George P. Anderson has arranged the following schedule:

Milton Academy at Milton	Jan. 10.
St. Marks's at Southboro	Jan. 12.
B. C. High at Franklin Field	Jan. 15.
Brighton High at Brighton	Jan. 18.
Pending	Jan. 21.
Milton High at Milton	Jan. 25.
St. John's Prep. at Danvers	Jan. 30.
Stone School at Franklin Field	Feb. 4.
Pending	Feb. 8.
Cambridge High at Cambridge	Feb. 12.
Newton High at Newton	Feb. 18.
B. U. Freshmen at Arena	Feb. 21.
Rindge Tech at Cambridge	Feb. 25.
English High at Arena	March 1.

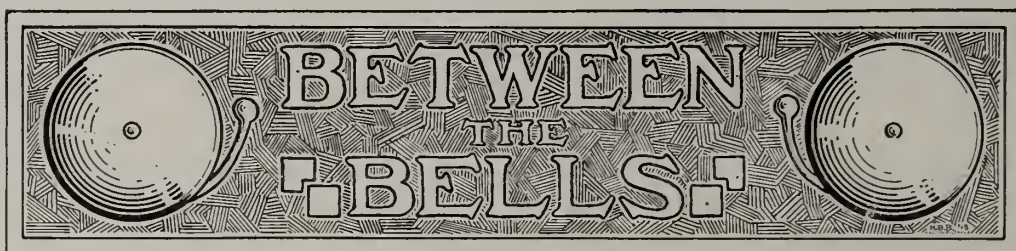
* * *

Day by day the membership of the Rifle Club is swelling, till now the Secre-

tary's report shows a marked increase in membership over last year. The student body is gradually waking up to the fact that rifle practice, when furnished without any cost to members, is well worth while in these trying days of war. In addition to the fact that it is a great sport, learning to use rifles makes us more alert, and so well does it train us in marksmanship that when our country calls upon us, we shall be ready to answer her call.

This is what the Rifle Club places before you. Will you make the best of the opportunity afforded you? Enroll at once as members of the Boston Latin School Rifle Club. Instruction in the use of the rifle is cheerfully given, ammunition is furnished free, rifles are loaned to you, and ranges are rented for your use. All this can be enjoyed by members of the club, and the membership fee is only twenty-five cents a year. A campaign for members is now on. Those desiring to enroll may do so by submitting their names to the secretary, S. Steinberg, of Room 12.





THE HIGH COST OF LIVING

She(suggestively)—Those waffles smell good, don't they?

He(sniffing)—H'm! That's right. Let's stand here a while and smell 'em.

* * *

K— (translating French) —“Those things which chance had put into his head—”

Mr. Henderson—“That looks like a case for a comb.”

* * *

Indignant Boarder: “See here, do you know I found a mouse in my milk today?”

Landlady: “Oh, the poor thing! Was it drowned?”

* * *

The schoolboy was sitting with his feet stretched out in the aisle, and was busily chewing gum, when the teacher espied him.

“Jones!” called the teacher sharply.

“Yes, sir?” questioned the pupil.

“Take that gum out of your mouth and put your feet in!”

* * *

Mr. Reed (in study hall): “Let me remind you seniors that you will be marked just like any ordinary mortal if you cause a disturbance.”

* * *

Actor: “There is such a thing as eating too much.”

Poet: “So I have heard. I wonder what it is like?”

The alert little woman marched to the grocer's.

“Give me a dozen new laid eggs,” she ordered, “and kindly give me those which have been laid by a pure bred hen.”

“Really, madam—” began the grocer. “Do you mean to say,” gasped the little woman, “that after all these years you've sold eggs and don't know the difference?”

“I'm afraid not, madam,” said the shopman, a little annoyed. Then he tried to turn the tables by adding sarcastically: “But perhaps you'll be so kind as to instruct me?”

“Certainly!” said, the little woman, and thereupon chose twelve of the biggest eggs in the box.

* * *

Dr. Morse: “Is there any heat in the radiator, Wing?”

Wing: “Yes, sir, it's getting cold.”

* * *

She(proudly, to jilted lover): “My mind is made up.”

He(spitefully): “Just like the rest of you, of course.” S. S. '18.

* * *

“Bridget, are you sure you washed this fish before you prepared it?”

“Wash it! Why, what's the use of washing a fish that's lived in water all its life?”

* * *

“I wonder why they put the jokes in the programs at the comic plays?”

“Oh, so that the audience will have something to laugh at, I suppose.”

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**The BOUVÉ STERLING
SHOE**

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Snappy Shoes that WEAR

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CARAMELS

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Dieges & Clust

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Class Pins Class Rings

Fraternity Pins

Medals and Cups

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and Trust Co.**

100 Franklin Street, Boston

In Active business since 1875

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FORTY-FOUR MILLIONS
OF DOLLARS**

\$44,000,000

Capital \$1,000,000

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AND

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Saving of 25%

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Boston, Mass.

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NOTICE TO READER: When you finish reading this magazine place a 1 cent stamp on this notice, hand same to any postal employee and it will be placed in the hands of our soldiers or sailors at the front. *No wrapping—no address.*

—A. S. BURLESON, Postmaster-General.

Latin School Register

Alumni

Number



VOLUME XXXVII

NUMBER 5

Advertisements

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form-fit
COLLAR

Clothes for College Men

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St. Tel. Beach 2687



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Departing Soldier to treasure,
a photograph
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ASK FOR TEACHER'S RATE



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BANJOS MANDORES
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BANJOS . .	\$5.00 to \$ 93.00
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MANDOLINS	5.00 to 150.00
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LATIN SCHOOL REGISTER

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Neckwear, Gloves, Hosiery, Bathrobes,
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for Men and Young Men

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“Do not limit your supply
of milk or table butter, but
consume it all”—



Hoods is Safe!

71 years without a
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A Record Without Equal.

Staff & The Register

VOLUME XXXVII. No. 5

FEBRUARY, 1918

ISSUED MONTHLY

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All contributions must be plainly, neatly, and correctly written and on one side only of the paper. Contributions will be accepted wholly with regard to the needs of the paper and the merits of the manuscript.

Published by the STUDENTS OF THE BOSTON LATIN SCHOOL. Warren Ave., Boston

Entered at the Boston Post Office as second-class mail matter.



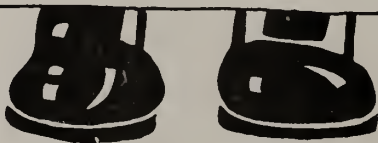
The Boys' Division of the Boston Young Men's Christian Association invites all Boston Latin School students to become members and enjoy the fellowship, social, gymnasium and swimming privileges of our building situated at 320 Huntington Avenue.



FOREWORD.

The Staff of the REGISTER present in this issue the fifth annual Alumni Number of our school publication. We hope it will attain to the approval which similar numbers have received in the past, and would call to the attention of our readers that this issue is not merely an ALUMNI Number, but a WAR Number as well.

Truly, War has made its sting felt among the great Latin School Family, but the sons of the School have never been slow to answer the call of ALMA MATER, and some of them contribute herein messages to their younger brothers. These letters are from the pens of men who have honored the School in their respective walks of Life, and are SOLDIERS,—of to-day and of yesterday.



EDITORIAL

WE have always been proud of our Alumni Numbers. We have always been proud of our Alumni; that is the reason. Undergraduates of the School are conscious of a vague something known as "school spirit"—no, *Latin School spirit*, for to us Latin School is the School of schools, and this intangible something is the life-blood which courses through the veins of *Alma Mater*.

Yes, it is hard to define the wonderful "Spirit" of Latin School, though it is easy to cite countless examples of it.—When a man sacrifices his everything to enter the service of his country; when a man pours out his labor and indulgence *gratis* to some worthy cause; *when a man cheerfully gives his priceless time that he may send a message of helpfulness to his younger brothers*;—these are instances of the Spirit of the School; and that is the brand of self-sacrifice which makes this number possible.

Never before in the history of the School have such demands been made upon her Sons as by the present great War, and never have they more nobly responded. Latin School men may be found everywhere in positions of high authority and of immense responsibility. They are all doing their bit with characteristic Latin School spirit. When the Star Spangled Banner waves over the battlements of Berlin, the Colors of the School may well rest by its side, and the day of Victory for America will be at once the day of Triumph for Latin School!





HEADMASTER HENRY PENNYPACKER

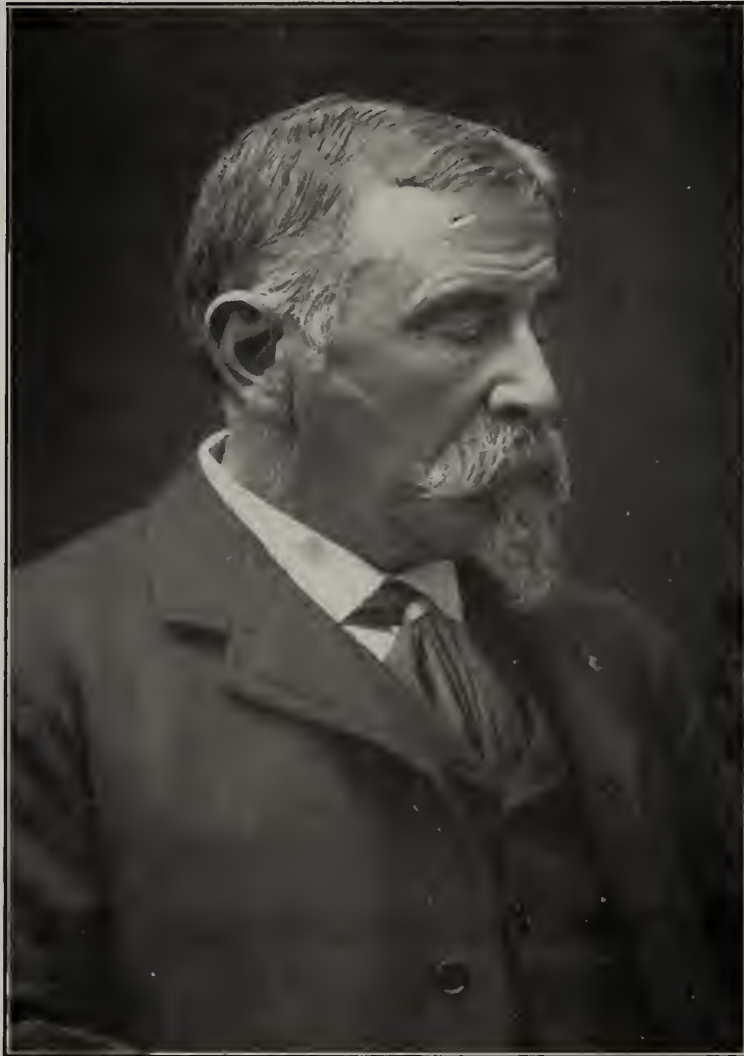
From the Portrait by Churchill

FROM THE HEADMASTER.

THERE has never been a time in our School's history when so many of the alumni were to be found in the service of their country. The Latin School boy, from the days of the Revolution to this very hour, has inhaled patriotism and a devoted love of country with the air he breathed. So far as known, no accurate list of the alumni of this School who served in the army or navy during the Civil War was published or kept; and it is the hope of many that this important task may not be neglected or overlooked at this time when the greatest war of history has called so many of the School's sons to fight for the world's liberty.

In the present issue of the *Register* will be found a list—very incomplete and perhaps in many respects inaccurate—of the Latin School boys who are now in military or naval service. It is made up from reports that have come from the persons concerned, from the notices appearing in the press, from the statements of comrades in arms, and from the alumni records of the colleges. To the end that supplementary lists may be published later, and that finally a full and authoritative record may be made showing what answer the School gave to the country's call, I beg the alumni to take an active interest in making our war record as complete and accurate as possible. If you know some alumnus in the service whose name does not appear in this list, please send to the Secretary of the School his name and military or naval designation. It is only by the active eager participation of a large body of alumni that even an approach to completeness in this list is possible. The cordial cooperation of all alumni and friends of the School is earnestly desired.

Henry Pennypacker.



MAJOR HENRY L. HIGGINSON

MAJOR HIGGINSON'S MESSAGE

to

LATIN SCHOOL BOYS

IF we, as a nation, in our happy days of prosperity and peace have been slow to wrath, and have not seen clearly that our welfare—intellectual, moral, physical—was at stake in this war,—that we must give up our sense of justice and of freedom on which our people had built, or we must fight to the death for them, we at last have won a clear vision of these truths and of our blessings. We, as a nation, cannot live on the Prussian idea of government, nor can we allow it to be extended. It is not a question of race or of nations, but of principle and of religion. To-day we see clearly, and can die, or can make peace only on our own principles.

This belief the older scholars offer to the younger scholars as the faith of past days.

HENRY L. HIGGINSON.



MAJOR FREDERICK GILBERT BAUER

MAJOR BAUER'S ADDRESS

ADDRESS of Major Frederic Gilbert Bauer, Judge Advocate General's Reserve Corps, at the dedication of a stand of colors of the allied nations at St. Paul's Cathedral, Boston, Sunday, December 23, 1917.

VERY Reverend Dean, Captain Marsh and Officers of the Navy, Ladies and Gentlemen:

It is a matter of regret to Brigadier General Johnston, Commanding the Northeastern Department, that he is unable to be here in person and give you his own message on the significance of this memorial which we dedicate today, but if he were present I am sure his message would be that from these flags of nations allied with our own,—nations which as Shakespeare says,—

"All of one nature, of one substance bred,

* * *

Shall now in mutual well-beseeming ranks

March all one way",—

we should draw inspiration to increased devotion to the flag of our own country, and to all those ideals for which it stands. This inspiration which we may draw from the colors of our allies is three-fold:

First, there is the inspiration of a common heritage. We have long felt this in reference to England, our mother country. Just as the son who goes far away from his ancestral home feels that he has a share in the scenes which there took place before his departure, so we feel that the poetry of Chaucer and Milton, the legal lore of Glanville and Littleton, the philosophy of Bacon, the heroism of Richard Cœur-de-Lion, and the gallantry of Sir Philip Sydney, belong to us as much as to our English cousins.

Our common heritage, however, ex-

tends far beyond England. In fighting to save the art treasures of Italy from the fate which has overtaken those of Belgium, we are fighting not for Italy alone, for the paintings of Michael Angelo, Raphæl, Titan, and Da Vinci have been the inspiration of all who loved the best and noblest in art the world over. So it is with France. We are often reminded of our debt to Lafayette and Rochambeau for aiding us to win our independence, but the heritage we owe France is far greater and older than this. When fifteen centuries ago on the banks of the Marne—strange how history repeats itself!—the armies of the nations which we now know as France and Italy, in the Battle of Châlons turned back the hordes of Attila, the Hun, and, strange to say, of his German allies,—and when three centuries later at the battle of Tours, the army of Charles Martel decided that the cross, and not the crescent, was to dominate the civilization of Western Europe, they performed a service to humanity of which even we in far-off America at this late date are still receiving the benefits. In the crusades, scenes from which have been so vividly recalled to our minds in the recent capture of Jerusalem by the allied army under General Allenby, we have the right to feel the same inheritance as our European allies, for our ancestors as well as theirs participated in that great movement.

Beside the inspiration of a common heritage we can draw from these colors the inspiration of a common interest.

Not only have we been independent upon our allies to do our share of the fighting while we have been preparing to send our armies abroad, but our allies are becoming more and more dependent upon us to furnish them with those things which, owing to the ravages of war, they can no longer produce for themselves. The concern with which the recent events in Russia and Italy were received throughout the allied nations, and the recent negotiations looking toward unifying the control of military operations, shows that all are coming to see that what concerns one nation affects every other nation as well, and that we cannot in this war, any more than anywhere else, live for ourselves alone, but must consider the great whole of which we form a part.

* * *

Beyond the inspiration of a common heritage and common interests, however, there is the last and perhaps the greatest inspiration which we can draw from these flags of our allies—the inspiration of common ideals and aspirations. It has been well said that this war is a war of liberty against autocracy, and that we are fighting to make this world a fit place to live in, to make it possible for our children and our children's children to live in a world where justice and mercy can still prevail, and not be crushed out of existence by the forces of barbarism. John Hay said that American diplomacy was summed up in the Golden Rule and the Monroe Doctrine, and we are fighting to make it possible for nations, as well as individuals, to live according to the teachings of the Golden Rule. Up to the present time the United States has given the most conspicuous examples in history of practising the Golden Rule in its international relations. I have time to mention only one instance,—that of our

intervention in Cuba. When in the history of the world has a great nation gone to war for the benefit of a weaker nation, and, in the hour of triumph, deliberately relinquished to the smaller nation the fruits of victory bought with its own blood and treasure? And when in the history of the world has there been such an instance of national gratitude as that which Cuba showed last April when its Congress said,—“We cannot remain neutral in any war which concerns the United States. If the United States goes to war, we must go, too?” Such incidents as this lead us to believe that when we and our allies have won the victory which we all know we shall win in this war, the world may be a better place to live in than it has ever been before, and a new era of good will among nations, as well as among men, may commence.

Let us think of these things as we behold these flags of our allies, and remember the blood which has been poured out under their folds, and of which we are to receive the benefits in the years to come; and let us resolve not to live in a fool's paradise, thinking that war is a thing of the past, but let us on the contrary resolve that the lessons which we have learned and which we shall learn in this war, shall make such a deep and lasting impression upon our minds that they will never have to be learned again; and let us lift our heart to the God of Battles in those words which Shakespeare put into the mouth of the Earl of Richmond on the eve of the Battle of Bosworth,—
“Look on (our) forces with a gracious eye,
Put in their hands Thy bruising irons of
wrath

That they may crush down with a heavy
fall

The usurping helmets of our adversaries.
Make us Thy ministers of chastisement,
That we may praise Thee in the victory.’



THESE three gentlemen, who taught together in this school for nearly thirty years, revisited the school together on November 19, 1917. They were then*in the best of health and spirits, though all were well over seventy years of age. It is believed that this experience cannot be paralleled in any other preparatory school in the world.

They are in order from left to right, John Kendall Richardson, who taught here 36 years, 1877-1913; Joseph Webber Chadwick, 40 years, 1866-1906; and Dr. Byron Groce, 37 years, 1878-1915.

*Mr. Chadwick died Dec. 21, 1917.



HON. WILLIAM F. MURRAY

(Mr. Murray, a Latin School graduate, and a veteran of the Spanish War, was prevented from writing only by unforeseen business of the most pressing nature.—Ed.)

ROLL OF HONOR

- 1915—ALBERTS, HAROLD
Am. Field Ambulance.
- 1912—AGGOTT, ALBERT GEORGE
101st. U. S. Infantry.
- 1910—AYER, SILAS HIBBARD, JR.
Bandmaster, U. S. N. R., Newport, R. I.
- 1912—AMES, JOHN LINCOLN, Jr.
2nd. Plattsburg.
- 1906—ADAMS, GEORGE C.
2nd. Plattsburg.
- 1913—ALDEN, AUSTIN C.
2nd. Lieut., Quartermaster's Corps.
- 1892—ADAMS, JOHN CHESTER
Instructor, Yale. R. O. T. C.
- 1907—AARON, JOSEPH ABRAHAM
Schedule Clerk, Ordnance Dept. Washington
- 1904—ALTER, S. M.
Med. Res. Corps., U. S. A.
- 1909—AHERN, R. M.
U. S. Base Hosp., No. 39., U. S. A.
- 1912—ALMEDA, W. B.
Lieut. U. S. A.
- 1902—BARTON, ALLAN GORDON
02 Canadian Forces, Killed at Ypres, Apr.
20, 1916.
- 1915—BAIL, M. P.
R. O. T. C.
- 1910—BLOOM, F. S.
U. S. N.
- 1908—BAIL, H. V.
U. S. R. C., Eng.
- 1908—BRIGHAM, ARTHUR D.
U. S. N. R.
- 1908—BARNET, G. J.
R. O. T. C.
- 1906—BLUMES, T. S.
R. O. T. C.
- 1905—BRADLEY, RALPH
W. S. R. Eng.
- 1904—BARROW, W. H.
Ft. Oglethorpe
- 1883—BLAKE, J. B.
Mass. State Comm. Public Health, Mass.
Red Cross Med. Comm.
- 1880—BUTLER, FRANK EUGENE
Constabulary of Providence. Red Cross,
Packing Dept.
- 1912—BARRETT, WILLIAM JOSEPH
1st. Lieut., Ordnance Dept., U. S. A.
- 1912—BEAN, HENRY CLIFFORD
Ensign, U. S. N.
- 1873—BRETT, J. Q. A.
1st. Lieut., Q. Corp. Washington, D. C.
- 1898—BOARDMAN, W. P.
Medical Reserve Corps.
- 1901—BOLAN, HARRY R.
Capt. Coast Artillery, O. R. C.
- 1905—BAUER, L. H.
Major, Med. Officer, U. S. A.
- 1909—BAIL, HAMILTON V.
Eng. Corps, O. R. C.
- 1910—BRICKLEY, HENRY A.
1st. Lieut., Inf. O. R. C.
- 1916—BOLSTER, P. W.
Lieut., R. O. T. C.
- 1800—BROWN, HAROLD HASKELL
N. G., N. Y.
- 1879—BURBANK, FRANK ELWOOD
Sharon Comm. of Public Safety.
- 1909—BRENNAN, THOMAS J.
K. of C. Fund, Library Fund. R. C. Fund.
- 1915—BOWERS, JOSEPH
Plattsburg.
- BATCHELDER, C. C.
Field Director, Red Cross., Fort Sill, Okla.
- 1889—BLAKE, ARTHUR
Ensign, U. S. N. R. F, Patrol Boat "Lynx II"
- 1907—BIERSTADT, ALBERT NORTON
Base Hosp. No. 5.
- 1889—BLAKE, HENRY FORDYCE
Corp. Co. A., 3rd. Rgt. Washington N. G.
- 1906—BARRETT, JOHN BERCHMANS
Ensign, U. S. N.
- 1906—BUCKLEY, JOHN PATRICK
Lt., O. R. C. 15th Co., Depot Brig. C. Devens.
- 1907—BAKER, EDWIN CARLISLE
1st. Lieut. Dental Sec. Camp Jackson C S
- 1908—BROOKS, JOHN J.
Quartermaster Enlisted Reserves.
- 1912—BANQUER, JACOB ELLIS
1st. Lieut. Medical O. R. C.
- COUSENS, FOSTER
Artillery.
- 1887—CLAPP, WILFRED ATHERTON
Supt. of Construction., Ft. McDowell, Angel
Island, Cal.
- 1899—COPP, ANDREW JAMES, Jr.
Major—N. G. Reserve—California.—Judge Ad-
vocate General's Dept.

18 Latin School Register

- 1895—DE BLOIS, LEWIS AMORY
Wilmington Del., Safety Eng. in U. S.
Arsenals; National Safety Council; U. S.
Employees Compensation Commission.
- 1895—DOLAN, FRANCIS X.
Driver, American Field Service.
- 1895—DWYER, JAMES LEO
American Field Service.
- 1896—DOHERTY, F. W.
U. S. N. R., Navy Rifle Range.
- 1891—DORSEY, JAMES A.
1st. Lt. Governor's Staff; "4 minute-man"
Liberty Bond Speaker.
- 1896—DAVIDSON, EARL E.
1st. Motor Corps, M. S. G.
- 1900—DILL, COLBY
Red. Cross; Co. A. Woodbridge Home D. L.
- 1897—DALY, CHARLES D.
Adj. Gen. Dept. U. S. A.
- 1911—DAVISON, EARL
Mass. F. A.
- 1914—DUNTON, GORDON
R. O. T. C.
- 1905—EDWARDS, PAUL
Captain, Ancona Smelters, Montana Coast
Artillery Service. Puget Sound.
- 1914—ELSTON, JOHN F.
Yeoman, U. S. N. R.
- 1905—ESTABROOK, MERRICK GAY Jr.
2nd. Plattsburg Camp.
- 1912—EHRENFRIED, MASON
Ordnance Enlisted Reserve Corps.
- 1908—ELCOCK, W. B.
Ft. Oglethorpe, Ga.
- 1911—EWING, JOHN A.
2nd. Lieut., Inf. O. R. C.
- 1890—EVANS, EDWARD RUSSELL, REV.
Speaker for Red Cross.
- 1904—EMERSON, GUY
Director of Publicity, 2nd. Liberty Loan,
2nd. Federal Reserve District, New York.
- 1915—EATON, SHERBURNE
R. O. T. C.
- 1915—ELTON, W. N.
R. O. T. C.
- 1890—FOSS, LEON F.
Capt. U. S. A., Camp Meade.
- 1900—FIELD, ELIAS
Capt. Co. A., 101st. Regt. U. S. Eng.
- 1901—FORD, E. V.
U. S. N. R.
- 1901—FYFFE, JOSEPH
Paymaster, U. S. N.
- 1911—FARRIN, LEON M.
2nd. Class seaman, U. S. N. R. F.
- 1891—FIELD, DANIEL F.
Chairman "4-minute men," Phillips, Me.
- 1894—FLAGG, CHARLES J.
Public Safety Comm., Military Law.
- 1912—FITZGERALD, W. A. P.
K. of C. War Fund. Comm. Boston
- 1912—FOSTER, FRANK B.
Captain U. S. Medical Reserves.
- 1912—FITCH,
U. S. N., Lieut.
- 1895—FIELD, HENRY M.
Capt. Med Corps, Camp Logan.
- 1909—FOSTER, WILLIAM HAROLD
R. O. T. C.
- 1909—FRIED, ELIAS
Captain Depot Brigade, 25 Huntington Ave.
- 1910—FOWLER, L. F.
U. S. Naval Aviation, M. I. T.
- 1910—FAY, ARTHUR FLINT
1st. Lieut. Camp Devens.
- 1895—FARRELL, W. J. J.
Chaplain, A. E. F.
- 1900—FERBER, MAURICE
Aviation Section, Enlisted Officer's C. R.
- 1900—FISHER, NORMAN
R. I. Artillery. (Brown)
- 1905—FITZGERALD, CHRISTOPHER A.
Camp Devens.
- 1909—FITZPATRICK, THOMAS EDWARD
Draft.
- 1909—FOSTER, GOODWIN le BARON
Draft.
- 1910—FELLOWS, ALBERT WHITTIER
1st. Lieut. U. S. R. Medical Corps.
- 1913—FLYNN, CHARLES HENRY
Recruiting Service, U. S. A. Ft. Slocum, N.Y.
- 1913—GREEN, FRANCIS S.
2nd. Lieut. U. S. A.
- 1915—GRAHAM
Camp Devens.
- 1916—GILLIS, WALTER J., Jr.
Private, 101st. Engineers. A. E. F.
- 1907—GIBLIN, JOHN FRANCIS ALOYSIUS
1st. Lieut. 101st. Engineers., A. E. F.
- 1908—GREEN, HYMAN
1st. Lieut., U. S. A.
- 1912—GILLIS, FREDERICK JAMES
Lieut. Co. B. 103rd. Inf. U. S. A.
- 1912—GRANT, ELLIOTT M.
U. S. Ambulance Service, Section 10.

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| <p>1907—CROSBIE, ROBERT
2nd. Lieut. Aviation Sec. U. S. S. C.</p> <p>1909—CORLISS, JAMES CHRISTOPHER
2nd Plattsburg.</p> <p>1909—CROWLEY, DANIEL JOSEPH
1st. Lieut.—Dental R. C.—U. S. A.</p> <p>1910—CAREY, JOSEPH M.
Field Artillery—Ft. Meyer, Va.</p> <p>1910—COLE, MELVIN WILSON
Aviation Section—Signal Corps.</p> <p>1912—COOK, EARLE WARREN
U. S. N. R.</p> <p>1901—COOK, EDSON WILEY
Special Fire Prevention Inspector for U. S.
Council of Defense, New York, N. Y.</p> <p>1909—CRANE, HENRY HITT
Amer. Y. M. C. A., 31 Ave. Montaigne, Paris</p> <p>1898—CROWELL, SAMUEL F.
Corp. Conn. H. G.—1st. Regt. Co. F.</p> <p>1878—CABOT, G. L.
U. S. N. R.</p> <p>1894—CHIPMAN, R. L.
Montclair, N. J.—Home Defense.</p> <p>1898—COLE, E. B.
U. S. Marines.</p> <p>1906—CARLISLE, A. D.
A. A. F. S.</p> <p>1914—CLOUGH, W. B.
U. S. N. R.</p> <p>1915—CAMPBELL, J. R.
R. O. T. C.</p> <p>1915—CIMERBLATT, JACOB
R. O. T. C.</p> <p style="padding-left: 40px;">—CHASE, HARRISON G. O.
101st. Batt. Signal Corps.</p> <p>1913—COOKS, EMMANUEL
Signal Corps, Aviation Sec. 57st. Aero Squad.</p> <p>1888—CHADWICK, S. P. R.
Plattsburg, 1916.</p> <p>1895—CREDEN, BENJAMIN T.
Canadian Forces in France.</p> <p>1903—COMERFORD, FRANCIS JOHN
Lieut. U. S. N.</p> <p>1906—CORLEY, WILLIAM A.
Graduate U. S. N. Academy, 1912.</p> <p>1912—CLEVELAND, A. L.
2nd. Plattsburg.</p> <p>1912—CARPENTER, HENRY H.
Co. B. 301st. Eng., Camp Devens.</p> <p>1877—CLARK, BENJAMIN PRESTON
Mass. Food Administration. Mass. Public
Safety Comm.</p> | <p>1894—COTTLE, HENRY EDMUND
Local Food Director—Bristol, Conn.</p> <p>1914—DEMETER, G. C.
U. S. A. Amb. Corps.</p> <p>1910—DEVLIN, FRANCIS PAUL
Dental R. C., U. S. A.</p> <p>1912—DOHERTY, GERALD LEO
Reg. Hosp., 301st. Inf., Camp Devens.</p> <p>1912—DUKESHIRE, W. B.
Asst. Surgeon., U. S. N.</p> <p>1894—DAVIS, ALBERT W.
2nd. Plattsburg Camp.</p> <p>1897—DOUGLASS, EUGENE H.
Asst. Paymaster—U. S. N.</p> <p>1907—DALY, J. O.
U. S. A.</p> <p>1910—DREW, ARNO I.
Battery A. 101st. Regt.</p> <p>1907—DUNHAM, CHESTER A.
Bureau War Risk Ins., Washington, D. C.</p> <p>1873—DENNY, ARTHUR B.
Mass. Public Safety Comm</p> <p>1891—DREYFUS, CARL
Boston Comm. of Public Safety. Comm. on
Training Camp Activities—Camp Devens.</p> <p>1896—DRURY, D. W.
Med. R. C.</p> <p>1896—DOWNING, JOHN J.
M. D., Lieut. U. S. N.</p> <p>1896—DOHERTY, JOHN A.
Lieut. W. S. I.</p> <p>1903—DOYLE, FRANCIS MICHAEL
Capt. Quartermaster's Corps, Kansas City.</p> <p>1903—DEVER, JOSEPH P.
14 Eng., France.</p> <p>1903—DONOVAN, FREDERICK P.
Ensign, U. S. N. R.</p> <p>1903—DONOVAN, JOSEPH
2nd. Plattsburg Camp.</p> <p>1903—DUNCAN, ROBERT
Battery C.</p> <p>1893—DREW, C. D.
2nd. Provisional.</p> <p>1912—DUFF, PAUL HARRINGTON
1st. Lieut., U. S. A.</p> <p>1907—DUFFY, FRANCIS G.
Co. M. Med. Corps., Ft. Ethan Allen, Vt.</p> <p>1914—DEROSAY, P. G.
U. S. Amb. Corps.</p> <p>1913—DONOVAN, H. N.
R. O. T. C.</p> |
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19a Latin School Register

- 1906—GOODE, JAMES JOSEPH
1911—GOLDSBURY, JOHN
18th. Penn. Inf., N. G. U. S. A.
1912—GORMLEY, ARTHUR T.
Sergt. Mass. Field Hospital No. 2.
1899—GOLDTHWAITE, RALPH H.
Surgeon, U. S. A.
1909—GIFFORD, GEORGE H.
Inst. Mod. Lang. U. S. N. Acad. Annapolis.
1913—GERSUMKY, MAX H. C.
2nd. Plattsburg.
1914—GINSBURG, M. S.
Sergt. R. O. T. C.
19 5—GREENBURG, THOMAS H.
2nd Lieut. Cavalry, O. R. C.
1889—GROCE, JOSEPH B.
"4-minute man," Boston.
1906—GALE, CHARLES JACOB
Advisory Comm., Council of National Def.
1907—GUINEY, CORNELIUS A.
"4-minute man," Boston.
1898—GREEN, R. M.
Mass. S. G.
1906—GOOD, A. T.
Mass. Eng.
1913—GINSBURG, A. R.
R. O. T. C.
1913—GLEASON, H. W.
R. O. T. C.
1913—HENNESSEY, C. F. '08
Sergt. 301st. U. S. Inf., Camp Devens.
1909—HAMLIN, CHARLES J.
Officer's School, Camp Devens.
1909—HEYER, GEORGE L.
Ensign, U. S. N. (activeser. probably abroad)
1892—HOLLISTER, GEORGE CLAY
Squadron A. N. G. New York.
1900—HARRIS, CHARLES WARNER
1st. Sergt. Co. C. 101st. U. S. Engineers.
1909—HEATH, ALFRED RANDALL
Capt. C. A. C., O. R. C., U. S. Army.
1910—HARRINGTON, RUFUS CUSHMAN
Bugler, 1st. Batt., Naval Militia, N. Y.
1911—HEATH, L. S.
Sergt. 35th. Co., 8th. C. D. Corps, U. S. A.
1912—HAYES, FRANCIS EDWARD A.
Sergt. Co. I, 101st. Regt. U. S. A.
1913—HUCKINS, WARREN ISRAEL
Q. M. C., U. S. A.
1900—HALLETT, RALPH H.
Capt. Adj., 101st. Regt. U. S. Eng.
1911—HALL, MURRAY F.
2nd. Lieut. Inf. O. R. C.
1876—HEADLEY, PHINEAS C., Jr.
New Bedford Safety Comm.
1899—HALLIGAN, EDWARD MAURICE
Reading Public Safety Comm.
1906—HICKEY, LOUIS W.
Ensign-Engineer with U. S. Shipping Board
Baltimore.
1912—HILL, CREIGHTON JAMES
Boston Public Safety Comm.
1910—HERSON, SAMUEL
1st. Class Seaman, U. S. N.
1907—HOWIE, GARDNER D.
Aviation Section—U. S. Signal Reserve Corps
—HICKEY, WILLIAM L.
Ensign, U. S. N.
1896—HOLLINGS, C. B.
Ft. Benjamin Harrison.
1906—JACOBS, IRVING WILLIAM
Asst. Surgeon, U. S. N.
1913—JAMES, SELDON
Seaman, U. S. N. R.
1877—JACKSON, FREDERICK ASBURY
Relief work among poor of Paris.
1883—JOHNSON, FREDERIC PERLEY
1894—JORDAN, FRANKLIN I.
Newton Constabulary, M. H. G.
1913—KELLEY, JAMES J.
U. S. A., Plattsburg.
1913—KERR, WILLIAM L.
Aviation
1913—KIRKWOOD, ROBERT J.
1st. Lieut, 303rd. Regt., Camp Devens.
1913—KIRKWOOD, WILLIAM
British Royal Flying Corps.
1907—KEYES, JOHN H.
20th. Engineers, N. A.
1908—KAVENAGH, CARL J.
1st. Lieut., 134th. Regt. F. A.
1910—KING, MORTON CRAWFORD
2nd. Lieut. U. S. A., Camp Funston, Texas.
1911—KEENEDY, EDWARD GERALD
U. S. N. A.
1908—KELIHER, JOHN JOSEPH
U. S. A.
1910—KELIHER, THOMAS J.
Ensign, U. S. N.
1911—KERENEY, JOHN W.
Corp., Co. C., 1st. Co. Cadets.
1914—KIGGEN, J. A.
Sergt., R. O. T. C.

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- 1905—KNEELAND, PAUL DEVELLE
Comm. organized, Ten Saw Mill Units to
Eng., Listing Officer, Forestry Regts., Bos.
- 1900—KNEELAND, WILLIAM AIKEN
Winchester Public Safety Comm.
- 1911—KELLEY, WILFRED FREDERICK
Lecturer, Old South Historical Society., U.
S. Navigation Inspector, Port of Providence
- 1911—KELLEY, SAMUEL J. A.
2nd. Lieut. U. S. A.
- 1904—KEIRNAN, RICHARD T.
Lieut. Commander, U. S. N.
- 1908—KENNEDY, WILLIAM H. J.
Quartermasters Corps, Ft. Johnston
- 1881—KIMBALL, WILLIAM S.
Chairman, Bd of Health, H. G.
- 1891—KENT, SAMUEL N.
Ar. Y. M. C. A., Ft. Niagara, 2nd R. O. T. C.
- 1913—KENNEY, D. R.
U. S. N. R.
- 1884—LEAHY, WILLIAM A.
U. S. Public Service Reserve, Boston.
- 1901—SULKIN, CURTIS
Publicity Work, Liberty Loan Comm. N. Y.
- 1907—LEVINE, MAX
Camp director, West End House War Camp
Local Farming Supervisor, Boston Sch. Com.
- 1915—LAIRD, SIDNEY
Canadian Forces in France.
- 1915—LAIRD, ARTHUR
Canadian Forces in France.
- 1905—LESLIE, HAROLD F.
M. H. G.
- 1911—LOGAN, M. J.
101st. Regt.
- 1913—LEVERONE, E. L.
R. O. T. C.
- 1914—LEGGETT, R. C.
Quartermaster's Dept., U. S. N.
- 1914—LARSEN, RALPH
101st. Engineers.
- 1914—LASSELL, HAROLD J.
Corp., 48th Inf., Newport News, Va.
- 1895—LANE, DR. JOHN WILLIAM
Maj., Med. Cps, Base Hosp., Rockford, Ill.
- 1907—LANE, THOMAS JOSEPH
Chief Yeoman, U. S. N.
- LANE, EDMUND V.
Chief yeoman, U. S. A.
- 1861—LITCHFIELD, LAWRENCE
Maj., Penn, Chief of Med. Ser. Base Hosp,
Camp Lee.
- 1903—LAMPHER, HOWARD ARTHUR
Surgeon 304th Inf., 76th Div. Camp Devens
- 1908—LEONARD, THOMAS J.
Soldier.
- 1912—LINCOLN, NEWTON EWELL
Co. B., 101st., Regt., U. S. Eng .
- 1894—LOGAN, EDWARD L.
Colonel, 101st. Regt.
- 1914—MADDEN, FRANCIS P.
U. S. N. Charlestown.
- 1914—McGINN, RICHARD J.
U. S. N. R.
- 1914—MURPHY, FRANCIS T.
Ambulance Corps.
- 1914—MURPHY, JOHN F.
Quartermaster's Corps.
- 1914—MALONEY, ROBERT
Coast Artillery.
- 1914—MONTAGUE, FRANK G.
C. P. O., Aviation Camp, Chatham, Mass.
- 1901—McGRATH, OWEN A.
Army Chaplain.
- 1902—MYERS, EDMUND, M. D.
1st. Lieut., Ore. Med. Corps.
- 1904—MAHAN, WALTER CHRISTIAN
Bombardier, 101st., U. S. Inf.
- 1907—McCLELLAN, JOHN J.
1st., Class Sgt., Quart., Corps, Hon. Dis.
Aug. 9, 1917.
- 1876—MEANS, CHARLES SOLINSON
Buyer for Surgical Dressings Comm., Peter
Bent Brigham Hospital.
- 1887—McKENNA, FRANCIS P.
Helped to examine State Guard, Boston.
- 1896—MILLER, CLARENCE CROSSMAN
Liberty Loan Comm., Winchester.
- 1910—McDONNELL, BERNARD J.
Boston Sec., K. of C., War Fund.
- 1910—MAZUR, P. M.
1st. Lieut., Ord. Dept. Washington D. C.
- 1910—MANNIX, A. J.
Ensign.
- 1910—METCALF, R. B.
101st., Machine Gun.
- 1910—McLEAN, W. L.
Naval Cadet School, Cambridge, Mass.
- 1877—MORSE, JACOB CHARLES
Co. D., 11th Inf. M. S. G
- 1881—MENDUM, SAMUEL WARREN
1st. Sergt., D. Co., 12th Inf. M. S. G.
- 1898—MUNROE, JAMES A.
1st. Motor Corps, M. S. G.

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- 1907—MURCH, HAROLD A.
Instruction Staff, William's Col., R. O. T. C.
- 1902—MERRILL, ROGER
Adj. Gen. Dept., O. R. C.
- 1904—MARION, P. P.
Washington Coast Artillery.
- 1905—McKENNA, J. A.
R. O. T. C.
- 1910—McLEOD, J. H.
Ft. Benjamin Harrison.
- 1914—MANDELSTAM, FELIX
R. O. T. C.
- 1914—MAY, R. A.
U. S. N. R.
- 1914—MURPHY, W. S.
R. O. T. C.
- 1914—MORRISON, G. M.
R. O. T. C.
- 1915—MURRAY, J. P.
R. O. T. C.
- 1907—MESERVE, HARRISON G.
Camp Devens.
- 1911—MUNRO, EDWARD S.
2nd. Lieut., 4th Regt., Fld. Art., U. S. A.
- 1911—MURPHY, JOHN VINCENT
Quartermasters Dept., Camp Devens.
- 1911—McLENEN, NEIL KENNETH,
Killed at Ypres, 1916, Canadian Forces.
- 1913—McKENNA, FRANCIS PATRICK
Medical Corps, U. S. A.
- 1895—MORSE, H. L.
Captain, U. S. A.
- 1898—MORAN, CHARLES L.
Surgeon, U. S. N.
- 1899—MAGUIRE, DANIEL F.
Surgeon, U. S. A.
- 1904—MOIR, JOHN A.
2nd. Plattsburg Camp.
- 1906—MERRILL, J. L.
Annapolis.
- 1906—MURPHY, GARDNER
2nd. Lieut., Inf., O. R. C.
- 1908—MOORE, LOUISE.
2nd. Plattsburg Camp.
- 1882—NICHOLS, EDWARD HALL
Major, Base Hosp. No. 7, Boston City Hosp.
- 1913—NELSON, CHARLES HELGE
Chief Yeoman, Bath, Me.
- 1915—NELSON, A. R.
Lieut. R. O. T. C.
- 1915—NESSON, J. I.
Captain, R. O. T. C.
- 1891—NOYES, CARLETON ELDREDGE
1st. Motor Corps, M. S. G.
- 1911—NIGHTINGALE, W. E.
U. S. N. R., (Aviation)
- 1913—NOTT, R. A.
U. S. A., Ambulance Corps
- 1914—NATHAN, EMANUEL
R. O. T. C.
- 1915—NASON, R. R.
R. O. T. C.
- 1915—NATHAN, J. B.
- 1915—NATHAN, E. G.
R. O. T. C.
- 1915—O'CALLAGHAN, ERNEST
Battery C.
- 1915—O'CALLAGHAN, EDMUND
- 1896—OAKMAN, CARL S.
Michigan State Troops.
- 1898—O'DOWD, EDWARD F.
Captain, 101st., Regt.
- 1911—O'NEILL, JEREMIAH F.
2nd Lieut., Inf. O. R. C.
- 1907—O'HARE, WILLIAM GRIFFIN
Chairman K. of C. Fund, Bunker Hill
Council, Mgr. Charlestown Sch. Comm. Ctr.
- 1910—ONTHANK, ARTHUR H.
Captain Inf., Camp Devens.
- 1910—O'HARE, JOHN J.
Lieut. U. S. N.
- 1911—O'SHEA, W. A.
R. O. T. C.
- 1914—O'KEEFE, D. J.
R. O. T. C.
- 1908—PENGR, C. O.
R. O. T. C.
- 1908—PARSONS, FRANK ENOS
Am. Field Service, Ambulance (France).
- 1908—POWELL, ARTHUR G.
312th Field Art., 10th Medical Corps, Camp
Meade, Admiral, Maryland.
- 1888—PERKINS, ALBERT THOMPSON
Lieut., Col., 14th Eng. (Railroad Regt.)
- 1908—PACKARD, FABYAN
1st. Lieut., Gen. Hosp. No. 22, B. E. F.
- 1910—PERRINS, WILLIAM ARTHUR, Jr.
Co. A., 102nd, Mch. Gun Batt., 51st Brig.
126th Div.
- 1898—POPE, ALLAN M.
Major, Field Artillery, Camp Devens.

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- 1910—POOLER, FRANCIS
Plattsburg Barracks, N. Y., 6th Co.
- 1910—PARSHLEY, T. B.
R. O. T. C., Co. 16, Mil. Br. Chattanooga.
Tenn.
- 1882—PAYNE, J. H.
Acting Asst. Surgeon, U. S. N.
- 1899—PHIPPS, CADIS
Boston Hospital Red Cross Unit.
- 1912—PROUT, JAMES G.
Inspector, 1st. Naval District.
- 1902—PHINNEY, FRANK BOGARTS
Chairman Liberty Loan Comm. Hyde Park.
- 1902—PHELAN, FRANCIS X.
1st. Lieut., 101st. Infantry
- 1909—POLLEY, GEORGE H.
Royal Flying Corps, Am Esca. Toronto, Ont.
- 1877—PERKINS, GEORGE G. S.
1st. Sergt., M. H. G., Wellesley Pub. Safety
Comm., Chairman, Wellesley Comm. of the
Mass., Soldiers' Information Bureau.
- 1891—PERRY, EDWARD L.
1st. Lieut., M. H. G.
- 1905—PEARL, ROSWELL THORNTON
Sharon Co., Mass. S. G.
- 1871—PRINCE, MORTON
Chairman, Serbian Relief Fund.
- 1904—PRUSSIAN, AARON
R. O. T. C.
- 1904—ROBINSON, WILLIAM L.
Dec. 2, 1917, Embarked from an American
Port for foreign Service and future address
302nd Stevedore Regt., (white enlisted
Staff, Amer. Exped. Forces.
- 1916—RABINOVITZ, SIDNEY
R. O. T. C., Harvard.
- 1900—ROSS, LOUIS
2nd. Lieut., Inf. O. R. C.
- 1910—REARDON, ARTHUR J.
R. O. T. C., Camp Upton, L. I.
- 1896—ROBINSON, HERBERT GLOVER
Local Red Cross Executive Comm., Chair-
man, Home Service Comm., Auburn, N. Y.
- 1910—REARDON, F. L.
U. S. Medical Corps.
- 1910—RYAN, James D.
Ordnance Dept.
- 1910—ROBINSON, WARREN E.
(Junior Master, B. L. S.) 2nd. Lieut. 102nd.
Machine Gun Batt.
- 1894—RAND, WALDRON, H. Jr.
Lieut., M. S. G.
- 1894—ROBINSON, SAMUEL
Base Hosp. No. . . 26, U. S. A.
- 1908—ROUILLARD, I. G.
War Relief Work.
- 1913—ROSE, HARRY
Chemist, War Work.
- 1908—SIMPSON, JOHN A.
Aviator, S. O. R. C., U. S. A.
- 1910—SCHWAB, LAWRENCE O.
Ensign, U. S. N. R. F., Annapolis
- 990—SEELEY, EVERARD D.
Plattsburg.
- 1917—STUART, HAROLD GRAY
Chief Boatswain's Mate, U. S. N. R.
- 1883—SPAULDING, HOLLEN CURTIS
Capt., Ord. O. R. C. (M. I. T. 1887)
- 1911—STEIN, MORRIS I.
Yeoman, Charlestown Navy Yard.
- 1907—SWEETSTER, ARTHUR
Captain, U. S. Signal Corps.
- 1904—STEVENSON, ARTHUR LAWRENCE
Army.
- 1910—SISSON, JEAN
2nd. Lieut., 303rd., Inf. Camp Devens.
- 1910—SLAMIN, HENRY ALOYSIUS
Plattsburg.
- 1902—SCHWARZENBERT, EDWIN F.
1st. Motor Corps, M. S. G.
- 1904—SOMES, DANA
1st. Troop Cavalry, M. S. G.
- 1893—SOUTHARD, E. E.
Sub. com. Council of National Defense.
- 1899—SUPPLE, E. A.
Mass. S. G.
- 1906—SHEEHAN, JOSEPH R.
Captain, U. S. A.
- 1914—SONNABEND, A. M.
R. O. T. C.
- 1893—SCANNELL, DAVID D.
1st. Lieut., Medical Corps, U. S. A.
- 1896—SMITH, HAROLD WELLINGTON
Asst. Surgeon, U. S. N.
- 1911—SWETT, TREVOR W.
2nd. Lieut., Inf. O. R. C.
- 1912—SOUCY, ERNEST W.
2nd. Lieut., Artillery.
- 1894—SPRING, JAMES WHEELOCK
Public Safety Comm., Newton, "4-minute
man."
- 1889—SOREN, TOWNSEND H.
Sgt. Home Guard.
- 1896—SAWYER, CLARENCE B.
Capt., Co. E., 10th Inft. M. S. G.
- 1900—SWALLOW, SEWALL E.
1st. Lieut. Co. E. 10th Regt., M. S. G.
- 1900—STAPLES, PHILIP C.
Penna. Home Defense Reserve, Liberty
Loan Comm., Am. Red Cross.
- 1900—THOMAS, HENRY A.
1st. Class Sergt. Ordn Dept. Camp Bartlett.
- 1915—TREANOR, JOHN P.
Aviation, M. I. T.

- 1911—TOOLE, JAMES A.
2nd. Plattsburg.
- 1869—TRUE, ALFRED CHARLES
General supervisor of coöperative extension work in agriculture and home economies throughout U. S.
- 1889—THOMAS, PERCY H.
Electric magnetic sub-comm. of Naval Consulting Board.
- 1905—TOYE, FREDERICK HENRY
Business Mgr., Field Comm. American-Allyed Ambulance, N. Y.
- 1905—TEMPLE, WILLIAM FRANKLIN, Jr.
Port Surgeon, Watertown Arsenal.
- 1905—TEMPLE, SAMUEL
U. S. N. R.
- 1905—TEMPLE, RICHARD
American Field Service.
- 1909—OTOOLE, EDGAR C.
101st. Regt.
- 1909—VINAL, ALBERT WATSON
Lieut. Co. I., 9th Inf.
- 1909—VALENTINE, DENMAN B.
249th Aero Squadron, Waco, Texas.
- 1861—VIAUX, FREDERIC H.
Boston Comm. Public Safety.
- 1899—WOOD, ARTHUR F.
101st. Eng., A. E. F., France.
- 1899—WALSH, JAMES G.
101st. Eng. A. E. F., France.
- 1899—WARD LAURITON
1st. Lieut., 303d Mass. Inf. Camp Devens.
- 1911—WALSH, JOHN S.
Lieut. Camp Devens, Ayer, Mass.
- 1905—WISE, EDWARD EVERETT
U. S. N. R., Commonwealth Pier.
- 1905—WORCESTER, J. F. Jr.
Co. F, 18th. U. S. A. Engineers, France.
- 1908—WIENER, ROBERT
U. S. Ambulance Corps, Harvard Unit No. 1.
- 1885—WARREN, WILLIAM H.
Capt. U. S. R. C. Quart. Corps, Camp Hancock, Augusta, Ga.
- 1904—WEBBER, JOHN W.
2nd. Lieut. Quartermaster's Corps.
- 1911—WASHBURN, A. H.
Relief work in Constantinople.
- 1913—WEBBER, WALLACE W.
2nd. Lieut. O. R. C.
- 1899—WOOD, GEORGE BABCOCK
Knox County Public Safety Comm.
- 1910—WILSON, ROBERT GARDNER, Jr.
Foreman at Ayer Cantonment.
- 1898—WATSON, E. B.
Red Cross, France.
- 1892—WILLIAMS, WILLIAM B.
Conn. H. G.
- 1902—WOOD, DANA MELVIN
Mass. S. G.
- 1874—WHEELER, HENRY
Chairman, Local Draft Board, Div. 8, Boston
- 1890—WATERS, B. G.
Mass. S. G.
- 1896—WOOD, B. E.
Medical Dept. Mass. N. G.
- 1911—WINTERNITZ, ROBERT
Ft. Riley
- 1912—WOODRUFF, E. F.
Ft. Strong.
- 1913—WILSON, B. R.
R. O. T. C.
- 1915—WENDT, H. O.
U. S. A., Amb. Corps.
- 1915—WHITE, DUANE C.
R. O. T. C.
- 1915—WEBSTER, CLAUDIUS B.
Med. Dept. Ft. Oglethorpe.
- 1915—YESNER, SAUL
R. O. T. C.

THE PUNCH

THE President of the Everlastic Hose Company, Inc., selected an envelope post-marked "Midville, Massachussts," blew it open, and drew forth its lavender-papered contents. Silently he read the neatly penned report, respectfully signed "David Dunbar," and groaned inwardly. Of what earthly use was a report like this? —And what good was a scout sent to "feel for" the long-coveted town

of Midville, Massachusetts, who dared to send such a sample of frivolous street-jargon into the President's office of the Everlastic Hose Company?

The door of the inner Sanctum opened to admit a dapper little man with iron gray hair, keen gray eyes, and a pair of pearl-gray Everlastic Hose. He was clad in a somewhat premature Spring suit, and boasted a cane of such proportions as nearly to infringe upon the

realm of swagger-stickery. His movements were brisk, and his manner not without the stamp of self approval.

The President nodded curtly, stretched out his right hand by way of friendly salutation, and then stretched out his left hand by way of demanding Mr. Gray's expense account, which was immediately forthcoming. Mr. Gray had been employed ten years as salesman for the Everlastic Hose Company—and was proud of it. He was known to maintain the lowest expense account of any man in the service of the firm, and was likewise proud of that. The President read the account, nodded his approval, and then said:

"Mr. Gray, your next assignment will be the town of Midville. Reports from there have been discouraging, and I have decided to send you after results."

Mr. Gray bowed at this evidence of his employer's confidence, and promised to "stir things up" in the town of Midville. He then took his departure, just as a tall young man, attired in a Spring suit even more premature than his own, entered the Presence. The newcomer was the essence of a nonchalance which was only belied by his clean-cut, smooth features, and firm jaw. Languidly he sauntered to the desk, and deposited his hat upon its polished oak surface.

"Mr. Bragdon," he began.

"Young man," interrupted the President, "are you responsible for this?" He thrust the Midville report immediately before the surprised countenance of Mr. David Dunbar, who winced visibly. The paper was of a lavender hue, and thereupon was it written in his own neat handwriting,

"This jay burg is dead. All contracts captured by Darnlis Hose Co. No chance here. Please remit expenses."

"Yes, sir," he said finally. "You see, —"

"That you are of absolutely no service to this company, Mr. Dunbar. Six

months ago we took you on because we thought you were a young man with ideas."

"Well,—"

"Well, they haven't materialized; and as a salesman, you're worse than a failure."

* * *

Miss Roberta Bates was Everlastic's highest paid woman employee. To the office staff she was the personification of energy and good nature. To her superiors she represented an efficient and almost indispensable cog in the efficient and compact little machine which lay beyond the outer door. Not yet thirty, largely by her efforts and initiative had been built up Everlastic's rapidly growing mail-order business.

During his brief sojourn with Everlastic Hose, David Dunbar had learned to respect and admire Miss Bates for the helping hand which she constantly did *not* extend to him. Having risen from the ranks by her own efforts, it was against Roberta's principles materially to assist another in the struggle. Strangely enough, he admired her the more for these sentiments, and was as grateful for her brief words of encouragement as he would have been for whole volumes of advice and flattery.

Now, as he passed out of the President's office, Dave Dunbar dreaded to pass that neatly arranged desk with placard "Miss Bates," dreaded it far more even than he had just dreaded to enter the President's Sanctum with his story of failure; for he had confided to her as many of his woes as she would consent to hear, and she was fully aware of his precarious standing with the "office." She was also aware of the entire lack of necessity of his working for Everlastic Hose or anybody else, that he was the son of Thompson Dunbar, the Chicago wheat merchant, and that she had grown to like him in an impersonal sort of way.

Mr. Dunbar took courage when he saw her seemingly deeply engaged in a sheaf of reports and contracts. Non-chantly he swung down the aisle flanked with busy stenographers, and immediately felt her brown eyes upon his back.

"Dave."

He wheeled quickly, "Good-morning, Miss Bates." (He had never reached the Roberta stage.)

"Are you through here?"

"Yes."

"And you're going?"

"Home."

Unless Miss Bates' good-natured features had been wholly incapable of anything even remotely resembling a sneer, he might have expected one, for her tone was almost patronizing.

"So you think you've made good?" He recalled the promise he had given her months ago. The nonchalance was gone now.

"Well," he ventured apologetically, "I—did my best, anyhow." Her eyebrows raised ever so slightly.

"Say," he said suddenly, "what is the matter with me, Miss Bates?"

The brown eyes were knit, now, in honest perplexity. "I don't know," she said finally. "Sometimes it seems as if—well, as if you hadn't got the punch."

Stung to the quick by her words, he was about to murmur something in reply when the buzzer beneath Roberta's desk sounded twice, and, gathering up a notebook and pencil, she hurried into the Sanctum, without so much as a glance in his direction! He didn't have the punch! Just as his father had said. Well, he'd show them! Blindly, he strode forth into the sunlight and Broadway. And the nonchalance was *gone*.

* * *

Upon his arrival at Midville, Mr. Gray was surprised and annoyed to find

that an advance agent had taken the town by an Everlastic storm. Dealers everywhere informed him of the live-wire salesman who had caused the Darnlis agent to flee in consternation three hours after his arrival. Say, that man had the punch!

In his room at the Midville Hotel, Mr. Dunbar received a blue envelope headed, "Thompson Dunbar, Securities," and containing a check for \$5000. Pater had learned of son's success, and had wished to send a token of his goodwill. He was about to return the check, when he was struck with a sudden inspiration, and slipped it into his vest-pocket. He also received a telegram which instructed him to report immediately at the home office.

* * *

The President's talk was brief and to the point. The substance of it, however, was that a young man with ideas was needed to manage the Company's new Boston branch.—"A man who has the punch," he added almost mischievously. Mr. Dunbar was suspicious of a conspiracy, and his suspicions were confirmed, when, in a confidential talk with Roberta, she revealed to him the President's hopes for his success.

"Then he asked you to say that to me—about having the punch?" he asked.

"No,"—coloring quickly—"I think I said that of my own accord, because—" she hesitated. He finished the sentence for her, and after looking into his vest-pocket to make sure the check was still there, proceeded to extol the merits of a home in suburban Boston.

Two hours later, Mr. Bragdon found them engaged in such ancient business as holding to the same end of a check, and laughing at and with each other about nothing.

"Mr. Dunbar," he said, "I am sorry to interrupt, but will you have your office done in mahogany or oak?"

E. G. F. '18.

School Notes



CERTAINLY the reality of War has been borne home to us during the past few weeks. Shortage of coal has necessitated the closing of school houses for a whole month, and at the present writing our own session has not yet been resumed.

It will be easy for *Register* readers to understand in what measure the Staff has been hampered in preparation of this number by present conditions. Not only has the garnering of "School Notes" been rendered extremely difficult, but there is a decided loss of material for other departments. Especially do we regret the dearth of matter for our Athletic's column. We realize that this department is a source of very special interest to our readers.

Notwithstanding the above outlined difficulties against which we have had to contend, we have been able, through the untiring efforts of the Staff, and the kind assistance of certain Alumni, to present to our readers a number well illustrated and unusually large. To the members of the Staff we are deeply indebted. Our sense of obligation to certain of the Alumni has been elsewhere expressed.

We would call the attention of our readers to the fact that this issue contains many articles and letters direct from the trenches. Many of them were written under the most trying conditions, and all fairly teem with the spirit of the trenches. —Truly, if indeed "imitation is the sincerest of Flattery," we must take care not to become conceited over the success of our youngest department.

* * *

Shortly before the closing of school for the Christmas Recess, a new portrait was hung in the Exhibition Hall. It is that of our Head Master, Mr. Penny-packer, and was painted for the Latin School Association by the Boston painter, Mr. William W. Churchill.

* * *

Patrons of the Lunch-room will observe the new doors which have been placed at both ends of the "restricted zone," i. e., the area within which they may, without fear of penalty, satisfy the inner man.

* * *

There is at present at least one vacancy on the *Register* Staff. Candidates should make application at once at Room 13, or

to the Editor.

* * *

The Business Manager has an attractive proposition for any fellows who care to make money and boom their School paper at the same time. Better see him now!

* * *

Unless the new orders of the Fuel Administration interfere, the Dance of the Graduating Class will occur on the evening of Washington's Birthday. The place has not yet been announced.

* * *

Some of our athletic gentlemen have been keeping in shape, during the extended vacation, by means of hard labor at the South Station. They should be in fine trim to uphold the name of Latin School in the coming events.

* * *

We believe Major Higginson's message to Latin School, published in this number, contains sentiments every boy should study and allow to sink beneath his skin. It is well to know just what one is fighting for.

* * *

William Watson, Baker, '00, died at the Notre Dame Hospital, Manchester, N. H., on October 11. From 1901, when he took his Ph.D. degree at Harvard, until 1904, he was an instructor in Latin at Harvard; he then went to Haverford College as professor of Greek, a position which he held at the time of his death.

Many fellows have remarked upon the attractiveness of the posters which a young Latin School artist has painted for the *Register*. Yes, but why don't they respond? The posters are not merely to look at. They are to tell live facts about a live paper, for live fellows. Send an extra copy to the trenches.

* * *

Francis E. Mallet, '00, who played football at this school when Charles P. Daly was captain, and who was United States Consul General at Budapest for twenty years, was recently interviewed by a Boston newspaper on the subject of the Russian Revolution. Mr. Mallet predicted that woman would be the saviour of Russia, and denounced Leon Trotzky. He is confident of our ultimate victory, despite the German organization.

* * *

On Wednesday, January 23, services were held at Trinity Church in commemoration of the 25th anniversary of Phillips Brooks, one of the greatest preachers that ever lived, and a graduate of Latin School. He said the prayer at the dedication of our present building.

* * *

* * *

Events for the current month will probably not all proceed as per Calendar. Changes must be made to conform to our various new schedules.





HOW many of you fellows know what a Town Major is?—Well, that's just one of the many interesting things which have been brought to our notice through the medium of our youngest department, devoted to news from our own boys in Europe. To begin with, a Town Major holds, as his name implies, a rather responsible position, inasmuch as his authority and jurisdiction extend over a whole town; and Mr. Warren E. Robinson, a master in this school, has been honored by just such a responsibility. He is stationed at a small town—near the outskirts of Verdun, we should judge—and must exercise executive powers over all the inhabitants of the village, as well as hold a sort of court to settle disputes among French and American officers. Think of it! Next time you think you are over-burdened with work, just remember Mr. Robinson and his *real* task "Over There." Now read his interesting letter, which is published through the courtesy of Mr. W. A. Robinson:



Lieut. WARREN EASTMAN ROBINSON

Co. C. 102d Machine Gun
B'n, A. E. F.

we have been thinking of for many days, and expresses it, I believe, in a very enlightening manner. I see no reason why it should not be passed by the censor.

I WAS ONLY A VOLUNTEER

Oh, why didn't I wait to be drafted,
And led to the train by a band,
And put in a claim for exemption?

Oh, why did I hold up my hand?
Why didn't I wait for a banquet,
And why didn't I wait to be cheered?
For the drafted men get the credit,
But *I* merely volunteered!

And nobody gave *me* a banquet,
And nobody said a kind word;
The grind of the wheels of the engine
Was the only good-bye that I heard.
And then off to France we were hustled,
To be billeted in barns 'till next year,
And then in the scuffle forgotten—
I was only a volunteer!

And maybe some day in the future,
When a little boy sits on my knee,
And asks what I did in the conflict,
And his big eyes look up to me,
I will have to look back while I'm
blushing,
To those eyes so trusting and dear,
And tell him I missed being drafted,—
I was only a volunteer!

I am in the guard-house now, and my eyes are watering copiously from the dense smoke that does *not* go up the chimney. We have French stoves here, and the smoke rolls out into the room.

Well, it is nearly time for guard-mount, and I will close.

With best wishes for a Merry Xmas
and a Happy New Year,

Harry.

THE following from Arthur Sidney Laird illustrates the worth of the Y. M. C. A., in the present War:

Somewhere in France.

Since writing you last I have received two parcels of papers and two magazines. There is very little to say, except that we are resting after our somewhat severe experiences. Following the review by the Commander in Chief of the British forces, we were today reviewed by the G. P. C. Canadians, who again complimented us on the recent work.

The day is passed in a manner not dissimilar to those at Aldershot.

We drill all morning, specializing in bombing, etc.

In the afternoon we beat it off to the Y. M. C. A. I have never had better service than in the section where we are now stationed. Sporting goods of all descriptions are available. Baseball games, football games, lacrosse, etc., are played. There is even a tennis court, the racquets are obtainable at the Y. M. C. A. I have not yet had a chance to play, as the courts are pretty crowded.

The Y. M. C. A. stages concerts, and also runs movie shows. They handle all the sports and are to be found almost anywhere.

There is one Y. M. C. A. in particular, much nearer the line than I thought they would be. Coming out of the trenches after a few days is a trying time. So near and yet so far. How good a cup of tea and cookies go! In this case it is free. Tea is obtainable at almost any time free. This particular Y. M. C. A., was pretty badly battered in a random barrage, but it was business as usual.

When we were in reserve we had fatigues up the line with bombs, trench

I DID not write you Sunday, as I usually do, because I was away from here on a little trip, and since my return I have been very busy; so much so, that, as you see, it is now Wednesday, and I am just writing my weekly letter.

On my trip, which lasted from Saturday morning till Monday afternoon, I had a chance to visit an American Army school of instruction, and also to see the results of German air-raids in a city on the way to Paris from here. Yes, I was actually on a train bound for Paris, but not for very long.

The air-bombs certainly are destructive. Where a shrapnel bomb had landed in the street, all the houses for a block on each side would be pock-marked where flying stones and shrapnel had struck them. The windows would be all broken, and the shutters filled full of holes. In one place a small tree had been cut off, and holes drilled in an iron lamp-post. Elsewhere billboards were riddled with holes. All the cellar windows are protected by sand-bags, and boxes of earth, and wherever there is an entrance to a vaulted cellar which might be more or less bomb-proof, the sign, *Cave Voulée*, is posted on the wall of the house.

It was near enough to the front there so that the rumble of the guns could be distinctly heard, and the sign board on one of the main streets indicated that it was the road to a very famous spot on the front.

On my way back Monday, I had an opportunity to do a little interpreting for an American officer at the railroad station. We traveled part way in the same compartment, and naturally conversed somewhat. I learned that he had been in command of that American battalion at the front which lost the 12 prisoners in that raid by the Germans a

week ago. It was most interesting to hear him tell all about how it happened.

We have our steel helmets now and wear them daily to target practice. For the first half hour or so they seemed heavy and uncomfortable, but after that the weight was not noticeable at all. I think they will make us stiff-necked, for you have to stand up straight and hold your head erect when you wear them. They are very well made, and are painted a dark olive-drab.

To-day we got our gas-masks, but as yet they have not been issued to the men. It is very unpleasant to have to wear the things, as we must often in practice, but gas is a very real danger at the front, and you must know how to protect yourself and your men from it.

Machine gun work promises to be very interesting indeed. The character of the work done with machine-guns has undergone two very revolutionary changes within the past six months, so we have the added interest of a new subject to stimulate us.

W. E. ROBINSON,
2d. Lt. Co. C.
102. G. B'n.

* * *

FRIENDS of Sgt. H. G. O. Chase, last year a member of the *Register* Staff, will be glad to read the second letter received by the Editor from him since his arrival in the trenches:

Somewhere in France,
December 7, 1917.

Just a few lines to send you a little poem that was written by one of the fellows. Its metre is spoiled in several places, and it's not an example of the best English, but it says something that

mortar ammunition, etc. It is heavy work and a cup of tea is certainly welcome on your return. Trench mortar "bombs" weigh about 60 pounds, and to dangle up the line in muddy trenches is no cinch.

I am expecting a box any day.

ARTHUR SIDNEY LAIRD

* * *

A MESSAGE FROM RALPH HENRY JASSER,
'16.

I WOULD like through you to send a message to the boys of the school. There has been much talk and boast about the spirit of the Latin School. I know what it was when I was there, and I know how it was often ridiculed by us boys. But let me tell the boys as one of them, that here when the biggest trials of my life are before me, now when I need a spirit to keep me on, and keep my courage up, here thousands of miles from that dear old school, I find ever with me that strong undaunted spirit of the dear old Latin School. I know how the training at the Latin School is considered by many, even its pupils, to be inefficient and of little use in life, and of little import to the country.

Let me speak as one who is now doing more than speaking; for, thank God, I have the chance to prove my work.

I am now in an Engineering Regiment, and it is clear that my Latin and Greek will not help me to build a road, or a bridge, or to do any other engineering work.

But let me ask, what is it that gave me the undaunted zeal, eagerness, and spirit to give my services to my country? I assure you that I speak in all sincerity

when I say that it is the study of Greek and Latin, the reading of Cicero and Homer, and above all the daily training in manhood, virtue and morality, that I received in the Latin School that opened my eyes to the broad things in life, opened my heart and soul to the service of mankind, and gave me strength and spirit to give me all for my country.

Let no boy in that dear old school feel that he is not in the best place in the state, yes, the country. For let him be assured by my experience, and I dare say by that of many others, that when the time comes that the best of his courage and will, his sincerity, his patriotism comes, he will find that it is the training he received at the Latin School, and above all the spirit of that place that will pull him through.

Just as I know every graduate of the school is eager and ready to do his share in the emergency, to do his share as a Latin School man, so, too, I trust that every undergraduate is going to do his share for his country.

The duty for us older boys is quite plain to us all, and I know we are going to make a sacrifice, even if it be the sacrifice of life itself.

The duty of the younger Latin School boys, however, is oft times unknown or misunderstood. I speak for most of us boys here at the front when I say that what we expect our younger brothers to do is to go right on with their work, their education, and do all they can eagerly and willingly to make themselves men, American men. Let every boy in the Latin School spend his energy undaunted toward mastering his Greek and Latin; let him learn the lessons of virtue breathed by the very walls of

that old school, and let him heed the advice of his teachers, who next to his parents are his best friends.

It is hard, I know, for the boys to study Greek when it seems that what the country needs most is soldiers

But that is part of the sacrifice that the boys must make, and let them keep ever in mind the fact that the country needs soldiers indeed, but it needs *men*, real men far more.

A soldier that is no *man* is more than useless to his country.

This then is the message I would leave with my young brothers of the Latin

School, with the young Americans who are to take our place if God wills that our sacrifice be the greatest.

Do your daily tasks as set before you by your teachers, heed their advice, take to heart the wonderful spirit of your school and, above all, through all hardships and test live and grow up so as to be a *Man*, a pride to your dear old school, a servant to your beloved country, a worker for the good of mankind. And when Old Glory flaps her stars and stripes overhead and calls you to her service, you will be ready, and, I know, willing to make the greatest sacrifice.

THIS SPACE RESERVED

By the Latin School Register

for

THE LIBERTY LOAN COMMISSION

of New England



FOLLOWING is a list of Latin School men who were killed in the Civil War, and whose names appear on the shield borne by "Alma Mater."

SEBASTIAN F. STREETER
FLETCHER WEBSTER
FRANCIS WINSLOW
CHARLES F. SIMMONS
JAMES R. DOBRACOTT
ED. H. R. REVERE
SIDNEY WILLARD
ROBERT WARE
WM. S. HOOPER
CHARLES R. LOWELL
RICHARD C. GOODWIN
JAMES SAVAGE
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ARTHUR DEHON
WILLIAM D. CRANE
FRED. H. WEBSTER
J. H. COLLAMORE
MANTON EVERETT
CABOT RUSSELL
WM. C. BATCHELLER
GEO. D. WELLS



THE past month has been a dull one for school athletics throughout New England. A severe "crimp" has been put into track activities by the abnormally late opening of school after the Christmas vacation. Added to this, Hockey weather has been uncertain, and Captain Maguire has had to contend against many adversities. Chief among these has been the difficulty of getting together the members of the team during the vacation.

However, Captain Earl Dudley hopes to whip into shape a Track Team which will honor Latin School at the "Regimentals," and with the help of the veterans, we believe his broad shoulders will be equal to the task.

* * *

TRACK PROSPECTS 1918.

The prospect of Latin's having a great track team is especially bright this year owing to its large number of veterans. The most prominent of these veterans are Captain Dudley, Maguire, and Healy in the 1,000; John Kennedy and Hurwitz in the dash; Jim Kennedy and Merrill in the 300; Wing and Ellis in the 600; Malley, Rice, and Doyle in the hurdles; Beverage and Dudley

in the high jump; and Malley, Ryan, and Hurwitz in the shot put.

With these first-class men as a nucleus, a strong and winning team ought to be certain. A word about the relay team must not be left out. This year's team promises to be one of the best that Coach O'Brien has ever trained. Three veterans from last year's team which almost beat English at the B. A. A. games, namely Captain Dudley, Kennedy, and Wing, are back in school. There is still a vacancy, and when it is filled, Latin is almost sure to win from English at the B. A. A. games next February.

As a final word, let every one with any amount of Latin School spirit in his veins come out for the team. Your coming out will not only strengthen the team, but will help you physically. It is your duty to your coach, your captain, and most of all, to your school.

* * *

HOCKEY.

With the election of Maguire as captain of the Hockey Team, he issued the first call for candidates. About fifteen men reported in Room 14. Practice was decided upon for Franklin Field, but was

called off on account of poor ice. As the Christmas holidays were so near it was decided to meet at Franklin Field every morning during vacation for practice. Practice began with a zeal under the supervision of Captain Maguire. With four veterans back this year, it appears easier to uphold the title of City Champions. With Maguire, a clever dribbler playing rover, Quinn and Hurvitz on the wings, and Ryan, a speedy and clever player, playing coverpoint, Latin School ought soon to be able to present themselves as a formidable opponent. On Thursday, January 10, the team journeyed out to Milton Academy. Considering the little practice the team had had, and under no coach, it put up a fair showing against the well-coached Milton Academy players. On account of the bad weather Saturday, January 12, the St. Mark's game as well as the Boston College High game scheduled for Tuesday, January 15, was postponed. Practice goes on every day wherever there is good ice, and it is hoped that Friday, January 18, when we play Brighton, the

team will come out in its real form. Among the other candidates are Bruen, Kyle, Otis, Maloney, Keliher, and McCurdy.

* * *

THE RIFLE TEAM.

While shooting has not yet attained the distinction of a Major Sport, nor is likely to, yet it offers to every boy a chance to combine wholesome fun with an accomplishment of real worth. Moreover, rifles and ammunition are furnished free of charge to all members of the Rifle Club. Dues in this association are only twenty-five cents a year.

As yet no matches have been staged at the Gainsboro Street Range, but Manager C. E. Smith announces a fine schedule, and Captain Feeley is confident of rounding into shape a team worthy to represent Latin School against English High, Brookline, and Dorchester.

For the convenience of those interested, a record of high scores, individual targets, and team scores, will be maintained in the Sanctum.,



WINNING HIS STRIPES

"The President's going to address us tomorrow," remarked Private Jack Sullivan, a member of the United States Military Police at the army cantonment at Williamsville, to Private Ned Wilson of the same organization.

"He is?" answered Ned in surprise, "are those workmen building a speaking platform, then?"

Jack didn't know; so Ned sauntered in the direction of the new structure, which a dozen carpenters were busy erecting. It was a very large and solid structure, and a few men were busy digging a ditch from under the stand towards a building quite a distance away. This aroused Ned's curiosity, and he approached the foreman in charge.

"What is that ditch for?" he asked.

"Going to lead electric wires in it to light the platform," was the surly reply, accompanied by a questioning look.

"But it doesn't lead towards the electric lighting plant," protested Ned in a puzzled tone.

"Well, that was the boss's order," the foreman growled, "if you want to know anything more, you'll have to ask him about it."

Still puzzled, Ned began to walk slowly away, when his attention was attracted to a man in civilian clothes coming rapidly towards the stand.

"Why, what's that ditch for, Smith?" he asked, stopping short as he saw it.

"Why-er," began the foreman with a quick glance at Ned, "I thought the order called for it, sir, for electric lighting wires."

Ned had stopped at the first word, and, apparently unconscious of the conversation going on behind him, was watching the evolutions of a battery of artillery;

however, he was listening to what the two men were saying.

"Well, the order didn't call for it, and moreover it doesn't lead to the lighting plant," the contractor said sharply. "Have your men stop work at once."

As the foreman hurried away to carry out the order, the five o'clock whistle blew, and the workmen immediately stopped work and started for their quarters. Ned saw the foreman and two others go into workmen's barracks towards which the ditch led. Ned reported to Captain Taylor, the commander of the military police, that he had become suspicious of a certain case and asked for permission to watch it, which was immediately granted.

Accordingly, at nine o'clock, Ned took up his position outside of the barracks where Smith was quartered. At half-past-nine the light in Smith's room went out. At about half-past-ten, three dark figures stole out of the building and proceeded silently towards the speaking platform. Ned grasped his revolver in its leather holster and silently followed. When the men reached the place where the digging had stopped, they commenced to dig again; soon one, whom Ned recognized as Smith, left them and crept under the grandstand, where he dug a larger hole.

Presently Smith came out from under the stand and said in a low tone, "I've buried the bomb. Hurry up with the ditch, and I'll uncoil the wire."

The plotter produced a large reel of insulated wire and again walked off under the grandstand, while Ned strained his eyes to watch him. He saw him connect the wire to a piece protruding from the ground and then begin to lay it along the bottom of the ditch, filling in the

earth as he went. By chance he kicked the reel, and it rolled along the ground and ran against Ned, who was lying flat on the ground. Smith started for it, to pick it up.

Ned saw the impossibility of concealment and leaped to his feet, drawing out his revolver and confronting the amazed foreman, who held up his hands. An instant later one of the other men hurled a stone full at Ned. It hit him on the forehead, and the young soldier groaned, dropped his revolver, swayed, and fell unconscious to the ground.

* * *

When he opened his eyes, a multitude of stars and queer, dazzling lights danced before his eyes, while he was in complete darkness. As his thoughts took form, he found he was gagged and his hands were tied behind his back, and that he was sitting on a chair in a small, empty closet.

His head had a queer, splitting feeling, and he was bruised, angry, and uncomfortable. How long he had been unconscious he did not know, but he guessed he was in Smith's room in the workingmen's barracks. He sat still for quite a long while, and at length he heard "Reveille" blowing and Smith getting up. About fifteen minutes later the foreman unlocked and opened the door and grinned at Ned.

"Put your foot in it, didn't you?" he asked grimly. "Well, at two o'clock this afternoon, when I press a switch, the President and a couple of hundred other Yankees will be blown up by twenty pounds of nitro-glycerine. Promise not to yell if I take out your gag?"

Ned nodded, and his captor at once removed his gag, gave him some crackers and water, and untied his hands. Ned drank the water eagerly and ate the crackers, and when he had finished

Smith tied his hands, put back the gag, and closed and locked the door.

* * *

Half-past-twelve found Ned still in his unpleasant prison, working steadily in an effort to untie his hands. Smith had just given him more crackers and water, and tied his hands again. To Ned's great delight he had been in a hurry, and the knots were not quite secure. By long and ceaseless working he loosened them, and about half-past-one his hands were free.

In an instant he had torn out the gag and applied his eye to the keyhole. Smith had just connected some strange batteries and a switch on the table, and stood back to survey his work. Ned had intended picking the lock with a clothes-hook, but just then Smith, as though moved by a sudden impulse, came over and unlocked the closet door.

As soon as he opened the door, the young soldier sprang at him like a wild-cat and seized him by the throat, and in an instant the two were fighting and wrestling all over the floor. Outside he heard a burst of clapping and cheering, and knew the President had mounted the stand. If Smith could reach the switch now——! Ned did not dare to think of the result, and devoted all his energy to subdue the foreman.

Punching, pulling, kicking, straining, he and Smith rolled all over the floor, Smith trying to reach the switch and Ned trying to keep him away from it. Smith had the advantage, for he was a big, stocky man, while Ned stood only five feet eight inches in his stocking feet, was slight, and stiffened by his long confinement.

A revolver fell from Smith's pocket onto the floor, and at the same instant Smith threw Ned off and dashed for the switch. One finger on it, he paused long

enough to sneer at Ned, "Well, Yank, here goes," and waved his hand at the young soldier, just rising from the floor. That bit of braggadocio proved his undoing, for Ned snatched the fallen revolver and fired point blank. Smith

fell to the floor, a bullet through both lungs.

The military police at once took charge, and as a result, one week later, Ned proudly donned a top-sergeant's chevrons.

F. R. S. '20.

THE TRAPPER

TALL pines, entangled in a dense mass of clinging vines and treacherous underbrush, formed a shielding cloak for a rough-hewn cabin, within which dwelt the trapper, the terror of the wild beast. A slender column of smoke, curling up from a chimney of stones and clay, disclosed the cabin's hiding place. No luscious grapes hung down temptingly from the vines; no bright green foliage, sparkling with diamond-like dew, met the searching glance; not even the welcome chirp of a bird greeted the visitor of Nature. The cold, unrelenting hand of Winter fell on Nature's beautiful handiwork, and crushed it—Vandal that he was—but could not kill the undying courage and perseverance of the tiniest plant or sprout, or its determination to rebuild its grandeur in the spring. One green spot alone appeared—that Hercules of the forest—the pine.

A door of the cabin shot back like the crack of a pistol and Atlas, Jr., stepped out. No man should ever even attempt to approach a *fellow-creature* like him, with a foot-rule, with the intention of ascertaining his "altitude;" he wants a yard measure and a step-ladder. Despite his huge size, his face did not bear the ruddy glow that comes from continuous life in the open air. Just a little tinge of red, naturally given, on his cheeks, showed that he had been in

Nature's Wonderland for a few days. Oh yes, his clothes came from a store. He didn't proudly wear the spoils of a successful hunting trip. To tell the truth, it is doubtful if his clothing ever knew that a fur-bearing animal existed. He wore a hunting suit of leather, now rather soiled, while leggings of the same material graced the lower part of long legs. With a woolen cap perched on a generous head of auburn hair, and a rifle slung loosely in his arm-pit, the trapper was ready for his little expedition.

"Yes—let's see—today—oh yes! Venison for dinner? Well, that's good enough for me. But 'there's the rub'. The deer are alive and so is my pesky corn. Still, venison is venison. Guess I'll jog along." With that, he carefully picked his way through the brush and set off for his "venison."

January weather generally pleases no one except the man who profits financially because of its proverbial inclemency. The weatherman forecasted "seasonable weather," and there was no lack of it. In fact, it was even spicy. Towards afternoon, flakes of snow began to fall, and soon a brisk wind blew it together. Then larger flakes of heavy wet snow were whisked to earth, and in less than an hour, a white mantle, three or four inches deep, lay over the surrounding country. Wonderful weather for tracking deer? Perhaps for the

leathern-faced, experienced trappers, it was, but only for them.

The trapper from the city plunged through a clump of bushes, and taking a few steps, inspected one of his largest pit-falls. He looked at it carefully. Then, shielding his eyes from the blinding snow, he peered down again. A great, black paw narrowly missed his untanned face. In terrified surprise, the trapper jumped back.

"Bruin, Bruin, what do you mean? Get out of here. I'll fix you. I'd drill you with every bullet I have, if I didn't think your skin is better than your temper. Here—"

Bruin lunged upward again, trying with all his herculean strength to extricate himself from the jaws of the heavy steel trap that held him.

A crack! A creak! A snap! Bruin is free! Crack! A bullet sings through the air, and Bruin is free forever!

"P-pa-papa! *Pa-papa!* PAPA!" A childish voice was wafted to the ears of the exultant father. The smile passed away, and a questioning look replaced it.

"Pa-papa! *Papa!* PAPA!"

Louder, yet louder, the youthful appeal rang out above the whistling of the wind. Fear gripped the trapper's heart. His ears seemed to grow larger as he waited for a repetition.

"Pa-papa! *Papa!* OH, PAPA!"

"My boy! Where is he? He's not at home because that's too far away. He's lost! Oh, courage, don't desert me!"

"*Pa-papa!* HEY, PA!"

"Northwest! Must be quarter of a mile!"

The father strode forward, sinking ankle-deep in the snow, eager, yes, anxious, to find his boy. Bruin's still eyes, that never again would hurl defiance at his trackers, followed him.

Ten minutes later, the father had almost reached the spot from which he believed the cries had come. He tried to jump over a fallen tree trunk, and fell headlong. When he arose, his eyes met the smiling, chubby face of his boy.

"Bob, how'd you get here? Thought I left you at home. See here, young man, you've made me leave behind a perfectly good bear. I'll never find him again and may never catch another. What's the big idea, Bob?"

"I'm cold, papa," was Bob's only reply.

The father caught him up in his arms. Something black was dangling in Bob's hand. A few minutes afterwards, they were back in the cabin, and Mr. Harold Gilman repeated his questions. Bob was thoughtful for a minute or two, and then he blurted out, "Well, papa, you see this is New Year's Day, and I thought I'd make some of those—oh, some—oh, you know, some promises that I'd do something nice all next year. I said this morning I'd be like you all the time, so I went hunting, too."

"You mean 'resolutions'. Go on."

"Well, so I went hunting like you."

"Guess, since you're only six, you can start some new resolutions tonight and say you had to break the other. One will be not to get lost, and not to imitate me until you are older."

"But papa, I caught a baby bear, so you needn't worry about your bear."

Mr. Gilman sniffed the air. "Let's see your bear. Don't forget your new resolution."

Bob showed his trophy to his father. Again he sniffed the air. Then, "Before we go back to Boston, I guess we'll do a little fumigating. Come, Bob."

The "baby bear" was a——!

P. J. W.'19.



R.C.'19

A gentleman was describing to a lady the compensations of nature: how in the blind the feeling of touch was very acute, how the deaf in one ear often heard extra clearly with the other, and so on.

"Yes," said the lady, "it is very remarkable, and when I come to think of it. I have noticed that if a person's arm has been retarded in its growth by some accident, the other one's always longer."

* * *

Jones has still got his nerve with him, hasn't he?

Why is that?

Well, the other day an automobile salesman called on him and he asked him for a sample!

* * *

"I see", said the palmist, "I see by your hand that you will be married a second time in the near future."

"Is that so!" replied the woman. "If I ever marry again, it will be for the fourth time!"

* * *

"Private Smith!"

"Yes, sir."

"Sergeant Jones here charges you with being drunk last night—"

"Sir, let me say—"

"And furthermore your record indicates that you have been drunk several times before."

"Why, sir, I wasn't drunk at all." Turning to Sergeant Jones, "Were you ever drunk?"

"Why, of course not, never!" replied the horrified sergeant.

"There, captain," said the private triumphantly, "you hear what Sergeant Jones says. Never drunk in his life. I ask you, who should be better able to tell if I were drunk, I, that's had experience, or he, that doesn't know what it is to be drunk?"

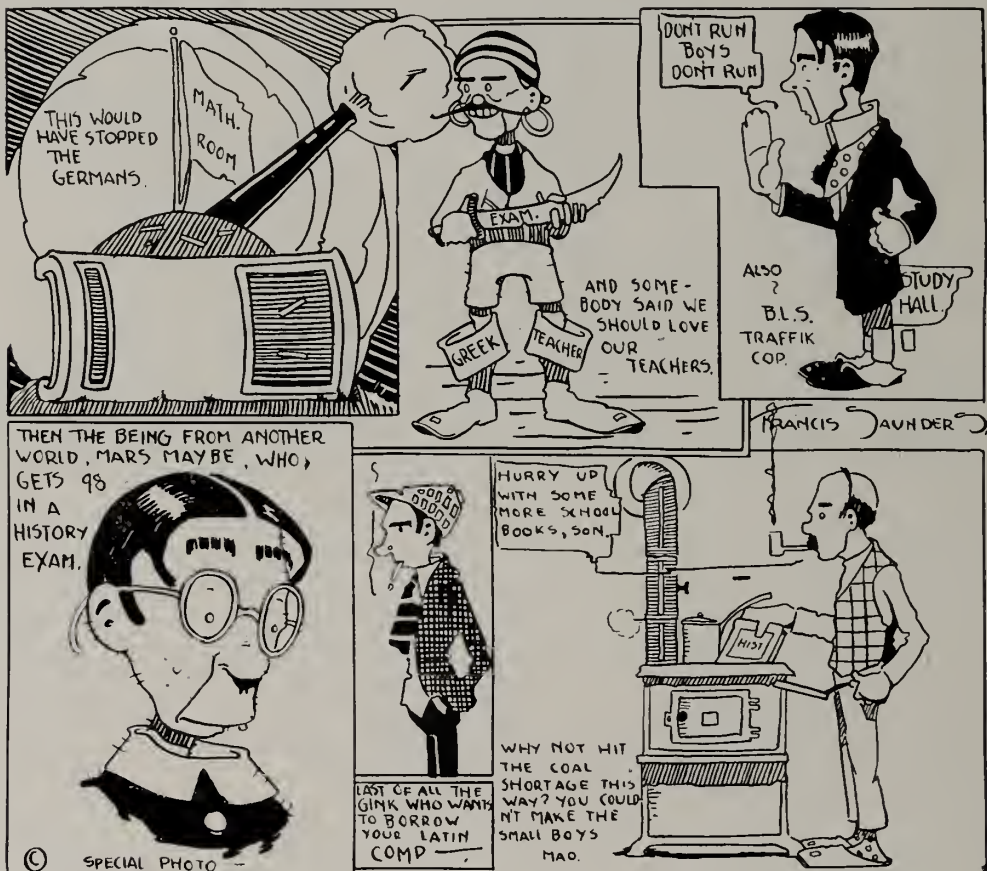
* * *

Railroad President: "Why are all these claims being sent into us lately?"

Lawyer: "The farmers are sending them because of their cows."

Railroad President: "What, so many cows getting killed by the Flyer Limited?"

Lawyer: "No, they say the passengers lean out of the windows and milk their cows as the train goes by."



"Quick dear, there's pa going into the billiard-room now. Go ask him!"

"No, I'll wait until he goes into the library. I'd rather be hit with a book than a billiard-ball."

* * *

The grocer's boy was lumbering up the kitchen stairway with his arm full of packages.

"Boy," said the mistress of the house, somewhat sharply, "are your feet clean?"

"Yes'm," he answered, still climbing the stairs, "it's only my shoes that are dirty."

"John, will you have any eggs for breakfast this morning?"

"What! With eggs eighty-five cents a dozen? I should say not! Put them in the cellar until the price goes down and we can afford to eat them!"

* * *

"Someone played a mean trick on Widow Jenkins."

"Is that so?"

"Yes, they turned out the lights in the church at her third wedding, and then gave her the laugh when she found her way up to the pulpit in the dark."

Half a shirt, half a shirt, half a shirt
homeward,
Back from the wash—there were six to
be laundered,
Holes in the right of them, buttons left
off of them,
Pins were all over them, five or six
hundred.
Mine's not to make reply, mine but to
go and buy,
Lay in a new supply—each time they're
laundered.—*Ex.*

* * *

"Oh," said the visitor, "this village
boasts a choral society, I understand."
"No," replied the native, "we never
boast of it."

* * *

"You say you wish to marry my
daughter. How much do you earn a
week?"

"I earn a hundred dollars a week—"

"Well, that part is satisfactory."

"But I only get twenty-five."

* * *

Highbrow: "You have been in Strat-
ford? Then you must remember that
passage from Shakespeare—"

Quickrich: "No, we didn't take it. We
came by a different route."

* * *

"When my brother goes to sleep, he
always puts his watch under his pillow."

"I've noticed that he likes to sleep
overtime."

* * *

History Teacher: "Kloom, can you
tell me where Troy is?"

Kloom: "Er—er—on page 68."

* * *

"Do you think that if I refuse him,
he will do something desperate?"

"No; he'll probably live to be glad of
it."

"Then I shall marry him, the brute!"

"Fore!" yelled the golfer, ready to play.
But the woman on the course paid no
attention.

"Fore!" he shouted again with no
effect.

"Ah," suggested his opponent in dis-
gust, "try her once with three ninety-
eight!"

* * *

Mrs. Newrich: "We're going to live
in a better neighborhood hereafter."

Mrs. Keen: "So are we."

Mrs. Newrich: "Then you are going
to move, too?"

Mrs. Keen: "No; we're going to stay
right here."

* * *

"Why did you take the lock off the
cupboard?"

"Because the doctor told me to stop
bolting my food."

* * *

"Did you ever catch your wife
flirting?"

"Yes. That's the way I caught her."

* * *

"Have you forgotten you owe me a
quarter, Good?"

"No, give me time and I will."

* * *

"Say, hasn't that girl a beautiful pro-
file?"

"I don't know, I was looking at her
face."

* * *

Jones, Jr.: "Pa, why do you always
keep talking against tobacco? Why,
look at Mr. Smith who is 90 years old
and smokes like a chimney."

Jones, Sr.: "Well, he might have been
a hundred years old by this time if he
hadn't smoked."

She: "Will you spend an hour and a quarter with me this evening?"

He: "I'll gladly spend the hour, but you know how I hate to spend the quarter."

* * *

Youth: "You girls are getting prettier and prettier day by day."

Maid: "Well, naturally."

Youth: "No, artificially."

Teacher: "What was one of Solon's reforms?"

Boy: "He canceled all debts. Then, thinking his answer wrong, started, "Oh—!"

Teacher: "No! If he canceled all debts, he wouldn't owe at the same time!"

* * *

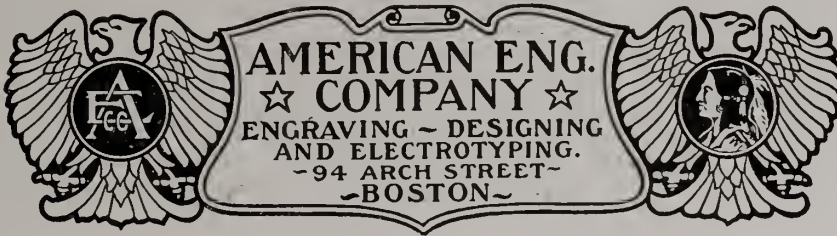
"Isn't that your eye-doctor?"

"I thought so until he sent in his bill. He's a skin specialist."

S. S. '18



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AND
RAPKIN**

**High School
Uniforms and Equipment**

at a
Saving of 25%

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Boston, Mass.

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PRINTED BY ANGEL GUARDIAN PRESS, 111 DAY ST., JAMAICA PLAIN, MASS.

NOTICE TO READER: When you finish reading this magazine place a 1 cent stamp on this notice, hand same to any postal employee and it will be placed in the hands of our soldiers or sailors at the front. *No wrapping—no address.* —A. S. BURLESON, Postmaster-General

Latin School Register



Spring Number

VOLUME XXXVII

NUMBER 6

Advertisements

Elchickering
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FOR B. L. S. 1917

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The New Fall

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COLLAR**

Clothes for College Men

IN this period of commercial upset, it is rather wise to buy where *quality* is nailed to the top-mast, and where *style* is distinguished but never "out of character."

"Their *service* exceeds their *price*."

Fine Furnishings—Stetson Hats

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BOSTON
STUDIOS
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858

164 Tremont
St. Tel. Beach
2687



NEW YORK
STUDIO
306 Fifth
Avenue

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Departing Soldier to treasure,
a photograph
of his beloved ones*

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ASK FOR TEACHER'S RATE**



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LATIN SCHOOL REGISTER

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PHELAN & STEPTOE

Dress up for Spring. New Manhattan Shirts, Gloves,
Hosiery, Underwear, Neckwear,
and a big Line on New Spring Hats, all the latest Models

PHELAN & STEPTOE

38 AND 42 BOYLSTON STREET, BOSTON

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Advertisements

Prof. Lusk of Cornell says:

"Do not buy meat until you
have bought three quarts
of milk."



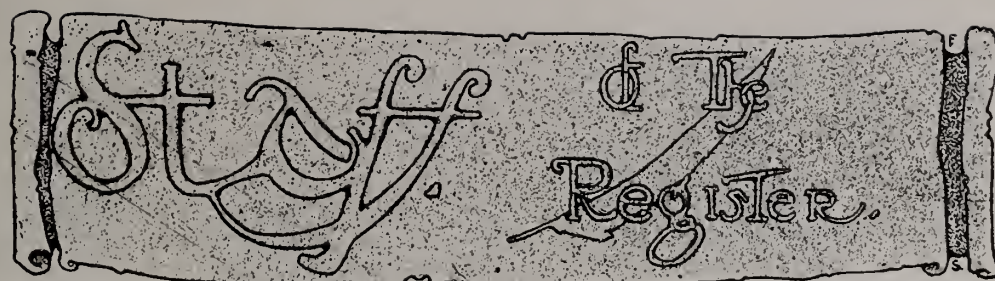
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in your home will reduce
the cost of living.

USE AT LEAST A QUART A DAY

Every sanitary precaution known
to modern science, including
Perfect Pasteurization,
safeguards

Hood's Milk

Use More of It!



VOLUME XXXVII. No. 6

MARCH, 1918

ISSUED MONTHLY

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TERMS: Fifty cents per year; by mail, sixty cents. Single copies, ten cents. Advertising rates on application. Contributions solicited from undergraduates. All contributions must be plainly, neatly, and correctly written and on one side only of the paper. Contributions will be accepted wholly with regard to the needs of the paper and the merits of the manuscript.

Published by the STUDENTS OF THE BOSTON LATIN SCHOOL. Warren Ave., Boston

Entered at the Boston Post Office as second-class mail matter.

THE LURE OF THE KLONDIKE.

WHAT had made Blake Carson leave Redfield? What had become of this eighteen year old boy? was a question which not even the chief of police could answer. Carson had mysteriously disappeared five years before.

Old Farmer Davis believed that young Carson was a fugitive—that he had committed a crime—and he always would finish his story by pounding his hand on the table, and say, “He always was a funny fellow, anyway.” Still Dr. Phelps, who had known Carson’s parents, felt that young Carson had inherited that love of adventure which had forced Carson’s father to cross the country in 1887 in the mad rush to California for gold.

It was true that Blake was a queer chap. He could always be found in the town’s antique shops, examining old-fashioned articles, and craving the opportunity to travel some day, to the places from which these relics had come. He was known about town as a fearless, reckless fellow, whose parents had died when he was but a youngster, and had left him in moderate circumstances. He was a boy who would undertake any hazard providing there was excitement in it.

Rummaging one day in the town’s antique shop, he noticed a beautiful, striped vase, on one of the upper shelves. As the shelf was very high, he was forced to stand on his toes in order to reach it.

Alas! just as he had grasped the desired curio, his elbow came into contact with an old violin which lay on the shelf. The violin fell with a crash, splintering into a hundred pieces. Carson, conscious of what he had done, gazed at the ruined violin with an ashen, frightened face. As he looked at the remains he noticed in the middle, a small dusty leather pouch, which had been secreted in the violin. He picked up the pouch and placed it in his pocket, after explaining the nature of the accident to the shopkeeper, and paying for the damage. Then he left the shop in possession of the pouch which he had not yet opened, and returned home. When he arrived there, he went up to his room and emptied the pouch. When he had deciphered the words on the little piece of paper, he exclaimed "Gad! I've found a treasure!" He placed the note on the table, unbelieving, but the more he beheld it, the more assured he grew, for the paper contained the following information, including a map:

"KLONDIKE"

4 MILES E.

"LARGE ROCK"

* * *

The next day he left Redfield for Seattle. While in that city he bought a complete outfit, including dogs, for he well knew the need of being well equipped. Two days later, he took the boat for Sitka and in three weeks was in the "Eldorado" of the north; in a land where he knew one must endure hardship and intense cold before the desired goal is reached. He took the trail eight miles north of Dawson, accompanied by his four Eskimo dogs. How the strong Alaskan air thrilled him! In this way he had become one of the thousands of prospectors searching for their fortunes in a land of wonderful resources.

It's a struggle that tests the strongest to withstand the rigor and suffering of an Alaskan winter. With the temperature thirty below, with dogs his only companions, through all that silent, lonesome journey, he picked his way through a hidden trail full of obstacles. All that lay before him was snow and bleak forest. Not even the twittering of a bird offered hospitality. Carson, however, needed no encouragement. He forged his way on, stopping only to eat, sleep, and nourish his dogs.

Still he struggled on, making fair progress, knowing that he was as yet far from his destination. Slowly as the days went by, his provisions gave out. He glanced at the faithful dogs, knowing that soon they would be forced to drastic measures in order to secure food. He trudged on, pistol in hand, his eyes in a blur. He noticed in the distance something, which appeared like smoke. He knew not whether it was his imagination or true. He was ready to fall from exhaustion, but that indomitable spirit within him prevailed, and he kept on with superhuman efforts and finally reached what turned out to be a log cabin.

He was greeted by an old man dressed like a prospector, who looked more like a wild man, in his hoary face and unkempt hair, than a civilized person. Still he had that look of kindness and hospitality which is characteristic of the pioneer towards a brother in need. Carson was soon seated before a fire and the prospector brought some brandy and food, which he gave to Blake. The man introduced himself, and Blake found out later that he had made the acquaintance of "Tex Mayhew," one of the most famous prospectors in Alaska. Mayhew took a liking to the boy and they soon became steadfast friends, the pio-

neer teaching Blake many things about the north. Carson learned that he had reached his destination, and through the aid of Mayhew located the mine after months of hard toil. He soon became acquainted with the men who lived in the wilderness and had settled Alaska. Their manners and ways of living, their simple, sturdy life enchanted him; he decided that he would remain there permanently, and accepted the kind invitation of Mayhew to lodge with him. He knew now that it wasn't just the gold which kept the men there, but the lure of the land that knows no sickness except starvation, scurvy, and cold.

He took out his claim. The change of life had its effect on him. The metamorphosis was remarkable, for from an unscrupulous and headstrong boy, he had become a man. He had been through a great struggle, but was all the better for his trials. He had become enthralled with the magnetism of the wonderful land. He would remain in Alaska until he had accomplished something, then he would visit Redfield. He smiled when he thought of how the people of the town took his absence.

* * *

Ten years later a fine looking, broad-shouldered man, with the tawny aspect of a pioneer, descended the steps from

the train at Redfield. He gazed around the town, which he had not seen for so long a time. It was still the same old town. "It is good," he thought, "to be back again." He ascended the steps of Dr. Phelps's house. That worthy friend gazed at his visitor with blank astonishment. Blake Carson back, whom everybody thought dead? Could he believe his eyes? But soon the old friends were clasping each other's hands and after Blake had related his experiences in the northland, the doctor had to say that it was still the same old adventurous youth who stood before him.

It was soon known in town that Carson had returned. It was rumored also that he was rich. Carson surely did not look like a treasure seeker, in his suit of clothes; but more like a New York millionaire. After Carson had been in Redfield a month, he was tendered a banquet in the Town Hall, and asked to tell his experiences. Carson related his trials in Alaska in a manner which thrilled the audience.

Their idea of the land up north had been different from that entertained by Carson, and after speaking, he was given a thundering applause. The next day he took passage once more for the land of stillness, moonlight, and mystery. The lure of the Klondike was too great.

"There's gold, and it's haunting and haunting,

It's luring me on as of old;

Yet it isn't the gold that I'm wanting.

So much as just finding the gold.

It's the great big, broad land 'way up yonder,

It's the forests where silence has lease;

It's the beauty that thrills me with wonder,

It's the stillness that fills me with peace."

S. F. M.'19





"O. D."



I WALKED among the rose-beds,
there

In sunny Normandie,
Behind the lines—no matter where—
You often see
A tiny cloister hidden;
A peaceful ward in white,
Where whizz-bangs cannot enter,
Nor star-shells cheat the night.
And honeysuckle lingers
Upon the window sill,
And there are willing fingers
To do the Soldier's will.

I walked among the rose beds 'mid
Perfumes of Araby.
Beneath a trellis vine I met
My friend—"O. D."
A Yankee Soldier Laddie,
Just from the front-line trench,
Lay suffering with a shell-wound,
Upon a rustic bench.
His curly head was bandaged,
But his brave lips wore a smile;
He was dying, but he lay there,
Singing softly all the while.

Still the heart of him was living,
But his poor young frame was dead,
When I gently whispered, "*Soldier*,"
Then I said,
"You left a dear old Mother,
When you sailed for Over Here.

And you left your Dad and Brother,
And that little Home so dear.
You sacrificed your life-blood,
And you gave your All you had!"—
Then I softly whispered, "*Soldier*,
Are you —glad?"

The Soldier looked at me and smiled,
His tear-wet eyes aglow
With loving light so warm and mild,
And —Do you know?
I saw a little ringlet
Of hair all silv'ry gray;
It curled around his finger.
I thought it seemed to say,
"A cruel wound is aching
In a Dear Old Lady's heart;
But you've died to save your Country,
And nobly done your part."

A cross among the rose-beds, there
In sunny Normandie;
I pause and breathe a heart-felt prayer
For my "O. D."
And all of me is aching
With dull and bitter pain,
And all of me is longing
To see his face again.
He was fighting Heaven's battle,
When he felt the shrapnel's stab.
He was proud to die in khaki,—say,
God bless you, Olive Drab!

E. G. F. '18.

School Notes

A black and white line drawing of a young man in a suit and tie, sitting at a desk and writing with a pen. A desk lamp is on the desk, and several books are visible. The drawing is integrated into the large letter 'S' of the title 'School Notes'.

AT present there seems to be no permanent relief in sight in the coal shortage. There are many explanations that can be offered to show *why* we are in such a situation, but if the whole world merely *talks* from now until doomsday, there won't be another lump of coal in Boston. Although it may seem we are talking ourselves, we would like to say this: If there were more "grin and bear it" spirit in the affected districts, especially in those absolutely unnecessary places of amusement and clubs, and much more action on the part of the shippers and labor, the present difficulty could be quickly cleared up. Instead of this, we read that Mr. So-and-So, at a banquet tendered to him by such-and-such a society or club, (where "Hooverizing" and "Garfieldizing" are unknown quantities) sharply attacks this or that government official for refusal to supply his private estate with sufficient coal to heat rooms that are not essential, to a fair degree of comfort. Certain people have suggested that the schools be closed for an indefinite period because their work can be made up so much more easily than can that of the industries! That is like cutting off a

horse's tail and looking for a doctor to put it on again afterwards. It just can *not* be done! Why don't those "wise-aces" try taking Edison away from a new invention just when a short time more will make it a success, or the lack of it, an irreparable failure, and tell him he can finish it sometime in the future? Where would many of our conveniences and pleasures be today? Somewhere in the vague future! Perhaps if those "stay-at-home wind-bags" would let someone who knows his business attend to the present misfortune, we might see daylight ahead, instead of a labyrinth of even more complicated troubles. Recently there appeared the news that America would now, after the first rush of preparation for war, expend the people's money as a business man of normal intelligence would do. Perhaps, then, it would not be too presumptive to call for action instead of explanations, work instead of speeches. If everyone would not try to run the government himself, the peace that all want, would be appreciably nearer. Can these men dare to say that the generation that shall stand in the places of the brave Yankee lads,

among them sons of dear old Latin School, "over there," shall be worse than a mob of ignorant barbarians, a generation that shall know just enough to realize that it cannot hope to contend with the well-educated classes of those countries to which we desire to teach the blessings of liberty? There must be a mistake. Surely, the industries are vital, but are the schools comparatively unnecessary? Let all remember how that experiment succeeded in England. There was never such an epidemic of petty thievery, general suffering, and distress as the closing of the schools caused. Only a few complain very much of the present arrangement. But to close the schools indefinitely! In a word, people cannot expect an immediate remedy. Foolish attacks on the government gains nothing, but a gradual return to normal conditions, making *absolutely unnecessary* establishments of any kind whatsoever suffer most meanwhile, is the course of an intelligent nation. In the mean time, to our school-mates we offer this as our watch-word, "Don't give up the ship!"

* * *

This month South Boston commemorates the evacuation of Boston by the British, March 17, 1776. Then Washington's grim cannon made Boston rather too warm for Howe. How this day recalls to our minds the story of the protest that occurred a short time before, of the Boston school-boys to General Gage, against breaking up their coast! Another point: Today Great Britain and the United States, with their guns all pointing in the same way—at the Kaiser—stand side by side, dedicated to liberty and democracy. Truly, "The world goes 'round."

Edmund Hamilton Sears, '70, was lately Moderator of the Wayland Town Meeting.

* * *

Because of the present altered schedule, it has been necessary to omit Drill. The commanders of the various sub-divisions will be seriously handicapped when they again take charge, and it will only be by hard work and the conscientious coöperation of the fellows that they will be able to turn out an organization worthy to represent Latin School at Prize Drill and the Annual Parade. It is too bad, for we were going along very well before this trouble came. Some of the expectant "non-coms" may be disgusted. Still, "What are you going to do about it?"

* * *

T. J. Casey, '19, recently took the examinations for admission to the Naval Academy at Annapolis, and was appointed first alternate.

* * *

In an old poem about a fisherman, it said that he had caught a situation, a plaice, but it seems as if the (coal) situation caught us.

* * *

Major L. H. Bauer, '05, Medical Corps, Regular Army, U. S. A., honored the school with a visit on Thursday, February 14.

* * *

The general catalogue of all Latin School teachers and graduates from 1816 to 1917 inclusive, edited by Mr. T. Franklin Currier, '90, is in the hands of the printer. It is expected that the catalogue will be published within two months. It will be bound in cloth, and the price will probably be one dollar (\$1.00).

(Concluded on page 17)



“WHERE e'er a single slave doth pine,
Where e'er one man may help another,
Thank God for such a birthright, brother;
That spot of earth is thine and mine!
There is the true man's birthplace grand,
His is a world-wide fatherland!”

—By JAMES R. LOWELL in *The Fatherland*.

* * *

“One gun loaded with an idea is more fatal than the muskets of a whole regiment. A bullet kills a tyrant, but an idea kills tyranny. What chance have a thousand men fighting for six-pence a day against a hundred fighting for life and liberty, for home and native land?”

—G. W. CURTIS.

* * *

We of America, the beautiful birthplace and home of liberty and democracy, dedicated to the lofty principles upon which this splendid, free nation was founded, today consecrated to the noble work of giving to the whole, vast world, the same privileges which we enjoy, must feel surprised to find that the fine views we now entertain, were expressed at different times, in different ways, by two pre eminent men. James Russell Lowell coincides remarkably with President Wilson's recent utterances, when he speaks of the slave. It is our glorious birthright as citizens of the “world-wide fatherland,” to help a slave, the German people, see the light of Liberty's torch, that is sending its won-

derful rays throughout the world. G. W. Curtis, although he spoke at a time when we were at war with England, voiced an idea that holds today. That snake, Prussianism, with its deadly head, the Kaiser, must be so crushed out of existence that never again will tyranny dare to cry, “Havoc!” and then proceed to murder and burn. The hirelings of Wilhelm have the Liberty Boys to contend with. The “Last of the Kaisers” boasts of his April offensive. God grant our boys and our allies, strength to resist the advance of those disciples of Von Tirpitz and Hindenburg, disgraces to all Germans of the better class, and sweep them on to Berlin, Victory and Peace!

“Freedom's battle once begun
Bequeathed by bleeding sire to son,
Though baffled oft is ever won.”

—BYRON.

* * *

Here is another welcome letter from Harrison Chase. While doing his bit “Over There,” Sgt. Chase has not forgotten the old Latin School:

IN the three months in which I have been in France I have had ample opportunity to study the customs and manners of the French people.

From the moment I landed I have been impressed by their love of color. The sails of their vessels are red or green, their locomotives and tugs are plentifully daubed with red paint, and the roofs of the houses are usually red. But there is very little gaudiness as to dress. Throughout the country the people wear black, sombre clothes. The color of their clothing seems to indicate the feeling in their hearts. In Paris I saw a few bright colors, but the prevailing color is black.

The houses of France are usually stone with red tiles on the roofs. It is impossible for one who has lived in an American city to realize how on earth the people can possibly live.

Their tools and farming implements are absolutely crude, and remind one of the Stone Age. One can find bellows and warming pans in almost any house, and in one house I saw hoes and rakes that have been in use for over one hundred years. They have fairly good buck-saws, but axes and hatchets are "*pas bons*."

I haven't seen any tools that a self-respecting American carpenter would call his own.

The French methods of travel seem very much inferior to those at home. They tell a story of some American Railroad Engineers who took some French locomotives and by getting them to run at a speed of forty-five miles per hour, scared the life out of the people and surprised the French engineers. I have travelled nearly a thousand miles since I have been in the country, and the only time we approached such a rate of speed was going down a hill. I have traveled by all three classes, and I fully believe that a common passenger coach

of the American type is better and more comfortable than the French compartment of the first class. They have a very pretty little car with the sign:

36 HOMMES.

8 (EN LONS) CHEVAUX.

on the side, in which they delight to transport certain people. In America we call them box cars. They are about the size of a soap box.

It seemed to me that every car in France must have a flat wheel, but I am told it is because the joints in the rails are opposite one another and not as in the States.

I have seen very few street cars here, although Paris has many. I must admit that in that city is one of the finest subway systems I have ever seen. As yet I have traveled in nothing in the States that can compare with "*Le Metra*."

Most of the country people have cattle and poultry, but they are content to let the cows and hens meander at will through the house. The animals must have delicate tastes for they seem to prefer the parlor to any other place. I am accustomed to seeing three or four cows, a flock of hens and ducks, and a few sheep waltz merrily out of some farmer's front door.

And speaking of doors reminds me that French locks must be turned in exactly the opposite direction to which we turn them in the States. It requires the aid of a team of horses to carry one of their keys.

But after all is said and done France is only in the rut in which are all the countries of the old world. Her saving grace is her monuments and traditions.

It would be impossible to describe the beauty of her works of art, and history tells of her traditions far better than I could hope to.

And after all, France deserves all the

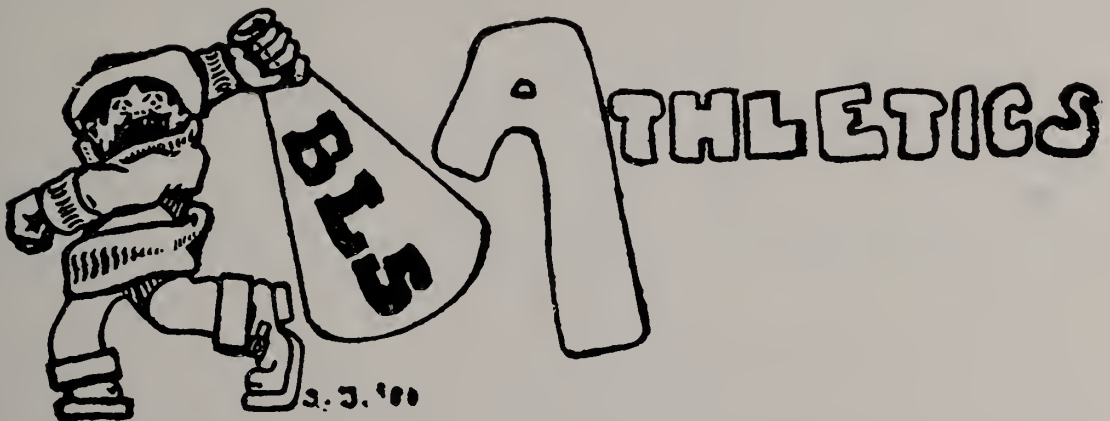
praise and honor in the world for what she has done. Handicapped by all her crude methods, she has turned the tidal wave of the Boche advance into a ripple on the ocean.

Germany thought she could advance through Belgium and France straight

to Paris, but she met the unconquerable French spirit that has preserved France through generations. She has met that barrier and is wavering and defeated.

The Spirit of Jeanne D'Arc is leading France and civilization to eternal life!

H. G. O. C.



ANDOVER 3, LATIN SCHOOL 1.

ON January 24, the team journeyed to Andover and there played the Phillips Andover team. Good teamwork enabled the Andover team to defeat our boys. Latin School played a fine game, and its defence was clever. Good stickwork by Adams gave Andover two goals in the first half, and Captain Dodd made the third. Hurwitz, after a hot scrimmage in front of Andover's goal sent the puck in, for Latin's only goal. Adams and Dodd played well for Andover, and Hurwitz, Quinn, Ryan, and Maguire furnished some clever work for Latin.

The lineup and summary:

<i>Andover</i>	<i>Boston Latin</i>
Adams (Darling), l. w.	r. w., Hurwitz
	(Otis)
Dodd, c.	c. Ryan
Flanders (Thomas), r.	r. Maguire
Temple (Chittick), r. w.	l. w., Quinn
Kohn, c. p.	c. p., Kyle
Wilson, p.	p., Otis (Hurwitz)
Davis, g.	g., Maloney (Dudley)

Score—Andover 3, Latin 1. Goals—Adams 2, Dodd, Hurwitz.

* * *

STONE SCHOOL 0, LATIN SCHOOL 1

In a well played game at the Boston Arena, Latin School won its first game of the season by defeating Stone School. Ryan's "pep" was the main factor in the victory. He played a slashing, clever game at rover. Corcoran, a former Latin School boy, captained the Stone seven and played a fine game. Captain Corcoran, Landy, and Richardson excelled for Stone, while Ryan, Hurwitz, Maguire and Kyle played well for Latin School.

<i>Stone School</i>	<i>Boston Latin</i>
Sutterson, l. w.	r. w., Hurwitz
Landy, c.	c., Doherty
Corcoran, r.	c. Ryan, r.
Sherbrooke, r. w.	l. w. Kelliher
Allen, c. p.	c. p., Maguire
Carter, p.	p., Kyle
Richardson, g.	g., Kennedy

Score—Latin School 1. Stone School 0. Goal—Ryan.

14 *Latin School Register*

ST. JOHN'S PREP 7, LATIN 2.

In a fast hockey game at Danvers, St. John's Prep with its four Canadians players in its lineup, easily defeated Latin School. Dupont, Chandonet, and the Oulette brothers excelled for St. John's and Ryan, Maguire, Kennedy and Doherty played well for Latin.

The lineup and summary:

St. John's Prep. *Latin School*

Ray (Montjean), l. w. r. w. Hurwitz
Dupont, c. c. Ryan
Chandonet, r. r. Maguire
Cleary, r. w. l. w. Doherty (Kelliher)
A. Oulette, p. c. p. Kennedy
L. Oulette (MacDonald), c. p. . . . p. Kyle
LeRoy, g. g. , Dudley

Score—St. John's 7, Latin School 2.
Goals—Dupont 3, Ray 2, Chandonet 2, Ryan, Maguire.

* * *

TRACK.

The track team is going along at full swing now. Captain Earl Dudley was forced to postpone the meets scheduled for February on account of the fuel shortage. Though practice has been irregular, nevertheless, the school hopes to put out one of the best teams that ever represented it. We need Juniors and Intermediates; so come out, EVERYBODY. Show your SPIRIT. Let Latin School put out a team of which she will be proud. Captain Dudley and Coach O'Brien are doing their share. Do your's NOW. Track exercise is one of the best muscle developers there is. Come out and get the benefit.

* * *

Francis Ryan of Class I, has been chosen manager of the track team, and

Sherman Mittell of Class II, assistant manager.

* * *

CREW.

Now that the school has held the handsome A. Paul Keith Trophy, won by the 1917 crew at the B. A. A. Regatta last May, for one year, it is for *us* to gain a second leg on the trophy and hold it for another year. This trophy is to be the permanent possession of the school winning it three times. As it stands now, Latin School, Brookline High School, and Rindge Technical School have each one leg on it. The school owns a speedy four-oared shell and has also the use of another of the same calibre. The crews row from the B. A. A. boat house, which is conveniently situated on the Charles River. The facilities are ideal for training, and the Charles furnishes the best course in New England. The school will be represented this year by two four-oared crews and an eight. The eight will row against Noble and Greenough School, Stone School, and Brown and Nichols School. Practice races may be arranged with the Harvard Freshman and Technology crews. Mr. Campbell plans to match the first four-oared crew against the strongest "prep"-school crews in New England. Invitations have been received to row Exeter, Groton, and Choate. Crew takes less of a fellow's time than any other sport, only three days a week being required. There are five vacancies to be filled amongst the oarsmen, and there is not a coxswain left from last year. Let every fellow who loves outdoor exercise, and especially exercise on the water, help Captain Otis gain a second leg on our trophy.

S. F. M., '19.



The official at the income tax bureau, administering the oath to man filing returns: "Hold up your right hand."

Victim: "Huh! I thought this was the place they made you hold up both hands!"

* * *

Tham: (after the sounds of a strenuous pursuit following a raid on a hen-house have died away.) "Say! Wasn't dat some run!"

Bo: "You just bet!"

Tham: "Did you notice the graveyard on our right?"

Bo: "Graveyard! Why, man, them was *milestones*!"

* * *

He paused. From behind the door came the sound of voices. He listened. --- "Go ahead and shoot!"

"Do yuh really want me to?"

"Ah, cut the comedy! Go ahead and shoot, if yuh want to!"

"Yuh might as well come across with the money now. You're a goner!"

"I don't care! Yuh've got to shoot away before yuh'll get anything from me!"

"Oh, what's the use! Yuh can save me some trouble if yuh hand over the kale now."

"Well, yuh won't get it! Shoot and be darned!"

The man outside, horrified, burst into the room—as the young man inside deftly shot the pool-ball into the corner pocket and collected on his wager.

* * *

"Waw!" The five year old went down the street tearfully.

"Waw!" The kind-hearted gentleman walked over and asked:

"Why, what's the trouble, my child?"

"Waw! My mother told me to get a colander and the man gave me one that's all full of holes!"

* * *

She: "Do you believe in signs?"

He: "Well, I don't know, but last week the five-alarm bell rang three times while Brown's funeral services were being delivered."

* * *

"Blinks says that when he was young he was the architect of his own fortune."

"Didn't they have any building inspectors in those days?"

As the Lackawanna train left Hoboken, a little woman tugged at a window, trying to open it.

Beside her sat a burly man, looking upon her efforts with indifference.

Said a young minister across the aisle:

"Shame on you, sir, to sit there and let that little woman raise that window —"

"She can't— don't worry," responded the burly man.

Even as he spoke the train plunged into the smoke and gas of the tunnel.

* * *

Mrs. Newed (to her husband)—" I cook and cook and cook for you, and what do I get for it? Nothing!"

Mr. Newed—"You're lucky. I always get indigestion!"

* * *

"Pop, what's a monologue?"

"A monologue is a conversation between husband and wife."

"I thought that was a dialogue?"

"No; a dialogue is where two persons are speaking."

* * *

Mrs. Thompson had no use for cats. With a frown of disapproval, she watched her daughter caress a beautiful tiger-kitten. At last she spoke her mind.

"Mabel, you've kissed that cat more in half an hour than you ever did me in your life."

"Why, yes, mother," replied Mabel with a fond look at her pet; "but, you know, you haven't any whiskers."

* * *

First Spirit—"Well, how do you like the place? I used to be a reporter on earth, and—"

Second Spirit—"Gosh, then I've come to the wrong place. I thought this was heaven."

* * *

The full moon flooded the porch with shafts of steel-blue rays. It was late, but he showed no signs of departing.

"It has been said," he remarked dreamily "that the moon is dead."

"Is that any reason," she inquired with a yawn, "why we should sit up with the corpse?"

* * *

Mrs. Farmer: "Here, my poor man, are some cold sausages."

Weary Willie: "Excuse me, mum, but doesn't the sign say, 'Beware of the dog'?"

* * *

"Chauncey said that I was the only girl he had ever loved."

"Doesn't he say it beautifully, dear?"

* * *

"Hones', Boss, Ah ain't done nary thing. Naw, sah."

"Well, you must have said something then."

"Ah aint say nothin' an' Ah ain't done nothin'. Ah was jes' walkin' 'long singin' 'Ireland must be Heaven,' for my mother came from there," and 'long come somethin' and hit me side de head. When I woke up this here officer done got me."

* * *

Kind Lady: "Poor man, and are you married?"

Hobo: "Pardon me, madam! Do you think I'd be relyin' on total strangers for support if I had a wife?"



COMMENTS FROM ALUMNI ON FEBRUARY ISSUE

Mr. F. H. Viaux writes, "Thank you very much for the *Register*. It is a credit to you and the School. Its typographical appearance could hardly be improved."

Mr. E. M. Hartwell writes, "I beg to express my appreciation of the form and substance of the Alumni Number. I am very glad to have the picture of Messrs Richardson, Chadwick, and Groce. Mr. Richardson and Mr. Chadwick were old friends of mine and colleagues when I was an usher in the Latin School. Mr. Chadwick was an instructor when I was a boy in the Latin School in 1869, and when I entered Amherst College in that year, I came under the instruction of Mr. Richardson as tutor in mathematics."

Mr. G. U. Crocker says, "I like your paper, because it shows that the old school is holding fast to its traditions."

SCHOOL NOTES *(Continued from page 10)*

When one enters one of the study halls these days, he is greeted with some atmospheric disturbance that sounds like a Chinaman trying to speak his written language to a Persian-Roman-Egyptian who understands only Greek. If anyone bet the best linguist in this wide world that he could not make out what was going on, he would be committing highway robbery. The linguist would lose before he started. When a boy, trying to think of some tricky French form, hears a fellow-victim across the room, translating Greek, shout, "By the immortal gods, not I will fix the carburetor," who can blame him for starting to rave in Latin? There is just one. He is the God of Tests, the one who causes those "*nuit blanches*," His Honor, Teacher. All will attest that his measures are effective. Then the suggestion is made that it will be much more pleasant when we can return to our *dear* home-rooms! Ah, the plot thickens! (Cicero's "*Catiline*.") We have driven the conspirators from secret treachery to open brigandage. —They wish to subject us, "over here," to the fierce, blood-thirsty thing they are using "over there,"—Greek fire (liquid fire.) Better open martyrdom

than secret annihilation! Ah, we crave the honor of "flunking" in the presence of our school-mates—misery likes company! Hide, O King Coal, never show thy dirty face again! How can we ever "skip" our beloved Latin, Greek, or Math. if we have to submit again to loving teacher's eagle eye? Somebody said, "We'll have to grin and bear the inconvenience. It's war-time." Inconvenience indeed! Another helping of this kind of dessert, please!

* * *

And there are some fellows, we fear, who are praying that we shall not lose the April vacation. Let them pray. It's good exercise for them.

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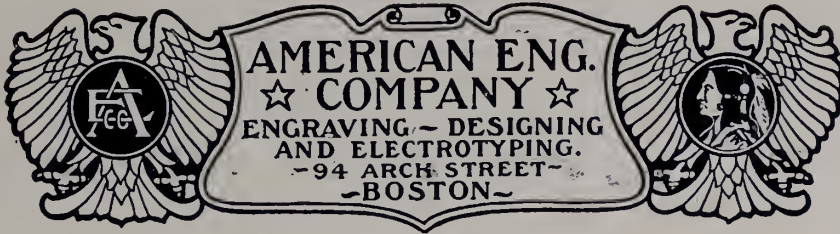
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Latin School Register

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VOLUME XXXVII

NUMBER 7

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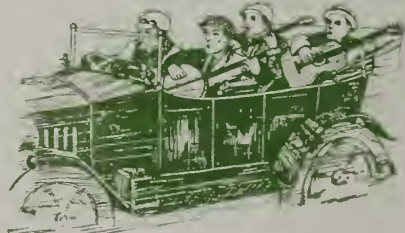


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LATIN SCHOOL REGISTER

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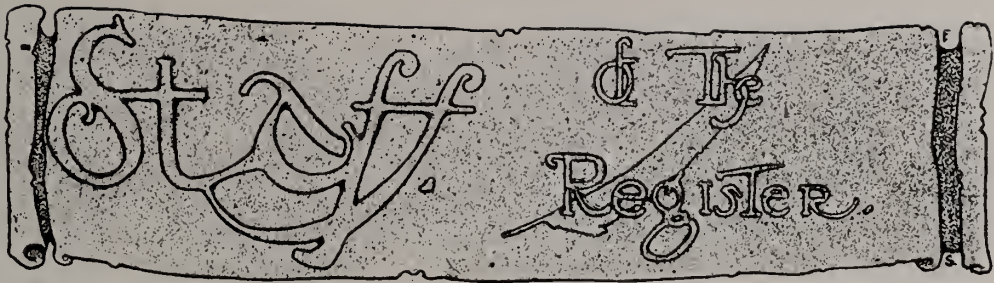
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VOLUME XXXVII. No. 7

APRIL, 1918

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Published by the STUDENTS OF THE BOSTON LATIN SCHOOL. Warren Ave., Boston

Entered at the Boston Post Office as second-class mail matter.

THE GOLDEN GOAL

"A H," says he, when he reads those words, "here is some more of that uninteresting theory on what I ought to do and am not doing, what I ought to be and am not. This 'coke' on being ideal gets my goat."

These will be the first thoughts that enter the heads of those of my unlucky fellow students who are always asked to "come and see me in the morning," and who are always pestered at home by sister or mother or father with a "You should study to-night, Edwin; you know this makes four nights in succession you have been out." To these, if such there be, we have only this to say, if you haven't got an ideal, what are you living for? Without a

goal you are wasting your time on this world—but what is that Golden Goal?

The Golden Goal of youth is to be physically, intellectually, and spiritually as nearly perfect as we can be. Only with God's help can we do this. Has He done His share? Yes! Hasn't He given us our bodies, a mind, and a soul? He has done more. He has given us opportunities. Physical opportunities are everywhere; you have only to grasp them. Schools, newspapers, and periodicals educate us intellectually, and our homes should give us the proper spiritual training.

Are you physically efficient? What are you doing to prepare yourself bodily for your struggle and mission in the world? School athletics offer one of the

best opportunities for development, but there are many boys whose parents object to athletics because of the hard training and strenuous nature of team games, and the time that it takes in practice. Then too, the larger majority of us do not feel proficient enough to become candidates. We have a fine chance to help ourselves and our country by farming.

There is nothing in all the United States that can help a young man more than farming. It would *not* be a loss, in fact it would be a distinct gain, to leave books and studies at the close of our High School course and spend a year on a good farm with a real farmer for a boss, working side by side with the farm hands. We all want to do our part in this great struggle for democracy, but we are not going to leave school to do it because our part is to stay in school and make the most of our studies. President Wilson urges us to complete our education. Fellows, don't quit school to be a *follower*. You have chosen the Latin School to make yourself a *leader*, and she will start you on the right track. Your leadership a few years hence will be worth many times as much to your country as your fighting services can be worth now.

However, don't read thus far and come to the conclusion that you are all right. If this is as far as you have gone, you are *not* all right. Your government is looking to you in this her time of need. What does she want? America, the boys in the army and navy, and our brother allies fighting with us against this foreign cur, demand our patriotic and unselfish services. All of the boys "over there" have to depend on us for their food. Their going has left vacancies, and who is there to fill them?

"Oh, yes," says John, "I am doing my share. I know a fellow in an office

in town who is going to camp the first of June and I am going to take his place in the office. It is a soft job, connected with the pearl button factory on Bickford Street. I know the boss and several other young men down there; so I guess I won't miss much. Pretty easy, heh?"

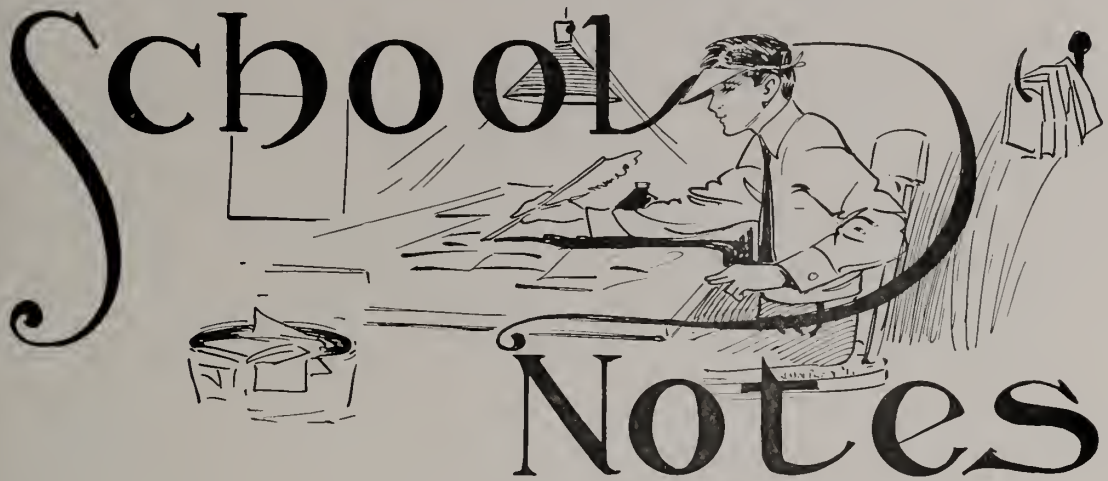
Why don't they shut down the fancy button factory and let the employees work in the ship yards or arsenals? Wouldn't they get as much money? I'll bet they would. Uncle Sam knows how to reward labor. What does anybody need pearl buttons for in a time of crisis like this? If you don't buy this sort of thing they won't make them. The trouble with those men is simply that most of them are afraid to get out and *work* and do something that is really good for something.

Are you going to stick with John, dolled up in a down town office, holding down a cushion chair, or are you going out to do your share like a man and patriotically assume your trust in this princely struggle for right?

Perhaps one of the first reasons which you offer why you are not going to the farm this summer is the old financial talk that you can make more money in the city. We won't deny you this. You do make more hard cash. Did you ever stop to think that you are living on your father when you stay at home? Subtract from your weekly wages the price of good board and a room, then see how much you have left.

What if you don't make quite as much on the farm, can't you afford to sacrifice a little when your older brothers are giving their all? It is costing every man, woman, and child in England one dollar a day for the war. They are building ships day and night; but what good are ships if there is no food to be

Continued on page 22



WITH the cooperation of President Ryan and of the Class Committee, the *Register Staff* is planning this year to produce a Graduation Number that will be a real souvenir, something you will want to keep and cherish as a memento of true worth. As usual, pictures of the various athletic teams and associations will be included, as well as the customary Class History, and editorials suitable to the Graduation issue.

Now, this is where we want *your* assistance. The June issue of the *Register*, in addition to being a fine all-round number, is to be a sort of Class Book,—not a Year Book; that would be far too expensive,—but a 1918 Class Book, which will contain the picture of each member of the Graduating Class. By special arrangement with the photographer, the expense will not be appalling; but we need *your* cooperation. A voluntary subscription of five or ten cents from each member of the Class will make our plan a success. Will you help?

It would be of great assistance if some of our friends who have contributed unpublished MSS. to the *Register* would call at the Sanctum and

claim their work. In many cases stories and articles remain unpublished merely because the writer has disregarded some simple mechanical rule. *All MSS. must be written on one side only of the paper.*

* * *

The Class Dance will be held this year at the Allston Chateau, on the evening of April 19. If the affair is conducted with the smoothness and consideration characteristic of Messrs. Ryan and Dudley's management, we predict a success, socially and financially.

* * *

THE American schoolboy should assume a more serious attitude than that which existed before. He must realize that there is a momentous struggle going on now in the world which concerns every civilized nation. He should keep his eyes and ears open all the time and read the newspapers to his utmost, for there he finds the current events which will affect the world eventually. In order to become acquainted with the topics and vital issues of the day he should at least read a good article in a magazine, which may be secured at any public library. The

United States is engaged in the world's greatest war, and is daily drawing the the flower of her men for military purposes. There may be as a result many jobs for a boy, and the temptation is great for him to leave school and take up those which promise the best financial rewards. Let him remember that by leaving school he is becoming a *hindrance, not a help*, to his country. The government wishes each boy to receive an adequate education, and we should always keep in mind the fact that the more educated men a nation has, the more progressive she becomes, and progress is necessary to the welfare of a nation; else she is in a bad state. This war has shown that an educated man will execute orders much more successfully and effectively than an uneducated man, for he has learned the value of doing a thing in a way which is most logical and in a way which will bring the best results. He has also learned by experience the value of cooperation. There are many ways in which the schoolboy, especially we high school boys, may be of help to the government. The present slogan seems to be "Food will win the war," and "Let supply exceed demand." There is no better way of securing food than in Nature's own, and we boys can be of immense help to the country in its present crisis by enlisting in the farm service. Let us by no means be influenced to give up school and our education by the mere thought of securing a few dollars a week, for by continuing our education we can rely on it later for a position in life, and we can also help the government by becoming grade A citizens.

There should be more of the "take it and bear it" spirit among us, fully realizing the fact that grumbling and criticising will not help us defeat the

Hun, and we should cooperate and do everything in our ability to lighten the burden and help our boys "over there."

Dr. Stephen Wise expressed himself the other day at the Brookline Forum, that this is not a war but—*The War for Democracy*, and truly it is! Since our great President has stated again and again our war aims, a wave of patriotism has swept the country. Surely the selective draft law is now an unnecessary thing. The issues seem to be more clarified now than before. If there were any slackers a few months ago, there can be no slacker now. The twentieth century Nero, by his last act at the Brest-Letovsk drama, gave notice to the world that he is out to conquer the world. He seems to deal most cruelly with free peoples. Therefore we must sound our warning to every free people of the earth. Follow us, let us raise our voice from the mountain tops, from our schools and colleges.

* * *

Ensign Francis Manning Stanwood, Jr., U. S. N., of the class of 1893, is on duty in the Bureau of Communications, Navy Department, Washington, D. C.

* * *

Walter B. Alcock, '08, has been promoted from captain to major. At present he is stationed at Camp Johnston, Florida.

* * *

Major Frederick G. Bauer, whose interesting address greatly enlivened our Alumni Number, recently spoke to the Northeastern College School of Law at Bates Hall, in the Y. M. C. A. Building.

* * *

There is no better place on God's earth to put any extra quarters you may have than in Uncle Sam's Treasury. When you have saved a quarter by coöperating

Continued on page 16



Somewhere in France.

Jan. 14, 1918.

My Dear Friend:

YOU can hardly imagine what your letter meant to me. And the picture of the dear old school, the "Register," all brings such happy thoughts to me.

I am so glad to hear that at last we, for I feel myself one, will get a new building in the Fenway. But the very dirt of the old walls on Dartmouth Street will ever have a peculiar meaning to me.

I suppose you'd like to know just what's going on over here, but the censor refuses to let you know, so I need not try to "crib" it through; I know you'd never want me to, and you it is who taught me why, the real reason why I shouldn't.

But I may truly say that we're in it to make good, and we will. Of course we expect a lot of coöperation from the folks at home, and especially from the High School boys who, if need be, must take our place.

It may seem strange to the boys, but I really think that the best way for them to prepare is by plugging all the harder on Latin and Greek, as well as faithfully practicing military drill.

The good old drill of the school has stood me in good stead, but the studies

of the dear old school, and especially the spirit of the Latin School, have made me capable of standing much.

I am very anxious to know all about what goes on at school, and just how the boys are doing.

I was sorry to hear of the football defeat, but in the greatest things, I know the dear old school will always be victorious.

Let me thank you again for the gifts, and let me ask you to write whenever you can. I am sorry that I cannot write oftener, but you will understand why. Please remember me to my old teachers, and to Mr. Pennypacker. With my best wishes to you and to the school, I am

Your sincere friend,

RALPH H. LASSER.

V. J. Mullowski.

2nd. Lt. 101st. Engrs.

* * *

FOLLOWING is another letter from Arthur Sidney Laird:

Shoreham-by-Sea,
September 16, '17.

Dear Dad:

The days are getting very much shorter, but we are still having pretty good weather. The time changes tonight when we go back to natural time. This will give us an hour's extra sleep tonight.

About the hardest thing I have to do is getting out of bed in the morning.

If we keep on having such fine Saturdays as yesterday, I will be able to see a good deal of this part of Sussex. We are having very enjoyable times visiting ruined castles and historic points within our range.

Yesterday, four of us walked to Steyning, a town about five miles from Shoreham. (N. N. W.)

We struck out across the "downs," as they call these rolling hills, as soon as we finished lunch. We struck a main road about two miles out. The mile-stones measure the distance from London, the first one we saw being 54th.

This road is lined with hedges mostly Hawthorn and covered with Blackberry vines. This is the blackberry season; so of course our progress was not fast. I took some snaps along the route which I will send you as soon as I receive them. I am also sending you a little hand-book of Shoreham and Southwick districts with a map that shows the roads pretty well. Bramber was our first "interest point."

It is a quaint little village with lots of tea rooms and a long history. A little pamphlet (4d) bought at the gate to the castle grounds will give you some of this. There is a little museum, "a

curiosity in taxidermy," which was rather interesting. Dozens of small kittens, rabbits, birds, etc., are posed in various tableaux: "The Death of Cock Robin," "a wedding," "hunting scenes and others." These as well as freaks.

There isn't much left of the castle, but the walls can be traced. It dates from Roman times and guarded the valley of the Adier. We had our tea in one of the numerous gardens, for the village seems to live mostly on its visitors.

Seyning was the next place we passed through. It is something like Crowborough with its old cottages and winding streets. Streets in these English towns are usually narrow. This town had room for a two-foot one on one side.

We were going to Winstore House, but as it was getting dark and one of us had no pass we turned back.

We are already planning other trips; Henfield, Washington and other villages are places we have yet to see. It certainly was not fair to judge Sussex by Crowborough. Saturday before last, I rode to Brighton and back, had supper and was off to Worthing. With a bicycle and these roads you can have plenty of fun.

It is getting rather late; so I will have to stop.

ARTHUR.

"Now, if you have it in your head," said the professor, who had explained a theory to his students, "you have it all in a nutshell."

* * *

Sub Editor—Our war correspondent has cabled us 10,000 words.

Editor—Great! That fellow ought to get more pay.

Sub-Editor—Yes, that's what the cable is about.

Pride of Fifth Avenue: "Have you read the story of Ruth and Naomi?"

The Broadway One: "No. What did the paper say?"

* * *

Le Soldat Americain: "What are 'trousers' in French?"

Le Soldat Anglais: "Things you wear to cover your legs, old man, just the same as they are in the U. S. A."



THE REGIMENTAL MEET.

AT the tenth annual Regimental Meet held at the East Armory Saturday, March 9, the Latin School track team made an admirable showing under the circumstances, finishing third, with twenty seven points. The team captained by Earl S. Dudley entered one of the best senior divisions in years. Those who starred among the seniors were Capt. Dudley, who took first place in the 1000 for the second year, and Maguire, who ran a fine race and finished second. Wing and Malley also come in for some praise, finishing second and third respectively in the hurdles. Both Wing and Dudley go down as two of the best track stars that have ever represented the school in that branch of sport. Kennedy, who finished fourth in the 300, disappointed us, for he had previously won his heat, and it was only after a game contest that he was forced to come in fourth. Nolan, the wonderful East Boston runner who won this event after a remarkable dash at the tape was followed in turn by Machia and Colvin. Kennedy was third on the stretch but Colvin by a burst of speed at the finish passed him. In the 1000, Latin School secured 9 out of 11 points, Dudley first, Maguire second, and Healy fourth. In the relay race with English High, Machia in

one of the best races of the day just nosed out Wing at the tape and enabled English to win. The Latin team had led all the way after some *fine* runs by Merril, Kennedy, and Dudley. We congratulate Machia for his wonderful run.

In the Intermediate division we discovered two "dark horses" in Reynolds and Taimor. Reynolds unexpectedly came out winner from a large field of contestants in the high jump. He is in his first year and we prophesy that he will be heard from in the future. Taimor secured third place in the dash and, as this was his first year as intermediate, he did well. He also captured fourth place in the broad jump and altogether had a very successful day. We were sorry to see Lombard nosed out of a place.

Our Juniors were below the calibre of former years; nevertheless, they did well. Rogers came in close second in the dash to Miller of English High. Nordberg finishing fourth in the 100-yard run. The big surprise was the defeat of English and Dorchester by our Junior relay, which also made the fastest time of the day.

The track season was very successful. A leader for 1919 will soon be chosen.

It is with a great deal of pleasure

we notice that Francis Ryan has been elected President of the Interscholastic Rowing Association. Ryan already has the reputation of being one of the best athletes and the most popular fellow in school. He has added another to his well earned laurels. We give our heartiest congratulations to him.

* * *

BASEBALL.

Already the great American game is occupying our attention, and the crack of the bat may be heard on the sand lots, in the cantonments, and behind the trenches in Sunny France.

Within a few days Capt. Malley and his candidates will board a City Point Special headed South, where Coach O'Brien will put them through their spring training at McNary Park. It is about time that Latin School made a representative showing on the diamond. For the last few years the team has been but fair. This year it is possible for Latin School to boast a consistent winner, if all the baseball talent of the school turns out. There are many fellows in the school who have baseball ability, but never show it. Look for an opportunity to show it. Is it that the Latin School boys of today are too timid to report for a team? No. The truth is that there is an absolute lack of school spirit. But four veterans remain from last years' nine. Capt. Malley, Ex. Capt. Maguire, one of the best baseball players in the school ranks today, D'Amelio, and Kennedy. Are you going to do your part to put us on a level with the other schools? Rouse up, fellows, and let this spring be noted for regeneration of the *Latin School Spirit*.

Manager McClellan has arranged the following schedule:

- April 13. Milton Academy at Milton.
- 16. Brighton High at Brighton.
- 19. Newton High at Newton
- 24. Cambridge Latin at Cambridge.
- 27. St. Georges at Newport.
- May 2. Brookline High at Brookline.
- 4. Groton at Groton.
- 7. Boston College High at Boston.
- 11. Wellesley at Wellesley.
- 15. M. A. H. O. at Boston.
- 18. Thayer Academy at Braintree.
- 22. Middlesex at Concord.
- 24. Dorchester at Dorchester.
- June 4. English High at Boston.

* * *

CREW.

When the Latin School crew crossed the finish line in the finals of the B. O. R. A. Regatta last May, a winner by half a length of open water over Rindge Tech, a new page was turned in the History of Boston School Boy Rowing, a page upon which it is hoped the deeds of this year's crew will also be written.

The Keith Trophy now reposes in the Latin School Library, and the Championship is held for the first time in the history of the Association by a Boston crew. To retain possession of the trophy, however, will require superhuman efforts on our part this year, for many of the other schools boast veteran crews. Capt. Ed Otis, who pulled No. 2 oar, and Frank Ryan, the star stroke, and Captain of last year's victorious crew, are the only veterans that can be relied upon. It is hoped that Cronin may recover from his illness in time to be of service. This year's crew must depend almost entirely on green men, and every boy who weighs 140 lbs. or over, has a chance to gain a seat in one of the boats. The boys of the lower classes who are under 110 lbs. are urged to compete for the coxswains seat. Let's all pull together and get a second leg on that trophy. A three cornered race will be held on the Charles between Huntington, Boston Latin, and Exeter.

S. F. M. '19



She frowned on him and called him Mr.
Because in fun he merely kr.

And then in spite,
The following night,
The naughtv Mr. kr. sr.
* * *

Rookie to Capt. Feeley at the rifle
range: "And is it true, Captain Feeley,
that the harder you pull the trigger, the
farther the bullet will go?"
* * *

"I say, Flossie, how much does the
sub-way?"

"Well, I'll bite, Aubrey. How
much?"

"Why, two ton."

"How is that?"

"Up-town and down-town."
* * *

A wisp of smoke broke out from be-
hind the curtain, followed by a little
tongue of flame. Someone in the crowd-
ed theater shouted "Fire!" and immedi-
ately there was a panic. An actor
stepped out on the stage and shouted
over the noise: . . .

"Ladies and gentlemen, if you will
remain quiet, nothing will happen.
There is no danger!"

For a moment the noise stopped,
then redoubled. Then the actor, out
of patience, cried:

"Ladies and gentlemen, do you think
if there were any danger that I'd be
here?"

The panic collapsed.
* * *

Patient: As we have known each
other so long, I do not intend to insult
you by paying your bill; but I have left
you a handsome legacy in my will.

Physician: Very kind of you, I am
sure. Allow me to look at that pre-
scription again. There is a slight alter-
ation I should like to make in it.
* * *

Pa: Tommy, I am not at all pleased
with the report your mother gives of
your conduct today.

Tommy: I knew you wouldn't be,
and I told her so, but she went right
ahead and made the report. Just like
a woman, ain't it?
* * *

He: I certainly have cobwebs in
my brain.

She: Why don't you try a vacuum
cleaner?

"I hear your mother-in-law died recently."

"Yes, she did."

"Well, it's hard to lose a mother-in-law."

"Hard! It's almost impossible."

* * *

"In vain—in vain!" cried the young man distractedly. His hair fell in long wisps about his brows, and his countenance was deathly white.

The crowd pressed close.

"In vain—in vain!" he cried again, wringing his hands and gnashing his teeth.

"What?" cried the curious crowd. "What is in vain?"

"The letter 'v'," he cried.

Aubrey: "Aw, that buttermilk was very nice, my dear. What payment do you expect for it?"

Farmer's Daughter: "Nothing, sir. We always feed it to the pigs."

* * *

A well known Somerville woman, who has been selling some of her household goods preparatory to breaking up housekeeping, has had some experiences which might compare favorably with a country auction. A large picture of the famous Colosseum in Rome which she wished to dispose of, was viewed one day by an old woman, somewhat robust and with quite a brogue who remarked: "That is a fine picture of the Chelsea fire."

SCHOOL NOTES *(Continued from page 10)*

with the Food Administration and denied yourself that show, or soda, or what-not, let it work for yourself and America. Buy Thrift Stamps Today!

* * *

John Quinn, quarterback on this year's football team and member of the hockey team for two years, has left school for Andover Academy, accompanied by John Kennedy, former members of the track and football teams. We wish them both the best of luck.

* * *

Claudius Webster of Class III, has joined the National Service. He was a member of the track team and the crew.

* * *

We all must take just pride in the fact that Latin School was so greatly honored when a large number of her sons received scholarships at Harvard College for the academic year 1917-18. There are

three groups of scholarship holders. The first consists of those undergraduates whose work in the preceding college year entitles them to "very high academic distinction." Each student's fitness for admission to this group has been previously determined by careful inspection of his work for the preceding year and the submission of the question of his fitness to every one of his teachers.

The second group is made up of students of marked excellence who have not attained a position in the first group. The third group consists of students to whom scholarships have been awarded on grounds of special claim.

* * *

John Harvard scholarships carry no stipend, they are given only to students deemed worthy of a place in the first group. Harvard College scholarships likewise carry no stipend; they are awarded to students deemed worthy of a position in the second group.

GROUP I.

John Joseph Brooks, '18, East Boston.
John Harvard.

William Allen Denker, '20, Dorchester.
Mathews.

Thomas Harold Greenberg, '19, Dor-
chester. Price Greenleaf.

Arthur William Marget, '20. Rox-
bury.

Harold Theodore Tisdale, '19, Allston.
Nathaniel Ropes, Jr.

GROUP II.

Aaron Solomon Aronson, '20, Boston.
C. L. Jones.

Richard Merriam Baker, '18, Water-
town. Harvard College.

Sidney Meyer Bergman, '20. Rox-
bury. Clement Harlow Condell.

David Berman, '20, Roxbury. Bow-
ditch.

Robert Pierce Casey, '19, Dorchester.
Matthews.

Horace Marsh Chadsey, '18, Roxbury.
Bowditch.

Albert Francis Cummings, '19, Dor-
chester. Bright.

Herman Dana, '18, Brighton. Har-
vard College.

William Norman Elton, '20, Dor-
chester. Selwyn Lewis Harding.

William Charles Guay, '18, Lynn.
Harvard College.

Myer Israel, '18, Dorchester. C. L.
Jones.

Josiah Manuel Langenthal, '19, East
Boston. Matthews.

Joseph Barin Nathan, '20, Brookline.
Harvard College.

Russell Lee Potter, '20, Dorchester.
Markoe.

Saul Yesner, '19, Dorchester. George
Fisher and Elizabeth Huntington Fisher.

GROUP III.

Carl Arthur Benander, '21, Boston.
Harvard Club of Boston.

Stillman Roberts Dunham, Jr., '19,
Allston. Burr.

Henry Norwell, MacIntyre, '18,
Brighton. Joseph Eveleth.

Ernest Harry Robinson, '20, Roxbury.
Bassett.

Bennett Solomon, '19, Roxbury. Sales.
Henry Wise, '18, Boston. Class of
1814.

* * *

Elliott Mansfield Grant, oc C., Rox-
bury, is found in the list of under-
graduates not registered in the College
in the year 1917-18 whose record for the
previous year would have won him a
Group II. scholarship.

* * *

Robert Levenson, '13, assistant editor
of the *Register* while at school, as well
as athlete, prize speaker and bugler,
has recently written one of the most
charming war-songs yet written. Mr.
Levenson is co-author of the song,
"Belgian Rose," recently published in
the *Sunday Post*. He has introduced
a distinct interpolation in the shape of a
special poem, to be recited while the
chorus is being softly played.

The words are as follow:

Belgium, land of broken hearts,
Land of shattered dreams,
I know how dark and drear to you
This whole wide world now seems.
I knew you when your gardens bloomed
With roses red and fair,
When ev'ry home was filled with peace
And happiness was there.
The peasant sang while at his work
And when the day was done,
Weary but happy he'd trudge along
Beneath the setting sun.

His children ran to meet him
Ere he reached the cottage door
And love made the place a heaven
That was only a shack before.
And then I saw the tyrant come,
His bloody sword in hand;
I saw him spread destruction
Throughout your peaceful land;
I saw the father dragged away;
The mother left to die;
And when the night winds howled and
stormed,
I heard your children cry.
Think you our hearts remain unmoved
While Belgium mourns her dead?
Think you that we'll stand idly by
While her children cry for bread?
No! I say! A thousand times No!
They shall not cry in vain.
America's door is opened wide
And here they shall remain
Till love and peace have healed the
wounds

They've borne in Freedom's cause,
Till the world is freed forevermore
From the German's greedy claws.
So Rose of Belgium, be not sad,
Lift your drooping head:
Our home shall be your home, too,
With you we'll share our bread.
And you will find repose, over here,
My Belgian Rose.

Chorus.

Belgian Rose— my drooping Belgian
Rose—
For ev'ry hour of sorrow you've had,—
You'll have a year in which to be glad;
You were not born in vain— for you will
bloom again,—
And tho' they've taken all your sun-
shine and dew,
We'll make an American beauty of
you,—
And you will find repose—over here,
My Belgian Rose.

LA PALMA DE LA MANO DE DIOS

"Wall, Chief, we can git thet stuff
ac.oss the border tonight, O. K., and then
make a get-away with our pockets full
of cart-wheels." A dark faced, ill
dressed man spoke thus, addressing his
words to a man in the uniform of the
U. S. Army.

The Chief wore an air of constant
watchfulness, and his dark eyes sparkled
at the thought of getting his lot of am-
munition and rifles across the border to
the rebel government of Mexico, and
thus getting himself out of danger.

He had reason to believe that his
plans were unknown to the authorities,
and was, therefore, confident that he
would succeed.

He turned to his lieutenant and said,
"Remember, the old water hole in

La Palmade la Mano de Dios at mid-
night. We'll water the animals there
and when we see the light on the moun-
tain, we'll take the goods across."

With these words he turned and walked
rapidly away.

About an hour later he reached the
military camp and, getting his rifle,
reported to the sergeant of the guard
that was to relieve the old one.

As luck would have it, he was placed
on a beat that ran beside the officers'
mess.

He went on duty just before supper
and, though he appeared to be as un-
concerned as usual, his mind was in a
turmoil.

Mess call sounded and the officers and
men in the camp assembled for supper.

Dessert had been reached when he heard a remark coming from the officers' mess that caused him to stop as though electrified.

The colonel was speaking. "Captain, from reports I have received today, I have reason to believe that a consignment of contraband ammunition will be taken across the border tonight. I am informed that the men will stop at the old water-hole to rest and water their animals. You will take your company and hide them in the vicinity so as to capture the men who are not grateful to their country for the protection and liberty it gives them. Get your men ready now and start as soon as possible."

The captain arose from the table, saluted, and went to give his first sergeant the necessary orders.

As soon as he had left, the sentry forsook his post and ran quickly off in the direction of the desert, where he could warn his companions and find safety in the numerous caverns and arroyos about the old water-hole.

* * * * *

A deep silence reigned over the great buildings of the Military Prison at Leavenworth, broken only by the regular tread of the sentries on guard.

In deep contrast to this calm of the exterior were the emotions and thoughts of Military Prisoner, No. 627.

He was serving a life term for treason. One dark night years before he had attempted to deliver a consignment of ammunition and rifles into the hands of Mexicans who were decidedly unfriendly to the United States.

During the fifteen years he had been in prison he had devoted his whole mind to thoughts of escape.

In that time he had learned the habits of the guards, drawn a map of his cell

and others surrounding his, and had outlined a plan of escape.

From an old drinking-cup he had fashioned, after years of labor, a saw that, although crude, would serve to cut the steel bars that hemmed him in. From part of his bed he had, by unceasing patience, made a strong lever. Thus equipped, he hoped to effect his escape.

He was ready for the attempt, and waiting for the sentry to pass his window.

The sentry's beat was about one hundred yards long and in the intervals that he was away from the window, No. 627 sawed industriously at the bars of the little window above his cot.

As two o'clock drew near, the prisoner ceased his labors to wait for the relief of the guard, an event which occurred at that point of the beat which was farthest from cell 627.

The work of sawing had been completed and 627 was ready to use the lever to pry the bars from their places.

He waited silently in the darkness, and soon his sense of hearing, sharpened by being constantly alert for the most minute sounds, detected the approach of the guard.

The sounds grew louder and nearer. In a second they were under the window, and, as they died away, the prisoner seized his lever, climbed to the cot, and deftly pried away the bars above his head.

Pulling himself up by his arms he climbed through the window and dropped to the ground just as a "Halt! Who is there?" sounded in the distance. He stopped suddenly, flattened himself against the wall, and gripped the lever more firmly, resolving to fight to the finish for his safety. But the answering call of "Relief!" reassured him, and

dropping to his hands and knees, he crawled along the ground to a clump of bushes and vanished among the leaves.

* * * * *

The sun shone terrifically upon the red-hot sand of "La Palma de la Mano de Dios," and the shimmering heat-waves danced ceaselessly. Here and there a tiny lizard scuttled noiselessly into the shade of great drooping cacti. Horned toads kept out of the terrible heat, and great rattle-snakes, too drowsy to move, lay coiled in the sand.

The low ridges stretched away like huge rollers and tumbled at last in a great heap at the foot of a rugged pile of hazy-blue mountains.

The ominous quiet of the desert was unbroken until nearly noon. Suddenly a faint cry came sifting through the cacti.

And again that death-like silence.

A monstrous eagle hearing the cry, rose from the shelter of the mountains and flapped majestically in search of the thing that had cried out so despairingly.

As he rose higher, he saw a tiny speck staggering along far below him, and behind it a dozen or so more, grouped closely.

Dropping closer to the single speck, he perceived that it was a man; such a man as he had never seen before.

His clothes were torn from his back, his face deathly pale, and his rolling eyes and protruding tongue proclaimed that he was another victim of the relentless, unconquerable desert.

The man stopped as though shot, and then, gathering his remaining strength,

broke into a run that carried him slowly in the direction of an old water-hole.

As he drew near, he fell and lay groveling in the sand. The sand, driven by great, gasping breaths, flew away from his nostrils.

His pursuers quickly gained and, seeing him lying in the sand, set up a shout that echoed in the distant mountains, and roused a great rattler from his sleep at the side of the water-hole.

The man on the ground heard the shout and made a last despairing effort to reach the hole and—safety!

He rose slowly, stumbled to the bank and saw the dry basin glaring up at him in the rays of the sun.

With an agonized look he turned towards his pursuers, desiring to be taken back to prison rather than die a death from thirst in the desert.

He was destined never to be taken by man, for the great snake, angered at being so suddenly aroused, launched himself at the man.

His fangs struck home, the deadly poison mingled with the blood, and the man quivering violently, rolled to his stomach—dead.

The eagle, frightened by the presence of the snake, soared away. The party of men turned their backs toward the dead man, and again silence descended to the desert.

The last rays of the setting sun shone over the desert with a wonderful glory, lighting with color of blood a great diamond-marked snake coiled beside the body of a man on whose back the rays of the sun shone.

H. G. O. C. '18.

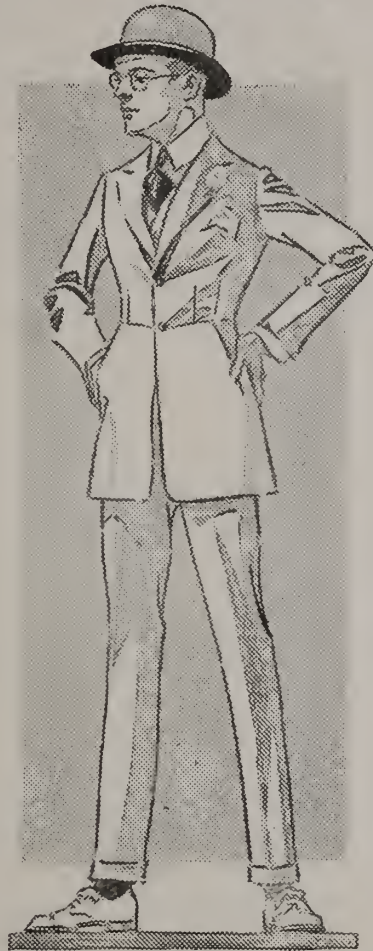
The Piano Man: "How's business?"
 The Scissors Grinder: "Fine! I've never seen things so dull!"

What is New for Spring?

ANY number of men and young men have asked us that question about the spring clothes. There never have been so many good styles to be interested in. The "erect, shoulders back and chest out" influence of this war is evident in many of the new "Varsity 55" Suits. The waist lines are more marked, the buttons are set closer and some models have military backs and pockets.

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Continued from page 8

shipped? We may loan our allies money; but money will not feed them. They must buy food with it; and where can they buy food but in America? Therefore go farming this summer. Remember that every weed you pull is a "nail in the Kaiser's coffin."

Farming will benefit you physically by the hard but pleasant and interesting work; intellectually by the experiences and broader knowledge of the world, people, and human nature which you will get; spiritually by your clean, pure life, and hours spent with Mother Nature.

Let us all get busy then, and obtain our parents' consent to go into this service "shouting the Battle Cry of 'Feed Em'." For America's sake, for our allies' sake—and for our own sake!

G. Reginald Crosby, '18

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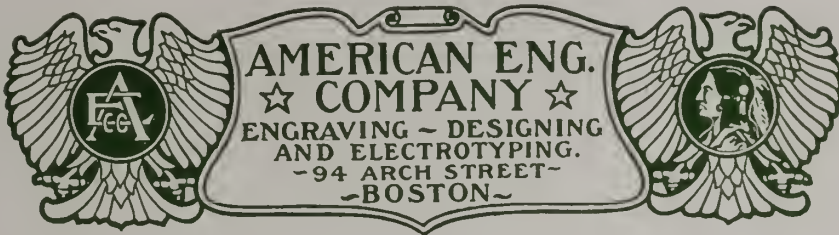
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Latin School Register

May, 1918



Class Day Number

VOLUME XXXVII

NUMBER 8

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LATIN SCHOOL REGISTER

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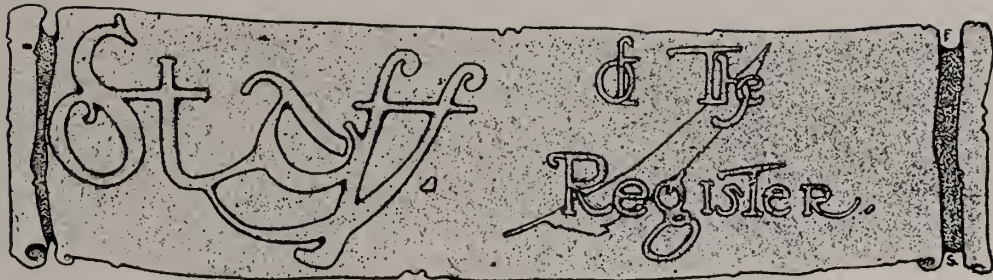
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Hood's Milk

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VOLUME XXXVII. No. 8

MAY, 1918

ISSUED MONTHLY

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Published by the STUDENTS OF THE BOSTON LATIN SCHOOL. Warren Ave., Boston

Entered at the Boston Post Office as second-class mail matter.

CLASS DAY

THE Class Day of the Class of 1918 is now a thing of the past, and only memories now are left of a splendid occasion which pleased masters and pupils alike, and left nothing to be desired in the way of bright and inspiring entertainment.

On Tuesday, April 23, at half-past ten, the Exhibition Hall was already thronged with guests and pupils. Four minutes later the Latin School Orchestra, under the direction of Mr. Henderson, struck up a tuneful selection, and the festivities had begun.

The first number on the program was the Class Song, sung by George A. Saxton and the Class of 1918. Mr. Saxton's singing was a delightful surprise to most of the School, as few of the boys had ever heard him sing before. The refrain was sung with much spirit by the Class.

The Class Poem was then delivered by Eliot G. Fay, and was very favorably received. The poem had as its theme the value of out-door life, and the power of Nature to raise us to a higher level spiritually.

(Continued on page 22)

SILVARUM SPIRITUS

THE CLASS POEM
BY ELIOT GILBERT FAY

Prelude

I WALKED by the side of the great god Pan,
As he laved his hoofs in the river;
Deep in the Wilds where the wood-nymphs ran,
Lost in the forests ne'er seen by man,
Playing as only the Wood-god can;
And the spring leaves seemed to quiver.
I reveled again as once in my childhood,
Casting dull care to the winds, and my musings
Concerned but the beautiful things of God,
Children of Nature, with Mystery wrought,
Living so simply their lives in the Wildwood.

Morning.—Awake is the Forest, and the pathless
Tracts of the Wildwood
Hark to the voices of Nature; the babbling
Stream and the Sunrise,
Envoys of God, are calling the Flowers and
Song-birds from slumber.
Swift runs the thirsty deer down the
Beaten path to the water,
Antlers mirrored beneath him, drinks in the
Cool of the River.
Soft blows the sweet breeze of Morning,
Scented with fragrant arbutus,
Sighing among the leaves with myriad
Whispering voices.
Stranded midway in the shimmering stream lies a
Beautiful islet,
Emerald green, crested with fir-trees, like the
Wonderful Lost Isola,
Island of mystery, laden with treasures unseen by dull mortals.
These are the temples of God, and the Sunshine
Which heaps them with Splendor,
Filtering down through the fingers of pine is a
Message from Heaven.

Noon.—Still the scene is the Forest; the heat-sultry
 Glades of the Wildwood
Silent repose in Siesta. No sound save the
 Whirr of the locust
Breaks the hot stillness of mid-day. The animal
 Life of the Forest
Lurks in the shades of the heart of the greenwood, and
 Bathes in the river.
Still is the soft breeze of morning, unwavering
 Stand the tall pine-trees,
Spires of God's out-door temples, motionless
 Pointing to Heaven.
Withered and drooping the wood flowers perish: the
 Pitiless heat-waves
Crush them to Earth, while the swift-running river
 Flows onward relentless,
Save where a friendly cloud casts a cool shadow, a
 Promise of twilight.
Soft in the depth of the Forest, a breeze marks the
 Passage of Noon-time.
Sighing aloft in the tops of the Pine-trees, and
 Mingles its laughter
Harmony-blending with that of the water-fall's
 Roar in the Distance.

Evening.—Again in the Forest we list to sweet
 Aeolus' music,
Whispering soft in the Wildwood, lulling the
 Drowsy pine-trees,
Crying far out on the water, beyond the Moon's
 Bright path of silver.
Hushed are the voices of song-birds and insects, and
 Only the plaintive
Mating-call sounds in the star-light, the
 Whippoorwill's cry to his lover.
Vesper-shades lurk in the Forest, and unseen, the
 Flowers in the darkness
Exhale perfumes of the East, of delicate
 Sweetness, exotic.
Fishes leap out of the river, and glisten like
 Gold in the moonlight.
Here are the marvellous night-things of Nature, the
 Soul of the Evening
Permeates everything, filling the spirits of
 Mortals with wonder.

Epilogue

Come with me to the Golden Isle,
In the blue of the Southern seas,
Where the scented orange-blossoms smile,
Dreaming my dreams, a little while, /
In the Isle of Hesperides.

Come with me where the South-star gleams,
And the golden mangoes fall,
And the winged flight of long years seems
But a single night of immortal dreams,
When you heed the pleasure call.

Now take me back to my pine-wood glade,
With its bracing Northern air.
This is the place the Almighty made
For men who cannot be afraid,
And men who must do and dare.

Classmates, turn to the Open Road,
And breathe the pure air undefiled.
There's Health to be found in God's abode,
And Strength, if but you heed Nature's code,
And list to the Call of the Wild.

Now the dread hour of parting is near;
Sadly we kneel at our Mother's feet,
With faltering lips and many a tear,
And whispered prayers that She may hear,
She bids us go, with her blessing sweet.

Here's to the School;
The dearest School,
The School we love the best.
And may the Class of Eighteen be
With peace and bounty blest!



THE CLASS ORATION

BY NEIL L. CROPP

M<sup>R. PENNYPACKER, TEACHERS,
SCHOOLMATES AND FRIENDS:</sup>

Slightly beyond a decade ago the graduate of the Latin High School made parting with his classmates and instructors under circumstances in striking contrast to those which now prevail. His outlook of that day was markedly different from that which faces us today. His was a heritage of rest, of settled relationships, of smooth sailing upon a sea of prosperity.

The marvelous rebound from the national depressions which ended in 1897 was just reaching the climax of its ascendancy. The Spanish-American war had just been fought and won. The terms of peace upon which the Russo-Japanese war was concluded had been accepted and ratified. The Boer uprising was suppressed. The Panama canal was approaching its completion. The twelve years covering the golden era of McKinley and Roosevelt had dispelled all the immediate predictions for a future war. Our country without suspicion of treachery, rested complacently at peace with all nations. The peoples of the world were mirthfully resounding the glad echo, "Peace on earth, good will toward men."

Because of this mental deception which led to the belief that war had about approached its ultimate extension, the High School graduate directed his course toward the ends which best fitted him for the imaginary existing conditions of a lasting peace, and which hopelessly unfitted him for the lightest requisites of impending hostilities. An insufficiently vigorous encouragement was offered, and no requirement at all was

made, for the smallest degree of military or naval pursuits, and naturally there was a diminishing inclination to enter either army or navy. His field of endeavor, therefore, was confined within the narrow boundaries of internal activities. He saw the realization of his best and highest self in college, university, profession, business, conservation of personal and national energy and resources, reclamation of the wasting deserts, regulation of large corporations, limiting of monopolies and national and civic righteousness, without any due consideration of growing and increasing national trespasses and impositions, even though the perpetrators of these trespasses and impositions claimed to be the champions of peace.

While the peace-loving nations of the world were thus rejoicing over the prospective passing of war, the countries of central Europe, led on by the German Emperor, were living within the folds of war's embrace. The cannon's roar was but music in their ears. More acceptable to them was the battle cry than was the call of the Chanticleer, announcing the approaching dawn, after a long restless night of unpleasant dreams. The sword availed more to them than the "prayers of the righteous." Blighting out of a human life was of no more consequence to them than a shooting star or a falling meteor.

This dream of power through love for human slaughter was not entirely hereditary, but primarily acquired, and can best be illustrated thus: A locomotive dashes along, drawing a train of cars carrying passengers. Its boiler is calculated to sustain steam pressure many

times that required to keep the train in motion and heated, this pressure being by the escape valve. This valve refusing to work automatically as it is designed to work, the heat induces expansion which raises the pressure to a degree higher than the encasement, within which the steam is confined, can sustain. Instantly a crash! A destroyed engine; torn up tracks; dead and injured passengers; a derailed train, and the railroad schedule set back for hours. So with the central empires of Europe. In comparison, the railroad is the world, and its schedule is civilization. The mischief making steam is analogous to the internal development of the central nations exclusively from the military standpoint. Here the piling up of wealth, the development of resources, the intensive military and naval training, the lust for world power, all contributed toward the raising of the internal pressure just to that point at which the slightest touch of a hand or even a finger from without, would cause the inevitable explosion with its associated disasters, or where the merest pretext would serve as an excuse for the opening of hostilities.

In a way familiar to us all, in 1914 that pretext was seen only by technical eyes, and so came the clash of arms which in the course of only a few months had extended to nearly the whole of Europe. This was the schedule, of the pace of civilization set back, not by hours, not by days or weeks or months or years, but by generations, and probably by centuries. And Oh! the dead and disabled!

Our predecessors of a decade ago faced conditions which characterized the calm just preceding the rise of this mighty storm and they faced the rise. Their task, though different from our own, they faced bravely and performed their duty well, for yonder they stand now at the battle front!

Now the question for us to answer, not in saying but in doing, not in words but in deeds, is: When the great storm shall have subsided and the sea once more is stilled, can those who a decade later shall follow us out from these sacred and cherished environments say of us, as we are saying of our predecessors, "They performed their duty well"?

They encountered the calm preceding, and the rise of the storm. In contradistinction to them, we are facing the rage of the storm and the calm which must follow. What then is that duty which we must face and so well perform? In brief, it is simply justly waging a war upon the unjust, who first made unjustly an offensive war upon us.

When Germany was leading the world in learning and advancement, all the nations took pride in following her leadership and in admiring her attainments, with little suspicion of her selfish ulterior objective. As a contributor toward both material and spiritual advancement she took the foremost rank. She has played untold numbers of inventions and discoveries at the disposal of mankind. She controlled many branches of the world's industries. All these are facts which must not and cannot be nullified. She has created a long list of the world's foremost men. These we cannot and wish not to forget. We shall remember Lessing by his "Minna von Barnhelm." We cannot forget Goethe as long as "Faust" is played. Schiller lives in "Wilhelm Tell." Hegel and Kant can never die as long as the "State, as the expression of highest reason" and the "Moral Imperative," respectively, live.

But this list of noble men, with all their virtues, has been overshadowed by the intra-barbaric program now being rendered by their Fatherland as a result of false interpretations of their philosophy. A war, beastly in its practice, treacher-

ous in its tactics, nude before men, naked before God, stripped of all its international rules coming down from antiquity, which vouchsafed to neutrals, and especially to the mothers, maidens and incants of those neutrals, at least the safety of life on land and sea, such a war has been imposed upon an unsuspecting world, and classmates, we must see that these unscrupulous savages shall pay the price.

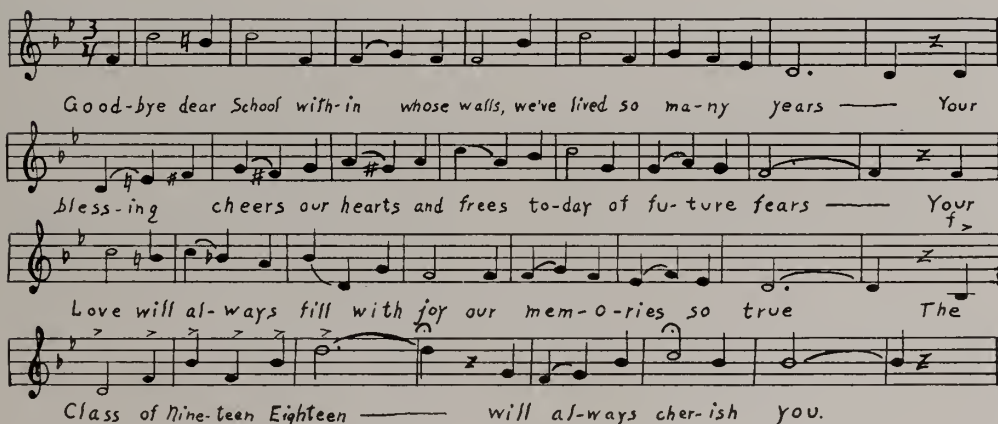
So as we go to take our part, it is our hope forever to destroy the pitiful epigram of the Lord of Berlin that might is right; but let us go back a half century further and select our motto from Abraham Lincoln when, in exhortation to the American people, he said, "Let us have faith that right makes might, and in that faith let us to the end dare to do our duty as we understand it."

THE CLASS SONG

WORDS BY ELIOT G. FAY

MUSIC BY JULIUS KARABELNICK

CHORUS



Good-bye dear School with-in whose walls, we've lived so ma-ny years — Your
 bless-ing cheers our hearts and frees to-day of fu-ture fears — Your
 Love will al-ways fill with joy our mem-o-ries so true The
 Class of Nine-teen Eighteen — will al-ways cher-ish you.

School Notes



ONE day a short time ago, we were talking to a professor of a New York University. We were talking about Latin School. Now, if there is any subject under the sun upon which we love to converse enthusiastically, Latin School is *it*. This is because our School is the oldest, finest, and best school in Boston, and because Boston is a mighty fine place to live and work in. Well, after we had finished extolling the merits of Latin School's fine old system of honor, hard work, and win, and had held forth (as we thought) most eloquently upon the subject of "The Spirit of the School," our listener remarked casually, but with a kindly twinkle in his eye,

"Oh, yes. And have you at Latin School anything which helps foster the spirit of 'work together' and 'Help the Other Fellow,'—any clubs or associations?" Then added, "Of course, you must have a splendid library at Latin School."

"Yes, we have a fine library, but—it's closed most of the time." Unconsciously, we had said something ridiculous. We knew it; the more so when the good professor laughed heartily. Hitherto he had been all admiration at our description of the School. Now he said, "I'm afraid that's the trouble with your Latin School. It's great—splendid, but—it's closed most of the time."

Somewhere, a long time ago, we heard it told that the grandest, most beautiful spirit in the world was that of service. We wonder if this could not apply to our own School—yes, to the dear old library, with its curios and its mighty tomes. After all, it's not what a library, or anything else *has*, that counts;—it's what it *gives*. There are so many great, wonderful, precious things in the world that are given—for nothing. "June may be had by the poorest comer." Ridiculous, say we, for men to keep anything to themselves, when their brothers starve.

Visit the Widener Library in Cambridge. There the poorest student may roam amid priceless volumes;—ay, may finger, reverently or not, beautiful, age-old bindings. And the Widener Library, Most of the time, is *Open*.

* * *

Following are some names which have recently been added to Latin School's "Honor Roll":

1912

GAETAIN, DR. ARTHUR L. Asst. Surgeon, Jr. Lieut. U. S. N. R. F.

1915

FLYNN, DONALD W. Harvard Radio School.

THORPE, WARREN G. Co. D. 101st Infantry—Gov. Is.—N. Y.

(Continued on page 22)



SPRING! Maytime! We wonder what these things mean to the grim fighters struggling for the cause of decency and of Democracy,—struggling Over There in the terrible land bordered by leafless forests clotted with blood, where the cruel shells scream and fly, and the more cruel vultures fly, and—scream.

What is the ages-old meaning of Springtime? Why, Over Here it's the gladness of Spring,—the pure air and the sunshine. (Over There it's the sadness of dying,—the gas-fumes and the starshells.) In Everyman's Land it's the Knowing How, and Doing. In No Man's Land it's the Wondering Why, and Giving.

In the dear, dead days of long ago, Venice was the Carnival City. At night the molten-golden water of the Grand Canal sparkled and glowed with the soft light of the gondolas' lamps. At Rome, one might ride "pelted with roses, and pelting back." Now, Venice wears a gray monk's habit, and Rome is shaken in the throes of War.

Still, the spirit of Springtime is eternal. It sends the warm blood pulsing through a man's veins, though he be crouching in the trenches or lying convalescent in a base hospital. Spring will send our brave boys on to Berlin, because they realize it is sent by Him whose cause they champion.

With American Expeditionary Forces,
March 1, 1918.

Dear Father:

IN the rush of events I overlooked your Questions about our trans-Atlantic trip.

At last the dream came true: I was actually climbing up the gang-plank of an American transport. We were first ordered to unpack our blanket rolls and get settled. Talk about your Noah's Ark! The soldiers came in one by one for hours at a time until the ship was fairly swarming with men. Wherever you went you bumped into a soldier. We had all kinds, from the heavy generals of orthodox variety to thick-set stevedores. We also had a goodly sprinkling of army nurses. One could notice the perceptible straightening of the shoulders, and twirling of military moustaches, as the officers walked the promenade deck in view of those gentler members of the service.

We were quartered in what was formerly a mess room of some sort, and indeed it was used for that purpose while we were on the ship.

This brings up the all-important subject of "chow". When the sergeant yelled, "Come and get it," we all lined up. And from then on it seemed we did nothing else but stand in line for everything we wanted, either for meals, canteen, boat drill, or just trying to edge past the crowds.

Regarding submarines, of course, we

had the usual wild stories which subsequently resulted in a pot shot or two at some unwary porpoise, or an empty keg floating far from its natural haven. I may add that we were properly convoyed and our gunners were of the A-1 Class.

The first morning we awakened at seven o'clock, washed in the salt water and then lined up, mess kit in hand. Speaking of salt water I did revel in salt water baths but never felt so dirty in my life. I seemed to reek pungently, but as everybody was in similar condition we did not mind it so much. As the breakfast line moved forward, aided by much cursing on the part of an old-time sergeant, we finally reached the huge grub-pots. Then, reaching an evil-smelling mess kit to the man who dispensed the food, we received a heaping portion of whatever it was. When we did eat, which happened twice daily, each soldier stowed away enough for three normal men. At nine o'clock p. m. a man would cheerfully give a dollar for a ham sandwich, just the same. I tried to pad out with chocolate and felt like the original "Chocolate baby" for weeks afterward.

For the first six or seven days the weather was delightful, and as we ploughed along, I had visions of summer seas, purple depths off Canary Isles, and all that sort of rot. But one afternoon a terrific hurricane sprang up which lasted four days. Even the old professional salts admitted it was quite a blow. It surely was, to them: half the sailors were sick. I missed one meal, but strangely enough, was not sick, and, as a result of my abstinence never felt so hungry in my life.

I shall not soon forget the mess-room during these aging four days. We would balance around trying to place the food in our mouths before the next long wave

tumbled the boat on end, give up the attempt, and finally sit on the floor. One morning my entire outfit flew wildly out of my hands but, landed face upwards, so I maneuvered until I crawled up to it on the floor, like a mountain lion, first stalking its meal then devouring it.

The negro soldiers were the most enjoyable actors I have ever seen off the professional stage. They would shuffle in, side step a few times, whirl like dervishes with coffee in one hand and army "slumgullion" in the other, right themselves, and continue eating. You see they wore hobnailed field shoes, which were about as useful on a hard floor, as roller skates. They were not surefooted to say the least. I was trying to read Victor Hugo's "Notre Dame de Paris," and just when the passage described some character in the story pitching headforemost from the roof of the Cathedral, a big soldier lost his balance and hurled through the air into my bunk. Quite realistic and added an effect of onomatopoea to my reading.

For the first few days the colored troops sang their fascinating "blue music," which is, as you know, a spontaneous product of the singer. One of their songs was an unconsciously humorous, but doleful lay, which told of the war in general. The chorus rolled out and after the listeners got the spirit of the thing they must have divined in this weird melody the singers interpretation in music, of the chaos of this struggle, and the inevitable participation of the individual however high or low his social station. It would make your blood run cold, heard for the first time. You may well imagine the effect upon one who is trained to respond to symphonies of whatever nature. So the time passed during the initial stage of our journey, the nights merry with rattling of dice and applause of the audience at the boxing bouts, in-

terspersed with impromptu quartette—singing of the beauties of “My Coney Island Baby” or “I was always just a Wanderer.” But when the storm broke the songs ceased, the shouting died down, men huddled around each other’s beds talking of shipwrecks, torpedoes, and ran through the entire category of lugubrious subjects calculated to make the time pass pleasantly. Some of the colored boys took to their bunks and apparently remained there during the rest of the voyage. Outside where I often had to go, (being an orderly) nothing could be heard but the “wind whistling in the cordage” as the “Aeneid” puts it. I felt like the Pious Aenaeas of Mighty Ulysses on those nights, but before turning in would take just one more look over the rail into the inky blackness. There were hundreds of boys all about me but not visible, for if a fellow lighted a cigarette he would be instantly shoved into the brig.

I don’t mind confessing the whole thing preyed on my mind and I thought of the old Hindu creed of religion which states that the highest and most acceptable form of holiness is to bring the body into a state of “nameless nothingness” by an absorption into the “All Being.” If ever I felt like nothing it was on that trip. Old Dante would have enjoyed it for the material it might suggest of souls rushing through space never finding a resting place.

All evil experiences have an ending and one morning we saw in the distance the shores of France. At last like Crusaders of old we were ready to disembark on strange, though hospitable shores.

When we dropped anchor we dropped also our life preservers which had been hanging around our necks for days. Mine dangled over my wretched shoulders like the Albatross of the Ancient Mariner but when the motion of the boat ceased the guards allowed us to remove them.

Thus we made the voyage on the troop ship.

Your son,
WILLIAM L. ROBINSON.
* * *

France.

Dear —,

I HAD a funny experience on a fatigue the other night. Among other things I was carrying up a roll of chicken wire, which becoming tangled in some obstruction in the trench, unrolled. I stayed behind to roll it up and the others with the guide “dangled” on. When I started off I couldn’t find the others, and coming to cross trenches took the wrong turn. I wandered around a bit and then retraced my steps, and finally located the party. But this wasn’t all. Coming out we met the corporal who had stayed behind with two who had dropped out for a rest. The corporal could not find us, and was beating it back. He and the guide and I went up again with the stuff the other two had ditched. This time the guard took a wrong turn and to save going back we hiked overland. On our way out he landed a few in front of us so we beat a retreat. We got back safely just at dawn, and believe me the tea we got at a Y. M. C. A. went jake. Those Y. M. C. A.’S are certainly a blessing. Enough for fatigues. I was on a couple of other pleasant jaunts but knew better, and stuck with the gang.

The mud caused by the recent rain is pretty bad. It is much similar to that nice vanity on the old La Plance.

I witnessed a minor barrage, and it was some sight, but the noise is what gets you. It is just like one continual thunder clap, while the air is literally torn by the shrieks of the shells going and coming.

I just came back from a bath. It was both needed and welcome. Do you know

(Continued on page 22)



CORNELIUS ANTHONY GUINEY

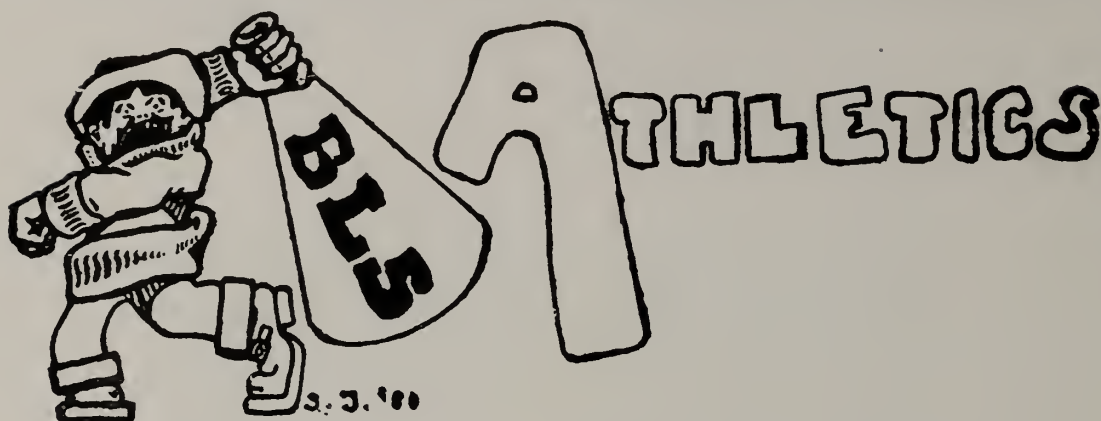
CORNELIUS ANTHONY GUINEY

An Appreciation

Cornelius Anthony Guiney, whose untimely death occurred on Saturday, April 20, entered this school in the four years course in September, 1903. His career in our school was one of high distinction and he represented, both in character and in scholarship, a fine type of Latin School boy. In his college career, he displayed the highest intellectual powers, and when it was learned that teaching would probably be his life work, a high measure of success in his chosen profession was confidently predicted for him. This prediction has been amply fulfilled in these intervening years. He was a patient, careful, accurate scholar, a devoted, painstaking teacher, a warm and faithful friend. His influence in the school, already strong, was growing with each succeeding year. He felt great respect for his profession and sought by every means in his power to excel in it, deeming no pains or labor too great to be cheerfully undertaken in response to the need of his pupils or to a call on his sense of duty. Mr. Guiney's memory will be long cherished both by his pupils and by his fellow teachers. His death is a sad loss to the school he loved and served so well.

April 22, 1918.

HENRY PENNYPACKER.



TRACK.

THE indoor track season terminated with the Massachusetts High School Meet. Latin School made a favorable showing. As there were many high schools represented, the competition was very keen. Our juniors and intermediates were below the standard; but our seniors did well. Capt. Dudley in the 1000-yds. run, the feature of the day, ran the greatest run of his career with Capt. Burke of Wakefield. Dudley led for the entire distance, having frustrated each advance of the Wakefield runner; but as they drew near the tape, both launched themselves at it, Burke winning by inches. It was a fine race indeed, and the excitement was sharp.

In the six hundred Fred Maguire ran a wonderful race. Amidst the pick of the field he was among the last at the start. Soon he was third and by a great spurt and some fine running, he overcame the lead and finished second to Driscoll. In the hurdles Frank Wing came in the winner after some nice running. Wing has completed a fine, successful track season, and eyes will be turned upon him and the others during the outdoor season.

* * *

One of the best all-round athletes in the Boston Schools, and a fine versatile ball player is Fred Maguire. Maguire is a star at baseball and is an excellent

runner and hockey player. This is his third year on the diamond, he having been its captain last year, and he plays any position with the grace and ease of a star. We hope to see him make the "All Interscholastic" this year and he will have finished a clean and sportsman-like, athletic career. He is a credit to the school.

* * *

BASEBALL.

On Monday, Coach O'Brien called out the candidates of the baseball team. One of the largest groups of baseball aspirants assembled at Room 15. Augustine Malley '19 is captaining the team. Both Coach O'Brien and Capt. Malley were well pleased with the material present. There are four regulars in the lineup; Capt. Malley, Ex-Capt. Maguire, D'Amelio and James Kennedy. Practice was decided to be held at Franklin Field. Kiley and Rabinowitz make up the pitching staff. Kennedy is doing the catching, and he ought to perform well, as he has a fine arm and is a good hitter.

In the infield there is Maguire at second, about the best in school circles. All are acquainted with his playing. At first is Kyle. The Malley Bros. make up a fine pair at short-stop and third. D'Amelio in center field is a veteran and a star at the game, and at left and right fields there are Weston and Cronin. Hurwitz plays third base, and Crosby

and MacCurdy also take turns at short-stop.

Altogether Latin School has a fine all-round baseball team, and has a good chance of gaining the city title.

* * *

On April 16, the Latin School playing its first game of the season, at Brighton, romped away from Brighton High by the score of 9-0. Kiley pitched a wonderful game allowing Brighton but one hit and striking out 10 men. Kennedy caught a good game and Maguire and Malley played well in the infield.

BOSTON LATIN.

	ab.	r.	bh.	po.	e.	a.
Amelio, cf.	4	2	0	0	0	
Weston, lf.	4	2	0	0	0	
Maguire, 2.	4	1	1	2	2	
A. Malley, s.	3	0	0	1	3	
Kiley, p.	3	1	1	0	2	
E. Malley, 3.	3	1	0	0	2	
Kyle, 1.	3	0	1	11	0	
Cronin, r.	2	1	1	0	0	
Crosby, f.	1	0	0	0	0	
Kelley, c.	0	0	0	2	1	
Kennedy, c.	2	1	1	11	1	
Totals.	29	9	9	27	11	

BRIGHTON HIGH

	ab.	r.	bh.	po.	a.
Ready, 2.	3	0	1	0	3
Duffy, lf.	3	0	0	2	0
Delaney, cf.	2	0	0	1	0
Harrington, cf.	1	0	0	0	0
Jacobs, r.	3	0	0	0	0
Nichols, s.	3	0	0	1	4
Mahoney, 1.	2	0	0	10	0
O'Brien, c.	1	0	0	1	2
Hughes, c.	1	0	0	5	0
Kieth, c.	1	0	0	4	0
Bertherman, p.	2	0	0	0	1
Foynes, p.	1	0	0	0	0
Haynes, 3.	2	0	0	0	2
Seager, 3.	1	0	0	0	0
Totals.	26	0	1	24	12

Innings.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Boston Latin.	2	0	0	1	1	5	0	0-9

Errors—Delaney, Haynes, Hughes 3, Kennedy 3, Kiley. First base on balls—Off Bertherman 4, off Kyle 3, off Foynes. Struck out—By Bertherman 7, by Kyle 10.

APRIL 19.

On Friday, Latin School won its second game of the season when it defeated Newton High 6-2. The school surely has uncorked a first class pitcher in Kiley. Kiley allowed Newton but one hit, this being the second one hit game he has pitched thus far. Owen also pitched a good game for Newton. Maguire and Kiley starred for us, while Owen and Sawyer played well for Newton.

BOSTON LATIN.

	ab.	r.	bh.	po.	a.
D'Amelio, cf.	4	1	0	2	0
Cronin, r.	4	0	0	2	0
McGuire, 2.	4	2	2	4	1
Nally, s.	4	0	1	0	4
Kiley, p.	4	1	1	0	9
Hurwitz, 3.	3	1	0	0	1
Kyle, 1.	4	1	0	12	0
Kennedy, c.	4	0	0	6	0
Westwood, lf.	2	0	0	1	0
Crosby, r.	2	0	0	0	0
Totals.	35	6	4	27	15

NEWTON HIGH.

	ab.	r.	bh.	po.	a.
Champagne, cf.	2	1	0	2	0
Crowley, 2.	4	0	0	0	3
Garrity, 3.	4	0	0	1	5
Eaton, 1.	3	0	0	10	0
Macomber, c.	2	0	0	10	0
Hughes, lf.	3	0	0	1	2
Sawyer, r.	3	0	1	2	0
Thayer, s.	2	0	0	1	1
Owen, p.	3	1	0	0	2
Richmond, r.	2	0	0	0	0
Byrson, c.	2	0	0	0	0
Davidson, s.	1	0	0	0	0
Totals.	31	2	1	27	13

(Continued on page 23)

CLASS DAY*(Continued from page 7)*

After more music, the Class Orator, Niel S. Cropp, spoke with such ardor and persuasiveness that all were deeply impressed. The enthusiasm of reception was increased by the fact that Mr. Cropp was to leave for service in the National Army the following Friday.

Carl N. Bensinger then delighted his hearers by his usual delightful playing upon the piano, which was followed by a short but interesting program by the Mandolin Club, led by E. O. Otis.

Harold B. Bross next delivered a declamation of pleasing humor, rendered even more acceptable by his extremely appreciative delivery.

Lieutenant Andre Morize of the French Army, the Speaker of the Day, again delighted his hearers with a fresh appeal to Service and obedience, and an encouragement to buy Liberty Bonds.

The "Salute to the Colors," and "America," sung by the entire School, concluded the exercises.

SCHOOL NOTES*(Continued from page 14)*

1890

O'MALLEY, CHARLES T. M. Maclean
Kilties of Am.—236 Overseas, Co. B.
—Platoon 5—No. 1,031,348 C. E. F.

1911

WILDER, E. W. U. S. N. R.

1913

MULCAHEY, JOHN, 1st. Lieut. U. S. A.
Devens.

1907

MONAHAN, HERBERT E. Corp. Officer's
Training School, Camp Upton.

1893

DREW, CHARLES DAVIS, Capt. Co. C—
11 Rgt.—U. S. Engineers.

1913

WEBBER, MELVILLE, Capt. U. S. Flying
Corps. (Railways)

1918 (non-grad).

O'LEARY, LEO T. U. S. N. R. (Glen-
burnie Mc'e)

1908

MONAHAN, ROY P. Am. Air Service,
France.

1905

EDWARDS, PAUL, Capt. U. S. A. Aneona,
Montana.

* * *

We note with pleasure that a contest has been announced by *The Boston Traveler* for High School aspirants to literary fame. Goodly prizes will be awarded to the authors of the best short-stories submitted by students of New England High Schools on or before June 1, and we earnestly hope many Latin School boys will be among the contestants.

* * *

The Class Dance was held on Friday evening, the Nineteenth of April, at the Allston Chateau. The success of the affair, from beginning to end was unmistakable. All hail to President Ryan and Messrs. the Members of the Class Committee! The music furnished by Campbell's Orchestra was excellent.

OVER THERE*(Continued from page 17)*

I kept fairly clean without a wash for a week sleeping in mud and stuff at that. But a wash certainly is welcome. Thank heavens I don't have to shave.

I am keeping a diary and by its aid know what news you have received.

I think I have written on an average of every four days, and not less than once a week, though some of my letters may have been lost.

SID.

ATHLETICS

Continued from page 21

Innings. . . . 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9
 Boston Latin. . . 2 0 0 3 0 0 0 1 0—6
 Newton H.S. . . . 1 0 0 0 0 1 0 0 0—2

Errors—Nally, Hurwitz, Thayer 2, Davidson 1, Hughes 1. Two-base hit—Kiley. Three-base hits—Kiley, McGuire. First base on balls—Off Kiley, 1. Struck out—By Kiley 5, by Owen 9. Double play—Owen to Eaton. Passed ball—Kennedy 1. Time—1h. 40m. Umpire—Shea.

* * *

CREW.

During the April vacation Coach Manning called out the Crew Candidates. At the Cottage Farm Boathouse on Tuesday thirty fellows responded to the call.

This indeed was an admirable showing and the school may be assured of a fine representation on the water. The first eight will probably consist of Ryan, stroke, Cronin, 7, Otis, 6, Palmer 5, Mahoney 4, Farnham 3. Armstrong 2, Ham, bow. O'Day, Bross and McPeake show promise.

Of the coxswains, Hull, Hurlihy, Watson and Rogers are showing up well. The first four-oared crew will have lost years three veterans in the stern of the boat. The bow oar will be uncertain for two or three weeks. Ham, Farnham and Palmer of last year's second boat are making a great fight for the berth. Capt. Otis is fortunate in having so large a number of men to pick his boats from.

IN ROOM 21.

Teacher: "Order, please."

Voice from the rear: "Ham and eggs over."

* * *

Mr. — (explaining experiment in Physics): "Now we will pass an electric current through the coil."

G. "Shocking! shocking!"

* * *

Little Boy (reading): "Papa, what is an escutcheon?"

Papa: "Why?"

Little Boy: "This story says there was a blot on his escutcheon."

Papa: "Oh yes. An escutcheon is a light colored vest. He had probably been carrying a leaky fountain pen.

1st. Gentleman: "How extravagant of you!"

2d. Ditto (who has been weighing himself): Pray, why am I extravagant?"

1st Gentleman: "You actually tipped the scales one-fifty."

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R.C. '19

Messenger: "Your husband was struck by lightning last night."

She: "Merciful Heavens."

* * *

Madame Bulldog: "Is Mrs. Collie in your set.?"

Mrs. Spaniel: "Oh, yes, indeed. We visit the same garbage-pails."

* * *

Cholly: "My new French Manoeuvre shoes cost eighteen dollars."

Jack: "Oh, indeed. I've always been accustomed to paying that much—for a suit of clothes."

* * *

At a recent anti-Prohibition rally the following placard was exhibited:

"If Water rots your
Shoes, what will it do
to your Stomach?"

* * *

Employee: "I'm going to quit. When I came here you promised me a steady job."

Boss: "Well, haven't you got one?"

Employee: "I should say not! I come in at 5 every morning, and get thru at 11 P. M. I actually am obliged to fool away three or four hours every night sleeping!"

He: "I've never noticed that dreamy look in other girls' eyes."

She: "Well, perhaps you don't stay so long at the other girls' houses."

* * *

S: "Gee, I didn't do my home-lessons last night, and I bet Mr. XXX will ask me to recite, and I'll get a zero, and then I can't pass in Latin, and so I'll fail for the year, and won't be promoted, and I'll join the army, and trip over a shell-hole and fall on some barbed wire and be marked for life, and then I'll get despondent and jump into the river to end it, and my whole life will be ruined, just because—let me see—Oh, yes; because I didn't do my lessons last night."

Boys, do your home-lessons!

* * *

GET THIS ONE!

Someone has suggested the resemblance of a proof-reader to a *galley-slave*. He and Sherman were both right.

* * *

Mr. X: "Is there any reason I shouldn't mark you for whispering, H—? Why, you heard the bell ring as well as I did."

And then the bell really rang.

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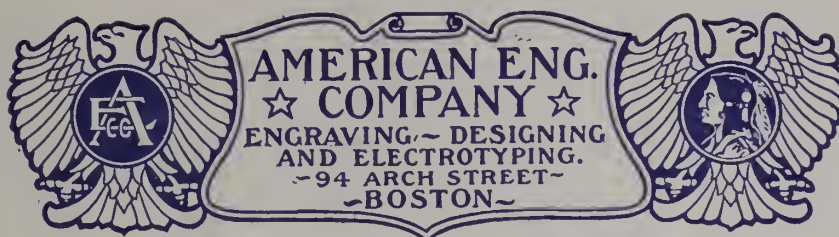
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Latin School Register.



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LATIN SCHOOL REGISTER

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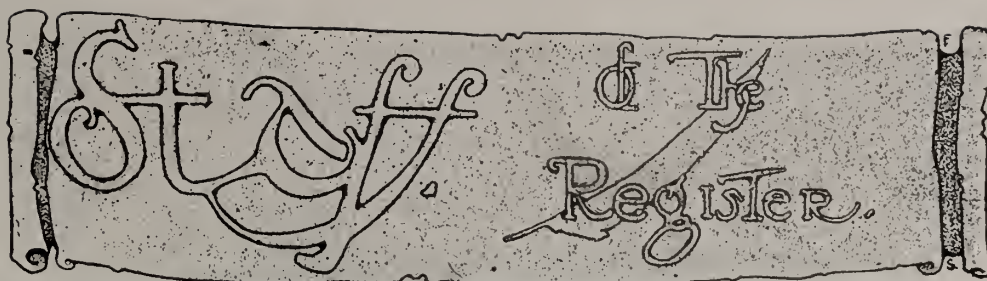
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JUNE, 1918

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Splendid record of efficiency shown by graduates in their college course.

Members of the College Entrance Board.

Summer School in a ten weeks course gives special intensive training for fall entrance examinations.

Summer School opens July 1, 1918.

Regular Fall Term opens Sept. 18, 1918.

CALL OR WRITE FOR CIRCULAR



HENRY PENNYPACKER

Portrait By Churchill

Dedication

to

Henry Pennypacker

OUR HEAD MASTER WHOSE
UNTIRING EFFORTS IN BEHALF
OF THE SCHOOL AND CONSTANT
ENCOURAGEMENT OF THE
SPIRIT OF FAIR PLAY HAVE
ENDEARED HIM FOREVER TO
BOSTON LATIN SCHOOL PUPILS
THIS BOOK IS RESPECTFULLY
DEDICATED BY THE CLASS OF

1918.

The Register Staff, 1918



S. STEINBERG P.J.WENNERS F. SAUNDERS R. C. CROSBY L. J. DALEY
H. B. BROSS, *Business Manager* E. G. FAY, *Editor-in-Chief* J. A. GATELEY, *Assistant Business Manager*

JUST as the *Register* has always been a representative paper of the school, by the school, and for the school, so this year we congratulate ourselves upon having a representative *Staff*.

Not only is the Board of Editors made up, as usual, from the three upper classes, but these boys have been chosen from a variety of temperaments and fields of activity.

As might be expected of a Latin School organization, the *Staff* has worked earnestly, loyally, and enthu-

siastically. The splendid work of the Business Department stands out especially, and we are also the proud possessors of an entirely new department originated by the members from Class III., which has supplied us with high-grade art contributions.

We are responsible for many innovations, among which the "Over There Column" has been especially successful.

We are proud to have been associated with the *Latin School Register*, and extend our heartiest well-wishes to next year's *Staff*.

HISTORY OF THE CLASS OF 1918

Note—Prizes won by members of the Graduating Class in 1918 are not included. This mark * means that the name will appear in the Award of Merits (p. 28).



1 FRANCIS JOSEPH RYAN

Entered in 1913 from Francis Parkman School; Football Team, 1915, 1916, 1917; Member Hockey Team, 1916, 1917, 1918; Member Crew, 1916, 1917, 1918; Captain, Football Team, 1917; Captain, Crew, 1917; Manager, Track Team, 1918; Lieutenant, C Company, 1917; Lieutenant, M Company, 1918; Commissary Captain, 1918; Chairman of Class Day Committee; President of the Graduating Class 1918.

2 CHARLES EDWIN HART

Entered in 1912 from Charles Sumner School; Ass't Track Manager 1916, 1917; Lieutenant, 1917; Manager Track Team 1918; Class Secretary, 1918; Member Class Day Committee, 1918, *Register Staff*, 1918.

3 DANIEL JOSEPH MCSWEENEY

Entered in 1914 from Edward Everett School; Member Class Committee, 1918; Member Football Team, 1918; Member Mandolin Club, 1918; Lieutenant, B Company, 1917; Captain, C Company, 1918.

4 * JOHN JOSEPH HERLIHY

Entered in 1914 from Lincoln School; Modern Prize, 1915; Fidelity Prize, 1916; Lieutenant, E Company, 1917; Captain, Q Company 1918; Member Class Committee, 1918.

5 * ELLIOTT MORTON FINKELSTEIN

Entered in 1914 from George Putnam School; Classical Prize, 1915, 1917; Probation Prize, 1917; Member Class Committee, 1918.

6 * BARRETT HURWITZ

Entered in 1914 from Christopher Gibson School; Classical Prize, 1915, 1916; Fidelity Prize, 1917; Member Track Team, 1915, 1916, 1917, 1918; Captain Tennis Team, 1916, 1917, 1918; Member Hockey Team, 1917, 1918; Member Football Team, 1917; Baseball Squad, 1918; Member Class Committee, 1918.

7 FRANKLIN WING

Entered in 1913 from Edward Everett School; Track Team, 1915, 1916, 1917, 1918; Captain of Track Team, 1917; Member of Football Team, 1917; Lieutenant, Company F, 1916; Captain, Company M, 1917; Class Committee, 1918.



20 EDWARD OSGOOD OTIS, JR.

Entered in 1912 from Prince School; Football Team, 1917; Crew, 1917; Capt. of Crew, 1918; Mandolin Club, 1916, 1917, 1918; Individual Prize, 1918; Battalion Adjutant, 1918.

21 * HENRY WESLEY STEPHAN

Entered in 1914 from George Putnam School; Lieutenant, 1918.

23 LESTER HENRY DANA

Entered in 1914 from George Putnam School; Fidelity Prize, 1915.

24 * MALCOLM DEXTER CLARKE

Entered in 1912 from Bennett School; Classical Prize, 1912, 1913; Fidelity Prize, 1914; Modern Prize, 1915, 1916; Member Tennis Team, 1916, 1917, 1918.

25 * CARL VEZEY CHANDLER

Entered in 1914 from Oliver Wendell Holmes School; Fidelity Prize, 1914; Lieutenant, I Company, 1918.

26 * ELIOT GILBERT FAY

Entered in 1914 from Carter Grammar School, Chelsea. Modern Prize, 1915; *Register Staff*, 1916, 1917, 1918; Secretary, Rifle Club, 1917; Rifle Team, 1917, 1918; Prize for English Poem, "Our Country," 1917; President, Rifle Club, 1918; Class Poet, 1918; Writer of Words of Class Song, 1918; Lieutenant, Prize-Winning Company M, 1918; Captain, Company M, 1918; Editor-in-Chief, the *Register*, 1918.

27 * LESLIE ARTHUR SKINNER

Entered in 1915 from John Marshall School, Chicago; Lieutenant, A Company, 1917; Captain, C Company, 1918; Fidelity Prize, 1918.

28 PAUL PALMER

Entered in 1915 from Roxbury Latin School; Classical Prize, 1916; Approbation Prize, 1916; Crew, 1916, 1917, 1918; Football, 1917; Mandolin Club, 1917, 1918.

29 ALBERT WILLIAM CHAPMAN

Entered in 1912 from John Winthrop School; Fidelity Prize, 1913.



30 WILLIAM FOSTER RICE, JR.
Entered in 1912 from Agassiz School;
Classical Prize, 1913; Mandolin Club, 1918;
Lieutenant, F Company, 1918.

31 GEORGE REGINALD CROSBY
Entered in 1913 from Washington Allston
School; Lieutenant, G. Company, 1917;
Captain, G Company, 1917; Captain N
Company, 1918; *Register Staff*, 1917, 1918;
Member Baseball Team, 1918.

32 * FREDERICK SHERWIN HILL
Entered in 1913 from Charles Sumner
School; Lieutenant, H Company, 1918.

33 * STANLEY STUART SETCHELL
Entered in 1914 from Longfellow School;
Lieutenant, G Company, 1918.

34 MAX DAVIS
Entered in 1914 from Oliver Wendell
Holmes School; Fidelity Prize, 1915;
Modern Prize, 1916; Member Tennis
Team, 1916, 1917, 1918.

35 EDGAR THORNE FARNHAM
Entered in 1912 from Shaw School; Fidel-
ity Prize, 1912; 2d Crew, 1917, 1918;
Lieutenant K Company 1917; Member
Football team, 1918.

36 * GEORGE LEONARD McKIM
Entered in 1914 from Emerson School;
Classical Prize, 1916; Fidelity Prize, 1917;
3d. Declamation Prize, 1917; Member of
Orchestra, 1917; Lieutenant, 1918.

37 * SUMNER HYMAN ASKOWITH
Entered in 1915 from Oliver Wendell
Holmes School; Modern Prize, 1916, 1917.

38 CHARLES RUGGLES SMITH
Entered in 1914 from Charles Sumner
School; Lieutenant, E Company, 1918.

39 * MICHAEL D'AMELIO
Entered in 1913 from Samuel Adams
School; Modern Prize, 1916; Approbation
Prize, 1917; Lieutenant, C Company, 1917;
Lieutenant, B Company, 1918; Captain, D
Company, 1918; Baseball Team, 1916, 1917,
1918.



- 40 EDWARD WARREN FEELEY
Entered in 1913 from St. Francis de Sales School; Captain, Rifle Team, 1917, 1918; Member Orchestra, 1917, 1918; Lieutenant, E Company, 1917; Captain, Prize Company B, 1918; Colonel, Acting Brigadier General, 1918.
- 41 EDWARD RABINOWITZ
Entered in 1914 from Oliver Wendell Holmes School; Baseball, 1918.
- 42 HARRY FRANCIS BRUEN
Entered in 1913 from John Winthrop School; Baseball Team, 1916; Foot-ball Team, 1917.
- 43 ALBERT HYDEN ARMSTRONG
Entered in 1915 from Antiqua Grammar School, British West Indies; Member Crew, 1918.
- 44 JAMES WILLIAM REDMOND, JR.
Entered in 1914 from Thomas N. Hart School; Fidelity Prize, 1912.
- 45 RICHARD JAMES McDONOUGH
Entered in 1914 from Lawrence School; Fidelity Prize, 1916.
- 46 WILLIAM JAMES MAHONEY
Entered in 1913 from Edward Everett School; Lieutenant, B Company, 1917; Captain, B Company, 1917; Regimental Quartermaster, 1918; Crew, 1918.
- 47 *VITO MIRABILE
Entered in 1914 from the Eliot School; Classical Prize, 1915, 1916; Approbation Prize, 1916 1917; Fidelity Prize, 1918; Lieutenant, G Company, 1917; Captain, H Company, 1918; Major, 2d Battalion, 1918.
- 48 WILLIAM PATRICK KELLEHER
Entered in 1912 from Lowell School; Prize for Excellence in Manual of Arms, 1916; Hockey Team, 1918.
- 49 JOSEPH ALPHONSUS GATELEY
Entered in 1913 from St. Peter's School; Lieutenant B Company, 1917; Captain, B Company, 1917; Assistant Business Manager, *Register*, 1918; Painist for Dramatic Club, 1917; Orchestra and Mando-
lin Club, 1918.



50 *HAROLD BENEDICT BROSS
Entered in 1914 from Prince School;
Modern Prize, 1915; Second Prize for
Reading, 1917; Lieutenant, A Company,
1917; Captain, A Company, 1918; Major,
3d. B'n., 1918; *Register Staff*, 1917; Man-
dolin Club, 1918; Business Manager,
Register, 1918; Special Class Day speaker,
1918.

51 GEORGE JAMES KEARNS
Entered in 1914 from Chestnut Street
School, Springfield; Fidelity Prize, 1915;
Modern Prize, 1918.

52 LYFORD PIERSON BEVERAGE
Class History Unavailable.

53 CORNELIUS THOMAS HANAFIN
SHERLOCK
Entered in 1912 from Bennett School;
Fidelity Prize, 1914; Director Mandolin
Club, 1918.

54 HERBERT SPENCER SAVER
Entered in 1914 from Abraham Lincoln
School; Classical Prize, 1915, 1917; Lieu-
tenant, M Company, 1917; Lieutenant,
N Company, 1918.

55 CHARLES MAURICE FLEISCHNER
Entered in 1914 from the Bennett
School; Lieut., 1918.

56 CARL JOSEPH MAHONEY
Entered in 1913 from St. John's School;
Lieutenant, 1916; Adjutant, 1917.

57 CLIFFORD BENJAMIN POOL
Entered in 1914 from Longfellow School;
Lieutenant, K Company, 1918.

58 FREDERICK EDWARD MAGUIRE
Entered in 1914 from St. John's School;
Hockey Team, 1916, 1917, 1918; Capt.
Hockey, 1918; Track Team, 1917, 1918;
Relay Team, 1918; Baseball Team, 1915,
1916, 1917, 1918; Captain, Baseball Team,
1916, 1917.

59 EDWARD VINCENT COLLINS
Entered in 1913 from Francis Parkman
School.



60 EDWARD DAVID KENNEDY
Entered in 1914 from Chestnut Street School, Springfield; Classical Prize, 1915; Fidelity Prize, 1916.

61 BENJAMIN GINSBERG
Entered in 1914 from Dearborn School.

62 ABRAHAM DAVID SPERBER
Entered in 1914 from Oliver Wendell Holmes School; Lieutenant, N Company, 1918.

63 * JOSEPH KRUGER
Entered in 1914 from Lincoln School; Lieutenant, C Company, 1917; Captain, B Company, 1918.

64 THOMAS EDWARD CROSBY
Entered in 1913 from Agassig School; Individual Prize, 1916; Lieutenant B Company, 1917; Captain K Company, 1918.

65 * CARL NORMAN BENSINGER
Entered in 1914 from Christopher Gibson School; Modern Prize, 1915, 1917; Approbation Prize, 1916; Lieutenant, E Company, 1917; Captain F Company, 1918; School Pianist, 1916, 1917, 1918.

66 DUDLEY FISHER KIMBALL
Entered in 1914 from John Winthrop School.

67 * BENJAMIN TRUSTMAN
Entered in 1914 from Wendell Phillips School; Approbation Prize, 1917; Lieutenant, E Company, 1917.

68 * DONALD SPOFFORD PARKER
Entered in 1914 from Branch School, Quincy; Lieutenant, A Company, 1917; Member Mandolin Club, 1917, 1918; Tennis Team, 1917, 1918; Manager Football Team, 1918; Captain G, Company 1918.

69 EDWARD ALBERT HURWITCH
Entered in 1914 from Oliver Wendell Holmes School.



70 ARTHUR EDWARD HURWITCH
Entered in 1914 from Oliver Wendell Holmes School; Probation Prize, 1917.

71 *WILLIAM HARDING MARTIN
Entered in 1914 from John B. Philbrick School; Lieutenant, Company M, 1918.

72 RALPH HENRY ORKIN
Class History unavailable.

73 DAVID QUINT
Entered in 1914 from John Winthrop School; Member of Orchestra, 1915, 1916, 1917, 1918.

74 ALLEN JOSEPH CHENEY
Entered in 1913 from Thomas N. Hart School; Member Crew, 1917.

75 DAVID STEARN
Entered in 1914 from Wolcott School; Modern Prize, 1917; Lieutenant, 1917; Captain, 1918.

76 ISRAEL ANOPOLSKY
Entered in 1914 from Wendell Phillips School.

77 GEORGE HOLLAND
Entered in 1912 from Lowell Grammar School.

78 JAMES MENTON MALONEY
Entered in 1914 from St. Columbkille's School; Lieutenant, 1917, 1918; Mandolin Club, 1918; Football, 1917; Hockey, 1917, 1918.

79 NEIL L. CROPP
Class Orator, 1918; Now in National Service.



80 * RICHARD CHARLES LICHTEN-STEIN, JR.

Entered in 1914 from Oliver Wendell Holmes School; Fidelity Prize, 1915; Lieutenant, I Company, 1917; Lieutenant, A Company, 1917.

81 * JAMES GEORGE HAGOPIAN

Entered in 1913 from Christopher Gibson School.

82 * GEORGE ALBERT SANTON

Entered in 1914 from John Winthrop School; Classical Prize, 1915, 1916, 1917; Approbation prize, 1915, 1916, 1917; Regimental Quartermaster, 1917; Lieutenant-Colonel, 1918; Class Soloist, 1918; Conduct above criticism, 4 years.

83 MOSES AARON LESSER

Entered in 1914 from Christopher Gibson School; Fidelity Prize, 1915; Classical Prize, 1916; Member Tennis Team, 1917, 1918.

84 NATHAN DAVID TUMAROFF

Entered in 1914 from Christopher Gibson School; Fidelity Prize, 1915; Track, 1915; Modern Prize, 1916, 1917; Approbation Prize, 1917; Lieutenant, C Company, 1917; Captain, E Company, 1918.

85 * ARTHUR MAURICE KAHN

Entered in 1914 from Oliver Wendell Holmes School; Fidelity Prize, 1917; Lieutenant, H Company, 1917; Lieutenant, B Company, 1918; No misdemeanor marks, 4 years.

86 MILTON GODIN

Entered in 1914 from Worcester Classical High School; Member Rifle Team, 1916, 1917, 1918; Treasurer, Rifle Club, 1918.

87 SOLOMON STEINBERG

Entered in 1914 from Roger Wolcott School; *Register Staff*, 1918; Rifle Team, 1917, 1918; Secretary, Rifle Team, 1918.

88 JAMES GIBBONS CRONIN

Entered in 1913 from Prince School; Member Football Team, 1916, 1917; Member Crew, 1917, 1918; Member Baseball Team, 1918.

89 JAMES ANDREW BUCKLEY

Entered in 1914 from Harvard School; Fidelity Prize, 1917.



90 HERMANN RHEINHOLD KROETSCH
Entered in 1913 from John Winthrop School; Fidelity Prize, 1913; Prize for Excellence in Manual of Arms, 1913; Prize for Individual drill, 1914; Track Team, 1914, 1915; Manager, Football Team, 1917; Crew, 1917.

91 PHILIP LAWRENCE HEGERICH
Entered in 1913 from Charles Sumner School.

92 *EDWARD MARCUS RUBIN
Entered in 1912 from Bennett School; Modern Prize, 1913, 1915; Classical Prize, 1917; Track Team, 1915, 1917; Member Football Team, 1915, 1916, 1917.

93 SIGMOND ISRAEL NEUGROSCHL
Entered in 1914 from Christopher Gibson School; Modern Prize, 1915, 1916; Lieutenant, F Company, 1917; Lieutenant, O Company, 1918.

94 JOSIAH THOMPSON PHINNEY
Entered in 1914 from Robert G. Shaw School; Modern Prize, 1915; Fidelity Prize, 1916.

95 CHARLES FRANCIS DALEY
Entered in 1914 from the William E. Russell School.

96 JAMES EDWARD MURLEY, JR.
Entered in 1914 from Our Lady of Perpetual Help School; Lieutenant, G Company, 1917; Captain, I Company, 1918.

97 LEMUEL JOSEPH BON
Entered in 1913 from Roxbury Grammar School; Member Track Team, 1916, 1917; Member Football Team, 1918; Member Rifle Team, 1917, 1918.

98 LAWRENCE HIRSH OPPENHEIM
Entered in 1914 from George Putnam School; Fidelity Prize, 1916.

99 CHARLES EUGENE SMITH
Entered in 1912 from Wendell Phillips School; Fidelity Prize, 1916; Writer of Football Songs and Yells, 1915, 1916, 1917; Manager the Rifle Team, 1918; Lieutenant, F Company, 1918; Sports Editor, *The Register*, 1918.



100 HAROLD ISAAC SHULMAN
Entered in 1914 from Phillips Brooks School.

101 JULIUS KARABELNICK
Entered in 1914 from the Eliot School; Member of School Orchestra, 1915, 1916, 1917, 1918; Secretary of same, 1916, 1917; Concert-master of same, 1918; Lieutenant, Q Company, 1917, 1918; composer of music for Class Song, 1918.

102 HERBERT GEORGE WILLIAM SUNDELOF
Entered in 1912 from Julia Ward Howe School; Fidelity Prize, 1912; Bugling Prize, 1918.

103 ROBERT NELSON McCLELLAN
Entered in 1914 from Oliver Wendell Holmes School; Manager, Baseball Team, 1918.

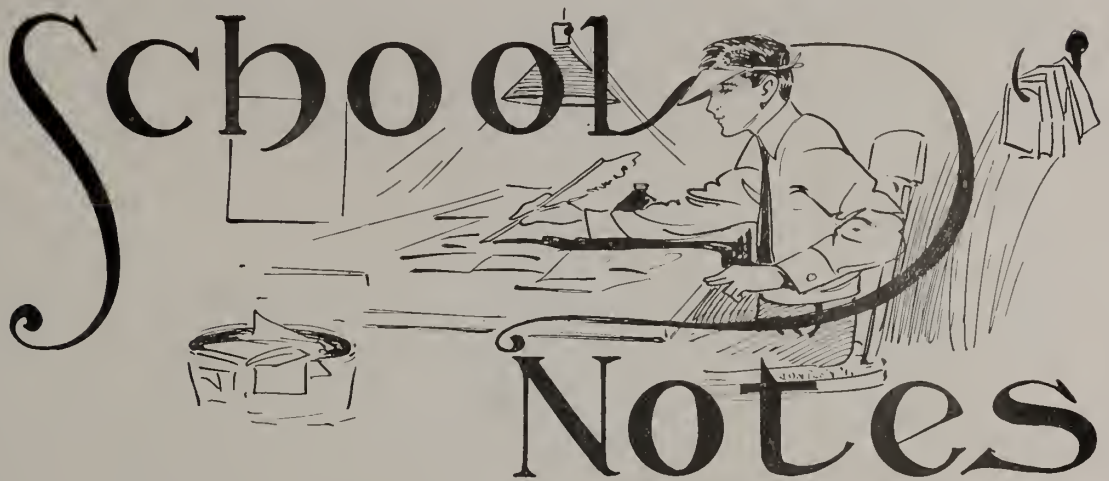
104 LAWRENCE WELLING
Entered in 1914 from Christopher Gibson School.

105 JOHN FRANCIS NORTON
Entered in 1914 from William E. Russell School.

106 LOUIS NATHANSON
Entered in 1914 from Phillips Brooks School; Modern Prize, 1915.

107 GEORGE PHILIP ANDERSON
Entered in 1914 from Roger Wolcott School; Manager Hockey Team, 1918; Lieutenant H Company, 1918; Captain, H Company, 1918.

School Notes



LONG ago, when your grandfather's father was a boy, and Robert Fulton sailed, or rather steamed, up the Hudson for the first time, a fellow was lucky if he had completed a course of study corresponding more or less to that of our modern "grammar school." Your father considered himself able to embark upon the sea of Life's Troubles, with a High School education. Now, the majority of folks believe that a young man is usually better able to "tackle" his job and become a good citizen if he possesses a college Diploma; and the day is fast approaching when even this will not be enough.—You see, this is the age of specialization.

* * *

About this time, as the year's work is nearing completion, and the long coveted goal has been attained, a boy may well ask himself, "Has it been worth while?" and "After all, am I following the right trail?"—for these questions are only the forerunners of "What is my job going to be?" and "Is a college career best for me?" To be sure, every Latin School boy

has prepared himself for a college or university course, but these are war times, and many a doubt and fear arises as to the wisdom of our original policy.

Now, see here! You don't know enough Latin and Greek to remember for, say ten years. Do you, now? And, anyway, you say, you're not going to be a professor. No matter. These are not the deciding factors as to the worthwhileness of your academic career. No, indeed not, Classmate. Well, then, could you say truthfully:

1. I am a squarer fellow than when I entered Latin School.

2. I am more physically fit, mentally awake, and morally straight than I was four years ago.

3. I have gained a better appreciation of the beautiful, the true, and the good in literature, language, and life.

4. I have learned to help the other fellow.

5. I have come to understand the spirit of Sincerity and service?

If you can say these things, then Latin School has helped you, and college will help you, and you are going to college if

PRIZE Drill, held this year at the East Armory, was a success in every respect. Notwithstanding the extremely short period of preparation, each company performed in true military style. The results of the Prize Drill will be found elsewhere in our columns.

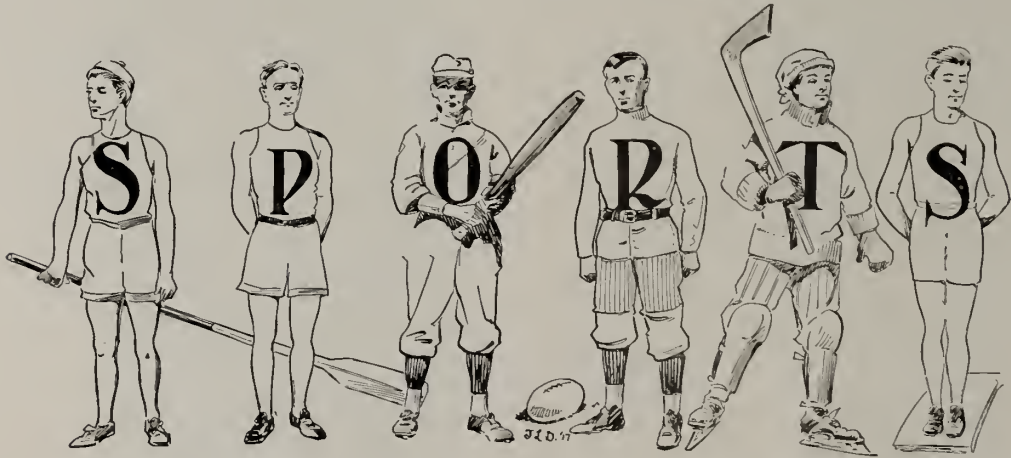
* * *

FIELD Day, in the sense of being a gala occasion, was a disappointment on account of the rain, which fell mercilessly in intermittent showers. On the other hand, soldierly discipline was everywhere maintained, and the performance of the Cadets was creditable.

COLONEL BENYON should certainly receive great credit for his splendid work under trying conditions. Though the "recruits" were in a sadly raw condition at the beginning of the year, and time short, he whipped into shape an organization worthy of Latin School.

* * *

THIS year the *Register* has inserted in its final, or Graduation number, a review of four of the chief athletic sports in which teams have represented Latin School during the season of 1917-1918. These articles have been written either by the captains, or by men near the very top in their own especial field of endeavor. Following is the Crew *résumé*:



(By Captain Edward O. Otis, Jr.)

IN going over the crew season of 1918, we find it to have been successful. This year the school had the possession of the coveted "A. Paul Keith" trophy won by last year's championship boat. The school also possesses an excellent boat and a new set of oars. With this trophy, this equipment, and the facilities of the Boston Athletic Association boat-house on the Charles River,

much enthusiasm was shown. The season opened on the sixteenth of April with a squad of thirty husky oarsmen from which were chosen the best men to fill the seats left vacant last year. There were six veteran oarsmen from last year's boats, and with their help the new men soon acquired the fundamentals of the sport and rapidly developed into competent oarsmen. The squad was cut to two boats, which in the opinion of Coach Manning



PHOTO BY ELLIS. BOSTON TRAVELER

COXSWAIN, Clough, STROKE, Ryan, Cronin, Otis, Armstrong.

were composed of the best men. Claudius Webster, who rowed bow on last year's boat, has heard his country's call and enlisted in the army. He is greatly missed. Francis Ryan, president of the B. I. R. A., and last year's captain, is stroking the boat for the record season. James Cronin, another veteran, is rowing number 3 and can be depended upon to back up the stroke in a very creditable manner. Armstrong, the new bow oarsman, has developed very speedily and much credit is due his hard work through-

out the season. Much credit also is due to the members of the second boat, who have worked hard and faithfully all season. Palmer, Ham, and Farnham are all excellent oarsmen as well as Stuart, who rowed bow. Clough and Watson were picked as coxswains for the first and second boats respectively, but were pushed hard by Hull for these positions. Much credit is due Faculty Manager Campbell for the warm support he has given the crew throughout the season.



DOHERTY, FARNHAM, HAM, BON, HURWITZ
PARKER, ELLIS, BRUEN, OTIS, O'BRIEN, Coach; O'BRIEN, MALLEY,
WING, KELLEHER, Capt; RYAN, CRONIN, MCSWEENEY

FOOTBALL

BY CAPTAIN FRANCIS J. RYAN

It was the misfortune of the 1917 eleven to be the first athletic team governed by the new eligibility standards. Because of these, the team lost four good boys after the Groton game.

The team was not a great scoring machine, but defensively it ranked with the best in the state. Until the English game, our goal line had been crossed but once, a 70-yard run turning the trick at St. George's.

Scoreless ties were played with Groton School, Boston College High, and Brookline. A field goal was sufficient to defeat us at St. Mark's, while

St. George's was on the winning side 7-0. Of the Boston Schools, Hyde Park was beaten 12-0. Dorchester 6-0, and Mechanic Arts 34-0. In our Thanksgiving Day game, English, for the second year was victorious. The Blue and Blue scored twice while Wing's 80-yard run from a kickoff saved us from a shutout.

The team was a good one but inasmuch as several of our most dependable players could not combine studies and football, Mr. O'Brien was not at any time able to put his strongest team on the field. The spirit of the team was fine, and few Latin School elevens have shown more enthusiasm.

BASEBALL-1918



M'G'R. McCLELLAN RABINOVITZ. CROSBY. KILEY. HURWITZ. WESTWOOD
E. MALLEY. KYLE. A. MALLEY. MAGUIRE. D'AMELIO

As regards the personnel of the team, Cronin and Ellis covered the ends and their work at all times stood out. The former was a great kicker while the latter excelled through his tackling. Kyle, an Interscholastic tackle, Otis, Bruen, Ham and Reuben took care of the area from tackle to tackle in a creditable manner. Quinn, at quarterback, up to the time he was injured in the Mechanic Arts game, ran the team well. Merrill worked in an excellent manner in the English Game. Malley played hard football and his

untiring efforts deserve great praise. Captain Ryan and Wing played full back and left half-back respectively. The latter used great speed to advantage on the gridiron and his 80-yard run was the feature of the English Game. Doherty, Walsh, McSweeney, John Kennedy, Dullea, Farnham, Ben Hurwitch and Harkins were not found wanting when called upon.

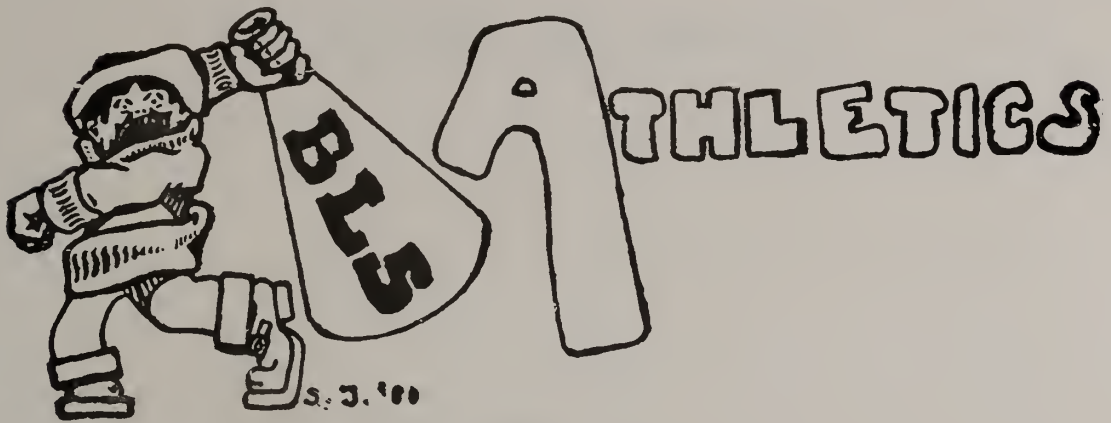
Mr. O'Brien should have Capt.-elect Merrill, Malley, Elliss Harkins, Ham, Luok, and Doherty as a nucleus for next year's team.

RELAY TEAM-1918



COACH O'BRIEN,
WING, DUDLEY,

M'G'R. RYAN
MAGUIRE, KENNEDY



The Latin School tennis team opened its season by beating Quincy High 5-0 May 16.

Hurwitz Latin defeated Borden Quincy 6-0, 6-1.

Clark Latin, defeated Nichols Quincy 6-0, 6-1.

Lesser Latin, defeated Nicholson Quincy, 6-3, 7-5.

Clarke and Hurwitz defeated Nichols and Nicholson 6-1, 6-2.

Davis and Parker Latin defeated Pinkhany and Troumpe Quincy, 7-5, 3-6, 6-2.

* * *

On May 25th our tennis team was defeated by Brookline High, 4-0.

Ahearn Brookline beat Hurwitz Latin

4-6, 6-2, 6-3.

Richardson Brookline beat Clark Latin 6-4, 5-7, 6-4.

Ahearn and Richardson beat Clarke and Dana, 6-1, 6-1.

* * *

On May 28th Latin defeated Lynn Classical 3-2.

1. Hurwitz L. beat Herlihy L. C. 8-6, 8-6.

2. Tarplin L. C. beat Campbell L. 6-2, 6-4.

3. Lesser L. beat Smith L. C. 7-5, 4-6, 8-6.

Campbell and Hurwitz beat Herlihy and Gilchrist 5-7, 6-3, 6-2.

Tarplin and Smith beat Lesser and Dana 4-6, 6-1, 6-4.



AWARD OF PRIZES

June, 1918.

For Excellence in Classical Studies:—

Malcolm Dexter Clarke, Elliott Morton Finkelstein, John Joseph Herlihy, Samuel Abrams, Nathaniel Herman Frank, Karl Watson Baker, Vincent Immanuel Benander, Arnold Pierson Beverage, Michael Gerald Whalen, Sawyer Bolonsky, Fulvio Chester Forte, Eugene Chellis Glover, Roger Capen Noyes, Leo Shubow, Harry Anscorius Johnson, Thomas Robert Hull, Paul Reuben Goldings, Powell Horner Humphries, Aaron Levy, Peter Francis Joseph Dolan, Harold Richard Robinson, John Aloysius Sheehan, Frederick Theodore DeBell, Francis William Boland King, Herbert Elmer Whiting, Warren Fosket Farr, Edward Charles Marget.

For Excellence in Modern Studies:—

Edward Marcus Rubin, Michael D'Amelio, Sigmund Israel Neugroschl, Sameul Gold, Henry Rosen, Francis Joseph Sullivan, Constantine Barbarisi, Hyman Harold Rudosky, Charles Harold Gushee, Samuel Smith, Isadore Ein, Laurence Eliot Bunker, Walter Vincent Stearns, Harry Freeman, Samuel Hirsh Segool, Carl Thomas Crosby, Samuel Goldings, Oscar Karrell, Nathan Stoller, Charles Francis McNeil, James Albert Carter, Edmund Vincent Watson, William Arthur Henderson, Samuel Kurland, John Francis Delaney, Clarence Levin, Philip Lambert Sullivan.

For Excellence in Declamation:—

First Prize, Harold Benedict Bross

Second Prize, Joseph Schneider

Third Prize, Carl Norman Bensinger

Special Prizes, Class I. and II.—Joseph Kruger

Classes II. and IV.—Benjamin Russman

Classes V. and VI.—Delmer Eugene Engewald

For Excellence in Reading:—

First Prize, Harold Benedict Bross

Second Prize, Henry Albert McCurdy

Third Prize, Joseph Kruger

For General Excellence in Conduct and Studies:—

Eugene Chellis Glover, Herbert Elmer Whiting, Powell Horner Humphries, William Arthur Henderson, Karl Watson Baker, Paul Joseph Weners, Joseph Stephen Lanigan, Charles Joseph Anthony Kalinauskas, Joseph Raphael Tierney, Joseph Edward Daley, Francis Boland, William King, Edward Charles Marget.

For Exemplary Conduct and Fidelity:—

Vito Mirabile, Harold Benedict Bross, Leslie Alfred Skinner, Peter Joseph Monahan, Thomas Joseph Fennessey, Philip Francis Kenney, Richard Thomas Murphy, Arthur Morris Bon, John Leo Donovan, Jr., John Willard Gordon, Robert Martin Morrison, Myron Samuel Silbert, Edward Bertman, Henry Thomas O'Keefe, Moses Hirsh, Frank Eugene Johansen, Lewis Joseph Farrall, John Walter Roper, Cornelius Augustine O'Keefe, Gerard William Stephenson, Henry Andrew McCashin, Paul Lawrence Norton, John Edward Redmond, William Veech Haynes, James Thomas Mulligan, Ralph Frederick Best, John Henry Halloran, Charles Leelike.

For Original Written Exercises:—

For an English Poem on the subject "Boston", Sumner Hyman Askowith.

For an English Essay, Carl Norman Bensinger.

For Translations into English:—

From the Latin, James George Hagopian.

From and into French, Elliott Morton Finkelstein.

The Gardner Prize;—Elliott Morton Finkelstein.

Derby Prize:—Elliott Morton Finkelstein.

Class of 1885 Prizes:—

John Aloysius Sheehan, Powell Horner Humphries, Francis William Boland King, Paul Reuben Goldings.

The Schallenbach Prize:—Morris Goldberg.

The John K. Richardson Prize:—Francis Xavier Grady.



Honorable Mention for Conspicuous Records during the Entire Course:

Perfection in Attendance:

Harold Benedict Bross	4 years
Carl Vezey Chandler	4 years
John Joseph Herlihy	4 years
Vito Mirabile	4 years
Henry Wesley Stephan	4 years

Conduct above Criticism:

Carl Norman Bensinger	4 years
Harold Benedict Bross	4 years
Carl Vezey Chandler	4 years
Elliott Morton Finkelstein	4 years
John Joseph Herlihy	4 years
Frederic Sherwin H'll	5 years
Barrett Hurwitz	4 years
Arthur Maurice Kahn	4 years
Richard Charles Lichtenstein, Jr.	4 years
George Leonard McKim	4 years
William Harding Martin	4 years
Donald Spofford Parker	4 years
George Albert Saxton	4 years
Stanley Stuart Setchell	4 years
Benjamin Trustman	4 years







GRADUATION-TIME is so near, so very near, now, and we tell each other, with a little touch of manly pride, that we are no longer *des enfants*. Why, the college-gate lies just around the corner, 'neath the shade of yon stately elm-trees; and really, it is quite time to "put away childish things." The good saint might also have added that it were well to assume one's share of manly cares and responsibilities; but of course, that's understood.

There is much talk, these days, and rightly, too,—about how we may best serve Old Glory, and the wonderful, inspiring cause of Democracy. Say, fellows, we wonder if you know just what "Democracy" means. To us, it's a sacred term, not in the least political; it amounts almost to a religion. Let us explain: Sometimes, when rather pensively inclined, we think gloomily, "The day's coming, sooner or later, when I'll have to die, maybe in poverty, sickness, or distress." Then we brighten immediately with the thought,

"Why, everybody's got to die some day," Selah! That, simply, is Democracy, in a very primitive form to, be sure. Then again: "Geel!" we ejaculate in soliloquy, "I hope ten years from to-day I'll have a good position, and a comfortable sum in the Second National Bank, and a car or two!" The oracle replies, "You can! you can! you can!" You see, Over Here, every fellow has a chance to get out and hustle, and work, and win, if he really wants to. Voilà tout, —Democracy! That's why they call America the "Land of the Free" and the "Cradle of Liberty," Can't you *jeel* the naturalness of this thing—Democracy? It's the inherent essence of something which impels the soul of man to cry out for Free Speech—Absolute Equality—A Square Deal! Isn't it glorious?

That's the thing our boys are fighting for. That's the spirit you desire to serve. And the best way? Shall you stay and finish your education, or go—now? Ask Dad.



Somewhere in France

April 12, 1918.

Via New York.

Dear ——:

I AM sitting here, snugly quartered in a deep dug-out which they tell us is shell-proof and gas-proof. A few of the big boys come over every now and then.

We are getting used to things now and know what to do. When we hear a heavy rumble followed by a s-s-s-r we pay no attention, but when we hear a w-h-e-e-e with a preceding rumble, *believe me*, we scatter. You have no idea how weird and spell-binding is the rush of a shell "coming over." I received the *Register* and the cigarettes to-day. Both were very welcome. The *Register* is finer than ever. Did I tell you I was a telephone operator? Grabbing off a girl's job! It is a great life—if you don't weaken.

Just a few more remarks about the *Register*. Fine stories, a great "Joke Page," and a fine "Over There" column. Congratulations! I see Mr. Robinson every now and then, and he sure is doing fine work. I saw the Cathedral at Taon a short while ago. Took a peep "over the top" when there were no Heinies looking.

I now realize how important the wine-making industry is to France. As you probably know, each district makes its own distinct sort of wine. Every town, city and village makes the inevitable "pinard." Regrettably, "pinard" flows like water in France,—in fact, is used instead of water for drinking purposes.

I am reading one of the letters in the *Register* praising the Y. M. C. A. Evidently the writer has not yet come in contact with the Salvation Army in France, whose work seems to me much

more effective.

Well, it's time for me to go on the switchboard again, so, "au revoir."

Harrison G. O. Chase.

FROM Private Sidney Wheeler, recently a driver of a truck in the American Field Ambulance Service, and now detailed as special chauffeur to a Y. M. C. A. secretary.

Yesterday morning I was awakened at 6 o'clock after a hard day's work the day before. I had about 25 minutes to get up, dress, eat and get away.

When we took this load up we had a very zigzag road. It was dark and we could not see ten feet ahead of us. We saw shells bursting a hundred yards from us, and that was surely near enough. We had to stop at one place till it was darker so that we could pass, as the Germans could see that stretch of road. Just as we stopped they were having an airplane battle right over our heads. Believe me, it was some nervous strain, sitting here, with shells falling all around. To hear them whistle past and then burst with a roaring crash is more than an experience.

Well, we finally got to the place where we had to unload. It was a mile and a quarter from the first line of trenches. There was a place where the shells and the cannon were roaring. First, you would see a big flash and then would come a roar. One of the French guns had gone off.

In a minute you would hear a German shell shriek past and crash back of you. We went to one of these French batteries while our truck was being loaded and watched them fire the gun. The result was that we all had a crack at firing it off. Once was plenty for me.

We started home at 11 o'clock and it was a real ride, through ruined villages, across rickety bridges, up and down steep

hills, dusty and dark-shells bursting.
In some places we traveled at the rate of
30 miles an hour, round curves, through
narrow streets and everything else.
Every once in a while a star shell would
burst overhead and throw a powerful
light on us for a minute, when the Ger-
mans were trying to see what was going
on.

I remember once I started to crank the
car. A shell burst near us. Believe me
I spun that engine, and we got away
from there mighty quick. Just think
of going 30 miles an hour, hardly know-
ing where the road was or whether there
was any road, and not being able to see
more than 10 feet ahead.

From the American Field Service
Bulletin.

C'EST ÇA

I've been roosting over where
They've a sentence, "C'est la guerre"
That you hear reiterated o'er and o'er.

It's a cheering little thing,
Hopeful and enspiriting,
And, translated into English, means
"That's war."

When everything you see
Is as rotten as can be,
When life's a shaky gamble or a bore,

You'll derive great consolation
From the patent observation
For it's comforting to know it—
That it's war.

You tote a gun and pack,
Rain a-trickling down your back,
And you sleep in some damp dug-out on
the floor,

And you wake alive with fleas,
Don't get irritated, please,
Just remember that it isn't sport—
It's war.

You must live on rancid grub,
And they curse you for a dub
Or rout you out to do some filthy chore;
And you haven't had a bath
For a month—restrain your wrath,
And repeat that everlasting phrase,
"That's war."

If you're like the cheerful French
When the Boches strafe your trench
And you see your comrades slaughtered
by the score,
You can get much satisfaction
From that obvious abstraction,
And you'll simply shake your head and
say,
"That's war"



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Approved by Col. Benyon

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Cadet Lt. Col. George Albert Saxton
Cadet Major Carl Norman Bensinger
Cadet Major Vito Mirable
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Cadet Lieut. Richard Charles Lichten-
stein, Jr.
Cadet Lieut. Julius Karabelnick



WE gratefully acknowledge the papers which we have received from many different schools in the United States. Owing to lack of space, we cannot print the names of all. We thank them, however, as we have greatly enjoyed reading their magazines. "The Pattersonian," Mount Joy High School, Mount Joy, Pa. Your book contains quality as well as quantity. "Lawrence High School Bulletin," Lawrence, Mass. You could improve your book by introducing some cuts and photos. "The Eltrurian," Haverhill High School. Haverhill, Mass. Your literary department is very interesting, but your personals are too few in number. "The Mercury," An excellent book in every way. "The X-Ray," Sacramento High School, Sacramento, California. Snap and ginger makes "The X-Ray" one of the best school papers.

"The Red & White," Sanford High School, Sanford, Maine. Your pages on "Class Statistics" are very original and amusing.

"The Academy Student," St. Johnsbury Academy, St. Johnsbury, Vt. Your "American Hero Number" was especially interesting.

"The Artisan," State Trade Education Shop, Bridgeport, Conn. Your book contains valuable information.

"The Holten," Holten High School, Danvers, Mass. Your stories are too short.

"The Cambridge Review," Cambridge High School, Cambridge, Mass. The section on "Class Notes" is very amusing.

"The Everett High Clarion," Everett High School, Everett, Mass. Not enough PEP! "The Stampede," Havre High School, Havre, Montana Why so short?

"The Eastern District Daisy," Eastern District High School, Brooklyn, N. Y. Best high school book published. Your "Freshman Number" was excellent.

JOKES

R.C. 19

Mr. P.—“Now, boys, here’s a nice little original about a stick ——.”

D.—“Must come from the *Board Exam*.”

* * *

Drawing Teacher: “What! You’ve forgotten your pencil again? What would you think of a soldier without a gun?”

Stude: “I’d think he was an officer, sir.”

* * *

Prof: Where was Solomon’s Temple?”

Fresh: “On the side of his head, of course.”

* * *

“What is the difference between a kiss and a sewing machine?”

“Why, one sews seams good, and the other seems so good.”

* * *

English teacher: “What’s after-math?”

Drowsey Aubrey: “Eh—let’s see—Latin.”

* * *

She: Jane feared that the girls might not notice her engagement ring.”

He: Did they?”

She: Did they? Three of them recognized it!”

Medical Officer: (to rookie taking eye-sight test)

“Can you read that?”

Rookie: (noticing formidable array of consonants)

“Gosh! I can read that, mister, but I can’t pronounce it!”

* * *

Daughter: (admiring new mink furs)
“I can hardly believe that such beautiful furs came from such a low, sneaking, beast.”

Father: See here, even if I don’t receive any thanks for the gift at least I demand respect!”

* * *

Diner: “Noodle soup, veal with tomato sauce, and a cream puff.”

Waiter: (just back from the trenches)
“Bowl of submarines, camouflage the cow, hurl me a custard grenade!”

* * *

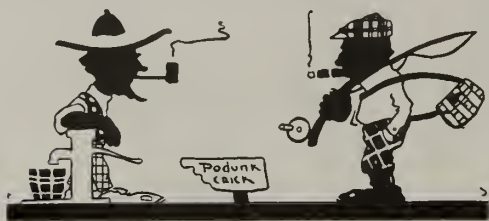
Mary: “General Foch must be having an awfully hard time of it in France.”

Charley: “Uh-huh. I really don’t know what I’d do myself in his place.”

* * *

Sailor: (pointing to *Pennsylvania*)
“This is one of our new ships. She’s only a year old.”

Rustic Eugene: “Gosh! I’ll bet she’ll be a whopper when she’s twenty-one!”



Farmer "Don't you see that sign, 'No fishing'?"

Angler: "Yes, but its all wrong. This is the best fish pond I have struck this summer."

* * *

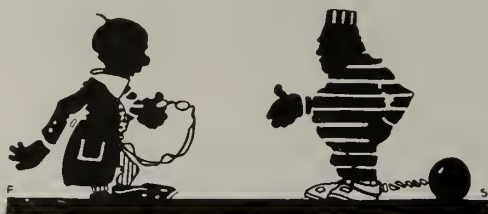
Lawyer: "Are you a very hard drinker?"

Witness: "That's *my* business."

Lawyer: shrugging shoulders "Any other business?"



1918



Sergeant: "Say, there, get a move on. You've been digging that same trench the whole mornin'."

Rookie: "Well, Rome wasn't built in a day, you know."

Sergeant: "Yes, yes, I know all about that; but I wasn't a sergeant then."

CORRECTING A BLUNDER

While Bob Randolph the youngest engineer in the Pennsylvanian Railroad's roundhouse at Washington was preparing for a trip, he heard his name called out. Looking down, he saw the foreman of the roundhouse, who told him that he was wanted immediately at the office. Bob started for his destination fearfully for he had been running ahead of his schedule and he feared that he was to be called to account for it.

When he reached the office, however, he knew that this could not be the case; for, with a kindly greeting, the general manager told him to step into the inner office. Then, sitting down, the manager told him that he had been picked out to render a service for his country.

A certain personage, bearing important documents was to leave on a private train for New York with utmost secrecy. The manager said that if this undertaking was made known to the representatives of the German Spy system in this country, desperate attempts would be made to wreck the train. He told Bob that with the exception of a stretch of track covering several miles just above the town of M——, all traffic would be sidetracked for him. At the point mentioned above, he would swing off onto a stretch of abandoned track, and make tremendous speed along this place with the exception of a trestle; This, through lack of use, had grown unsteady and must be passed over at a low grade of

speed. With an order to be ready in half an hour the manager dismissed Bob.

As he walked briskly toward the roundhouse Bob was rather staggered at the dangerous undertaking but he was determined to do his best. Reaching his engine, he found his fireman, Shultz, who had just been employed by the Railroad a few days ago, stoking the fire and on telling him the news he was a little startled that Shultz was not any more astonished than he seemed to be. Although he had no real grounds to dislike the man, nevertheless, he had a strong personal dislike for him and this was not lessened by the way he took the news.

Promptly a half hour later, an engine and a single passenger car moved noiselessly in on track 12, and after a squad of soldiers who had come from different directions had sauntered aboard and a man in citizen's clothing had come through the gate, it moved slowly out. With his hand on the throttle, Bob increased the speed and soon they were flying through the country. All was uneventful till the train reached M—— and swung onto the old road.

Bob, knowing that it would be several minutes before they would reach the trestle, relaxed his vigilance and closed his eyes for a moment. In a second, Shultz, who had been watching Bob intently, bounded across the cab; and before Bob could realize what was happening, he found his hands bound behind his back and he was forced into the fireman's seat. Shultz took his place at the throttle and increased the speed.

When Bob regained his voice he shouted, "Shultz, what the dickens do you mean by doing this?"

With a surly grin Shultz responded, "If I do my duty, this train must never reach New York."

"But what do you intend to do?"

"Well, we're going pretty fast and the trestle is rather shaky," Shultz replied.

With a sinking heart, Bob realized that Shultz must have been employed by the German Spy System, who had found out about this mission, and had joined the Railroad in order to wreck the train on the trestle. In this way the message would be stopped, all on board would be killed, and the blame could not be placed anywhere. Oh, how Bob wished he had not closed his eyes that instant. Then, as he was moving his hands into a freer position, one of them passed over a very sharp place in the ironwork of the fireman's chair. Suddenly a brilliant idea flashed through his brain and he began to work the rope in a sawing motion over the sharp edge.

He worked feverishly because they were drawing near the trestle. One minute, two minutes, three minutes; would that rope never break? Just as Shultz was putting on more speed to carry out his demoniacal idea and as Bob was despairing of ever cutting the rope, his hands parted.

In an instant, Bob jumped across the cab, and, pinioning Shultz's arms, forced him onto the floor. Holding him helpless in this position with his left hand, Bob threw off the power and jammed on the brakes just as the train swung round the curve before going onto the trestle. There was a terrible shriek as the brakes took effect and then the train passed slowly over the trestle. When he had put on a little speed, Bob left the throttle and bound Shultz (who had been dazed by the happenings) hand and foot to the fireman's seat.

Having done this, he got one of the soldiers to act as a fireman for him and without further events the train sped on until it rolled quietly and unobtrusively into New York. Here Bob handed Shultz over to the Federal authorities

and, obtaining another fireman, returned to Washington with the empty coach.

When he returned, he reported the events of the trip to the general manager, who congratulated him upon making success out of a blunder; while Bob received a note of thanks from the govern-

ment and a promotion from the Railroad, the thing which gave him the most satisfaction was the fact that, although he had made a serious mistake, he had corrected it himself.

H. B. W. '19.

THE CLASS

OF

1918

Advertisements

"DIG"
 "Uncle Sam issues the summons
 to clench for him,
 contributed by
 Room 7 Class III

"Out in the field with the plow
 and the hoe for him,
Dig.
 Contributed by
 Room 3 Class II

"Fight with the glorious British
 and French for him,

 Contributed by
 Room 16 Class III

"Uncle Sam issues the summons
 to lend for him,

 Contributed by
 Room 9 Class IV

"Out of the firing line, out in the
 trench for him--
Dig.

 Contributed by
 Room 8 Class III

"Help our great allies, the billions
 to spend for him,

 Contributed by
 Room 28 Class V

"Uncle Sam issues the summons to
 sow for him,

 Contributed by
 Room 15 Class III

"Reach in our pockets 'way down
 to the end for him,—
Dig.

 Contributed by
 Room 1 Class VI

"Feed our brave allies, defeating
 the foe for him,

 Contributed by
 Room 30 Class IV

Help Feed Our Allies, Be a Farmer!

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